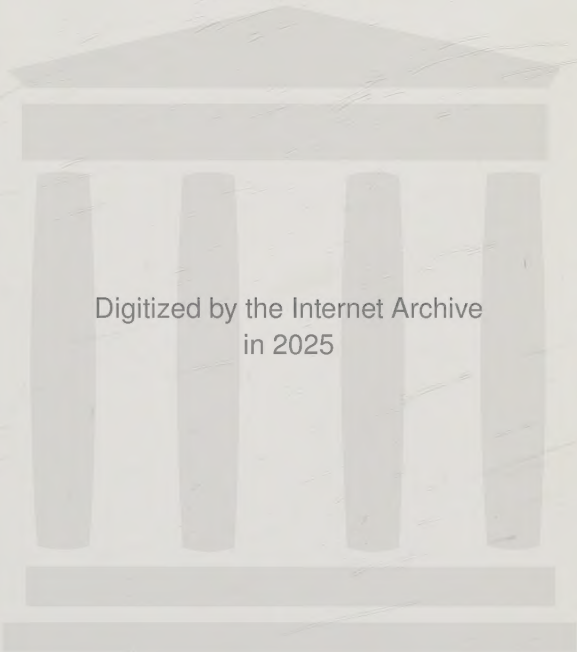

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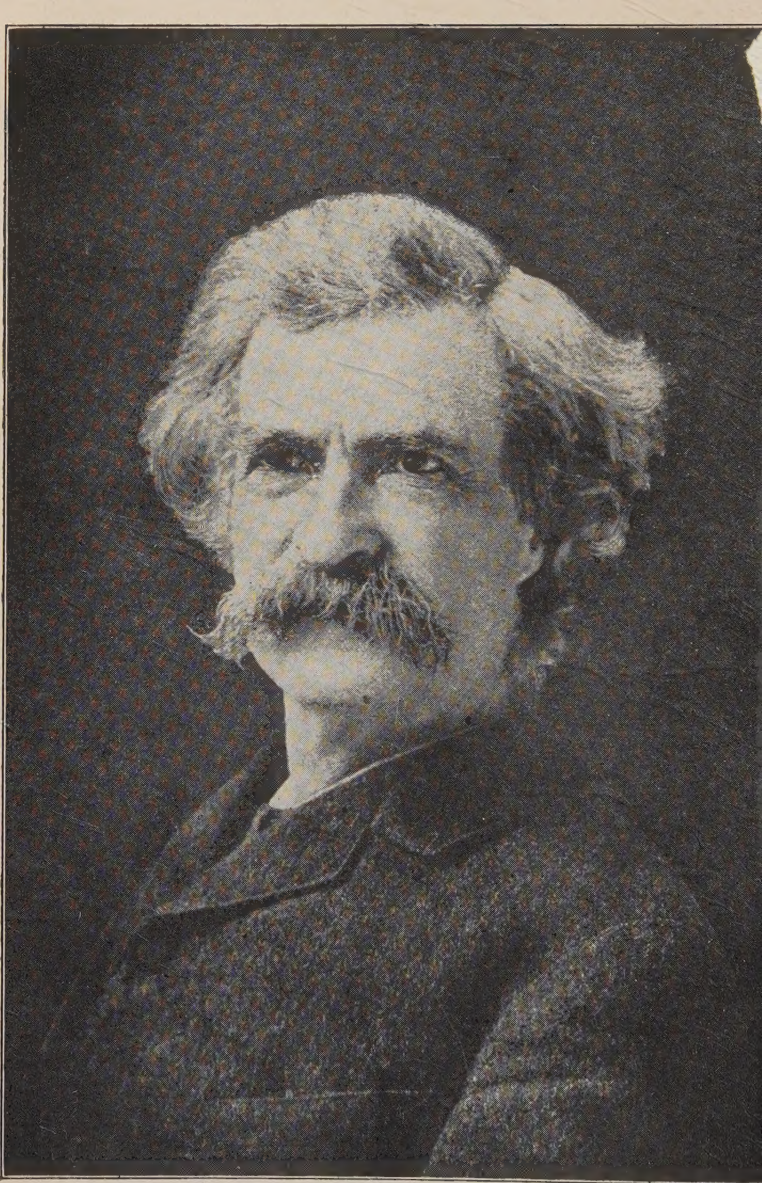

MARK TWAIN

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Vol. 10

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GENERAL SHERMAN

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, a distinguished American officer in the War of the Rebellion, was born at Lancaster, O., Feb. 8, 1820, and died at New York, Feb. 14, 1891. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and entered the army as a lieutenant of artillery. He served in Florida and during the Mexican War in California, but seeing no immediate chance for promotion, he resigned in 1853 and became a banker in San Francisco. When the Civil War broke out he was head of the Louisiana Military Academy. In May, 1861, he became a colonel of infantry, and after the battle of Bull Run was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. In August of the latter year having been sent to Kentucky, he demanded 200,000 men for offensive operations, but in this was regarded as a visionary and was relieved of his command. After the battle of Shiloh, where he had a chance to distinguish himself, he was made major-general and became Grant's right-hand man in the operations around Vicksburg. In July, 1863, having been appointed a brigadier in the regular army, he drove General Johnston out of Jackson, Miss., and once more rendered efficient assistance to Grant at Chattanooga. In March, 1864, he was appointed to the command of the Army of the Southwest, and in April began his operations against Atlanta, which was taken by him, Sept. 2, 1864. He undertook and carried out successfully the famous "march to the sea," and entered Savannah on December 21. He was made major-general and received the thanks of Congress. In February, moving north, he captured Charleston, and by the seventh of February reached Columbia. He aimed to cut off Lee's retreat or else to join Grant before Richmond, but Lee surrendered on the ninth of April, and Sherman received the surrender of General Johnston, April 26, 1865. For four years he commanded the Mississippi division, and when Grant became President, Sherman was appointed head of the army, with the rank of general. In 1874, he was retired at his own request. Sherman was distinguished for his perseverance, originality of design, and fertility of resource. He contributed to the literature of the war "Memoirs of General Wm. T. Sherman, written by Himself." This first appeared (in 2 vols.) in 1875, and in a revised edition in 1891.

THE ARMY AND NAVY

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE BANQUET OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1875

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,—I confess that I never come to a New England festival in the city of New York without commingling feelings of pleasure and dread: pleasure, because I am always certain of finding here

all that can satisfy the palate, the fancy, the eye, and, better still, the wit and good feeling that always abound; and dread at being compelled to face an audience such as this, every one of whom could teach me, and before whom I should be silent. Whenever I see the name of my friend Choate, I am sure of an abundant supply of that exquisite wit for which he is famous, and this, added to the many other attractions of your New England Society, will ever draw me hither, if time and distance permit.

Though I had hoped to sit to-night and listen to others, I find myself allotted to the old familiar toast, "The Army and Navy," and had a right to expect in this great seaport some representative of the navy to relieve me at least of that branch of the subject, but I look about me and see none of them present. Where is Porter, or your Vice-Admiral Rowan, or Paulding, or some other representative of that most honorable body who carry our flag to the uttermost parts of the earth, and cause it to be respected everywhere, who should avail themselves of an occasion like this to speak a few words for their honored comrades? The subject is a noble one, and would inspire any speaker. We know but little of the "Mayflower," which, two hundred and fifty-five years ago, brought the small band of Pilgrims to the dreary shores of Plymouth Bay, but there are hundreds of gentlemen who well remember those gallant clippers that used to sail for California—the "Huntress," the "Maid of the Mist," the "White Cloud," the "Mist of the Morning." How beautiful! But all are gone. In like manner did you use to go down to the Battery to see depart for foreign service the old frigates such as the "Constitution" and "Independence," so clean and beautiful, with their tiers of 18-pound carronades, bull-dogs then, but mere pop-guns now

still the same with which our gallant tars fought great battles, and the same with which Nelson fought and won at Trafalgar. Steam and modern improvement have changed all these, and in their stead what do we have? Low black monsters made of iron and driven by steam; nothing visible above water but small towers, called pepper-boxes, with their pairs of heavy guns, with long, projecting beams with torpedoes at the ends, like devil-fish, dangerous sea-monsters, and with uncouth names like "Canonicus," "Sassacus," etc. But these changes are necessary, and our navy must conform, and we cannot but admire their courage and patriotism in so gracefully conforming, to the necessities of service. I confess I do not want to go to sea in such sea-monsters, and, had I to choose, would far prefer to accept death on the deck of the old "Constitution."

Change, however, is universal—you are no more like the old Pilgrim Fathers than are the contents of this room like the utensils and tin cups which furnished the cabins at Plymouth. Still the lessons of Plymouth Rock remain, and other Plymouths exist on our remote borders. I can take any of you to-day to some of our military posts on the upper Missouri or in Arizona where the soldiers have to practise the same economy, the same self-denial, which the Pilgrims did in their days of trial and exposure, and I assure you that your words of greeting will be as welcome to them in their rude huts and dugouts as though they were your guests here to-night. How all is changed! Houses and palaces have taken the place of huts, and abundance replaces the scanty tin cup of shelled corn; but with them nature is the same. The cold pinches now as it did then; hunger is the same. Distance and privation of the society of family and friends remain as they were when our Pilgrim Fathers banished themselves

from all that was valued on earth for the sake of principle, and our little army to-day is fulfilling the same general object in preparing the way for others to follow, who will extract from the rock its hidden gold and silver and make the desert to blossom with the rose and the corn. The little army of which I have spoken is scattered from the frozen regions of Pembina to that other arid region of Arizona where General Porter has said the surgeon once recommended that dropsy patients be introduced to increase the supply of water.

Our country is very large, extending from the frigid t the torrid zone; from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and ou little regular army of 25,000 men is the connecting link b tween the present and future; but, in the language of yo toast, it is essentially an army of peace, preparing th way for future States and future civil communities, and I hope the day will come when even at Fort Yuma there wi be a celebration like this at Delmonico's, celebrating the past hardships and privations in abundance and luxury. I re peat that the army is now one of peace, engaged in prepa ing the way for the expansion of peaceful communities. B I see that your minds and thoughts revert to a period onl ten years ago, when this whole nation was in arms, when all were soldiers, when, in fact, we were struggling for a nationa existence. I did not wish to refer to this, but somehow we naturally revert to it. Then the army was numbered by millions of men and the war was essentially a struggle be tween two branches of civilization. The North prevailed and naturally their phase of civilization became predomi nant, and the principles of Plymouth Rock became th standard for this country. By it I mean that freedom o thought and speech, the assertion of the rights of man

the individual to go where he chooses, and to exercise all the privileges of a freeman, which characterized our fathers—a freedom that conceded to all others the same rights and privileges he claimed for himself, giving to the black man absolute freedom and assuring to the Japanese, whose minister sits side my side, that his people may freely come and soon enjoy all the privileges and advantages of the native-born American. Still my belief is that the English-speaking races that first settled our Atlantic shores will prevail on this continent, that their civilization will prevail over all others; that their forms of education, refinement, fidelity to contracts, forms of business, will be the standard law and custom of the country. As to our Southern brethren I believe it is universally conceded that since the Christian era there never has been a case where the conquerors so promptly conceded to the conquered all the rights they themselves possessed, not only the rights to live in peace, to share in the business and prosperity of the whole country, but actually to share in its government, and the army was among the first to share with them their rations the moment hostilities ceased; and I believe, if they accept these terms in the spirit they were granted, that peace henceforth will prevail in all our country; but should they have anything in reserve, any boast of the "Old Confederacy," that a storm would arise in the land tenfold more furious than was the last.

I am sorry to hear so much talk in New York of hard times. I don't see the evidences of it in your streets. I see magnificent equipages and elegantly dressed people, and the signs of luxury and extravagance everywhere. If your Pilgrim Fathers had possessed one tenth of the luxuries you now enjoy, they would have considered themselves rich. And were you all to practise their economy in a short while

all these complaints would cease. The fact is, too many of our people flock to the cities and want to be merchants and business men. The solution is in the west, where millions of acres remain in a state of nature. In the border States there is land enough to give occupation to another forty millions of people. Food is abundant, but of course there you cannot have the luxuries and advantages of New York city. Therefore I advise the young men, instead of staying here as clerks and porters in stores, to "go west," for there is abundant room and occupation for all who are willing to work. Excuse me. I had no intention to take up so much time or to touch on so great a variety of subjects, but have been drawn on by your interest.

In conclusion I will say that I hear that the necessities of the country will compel a further reduction of our little army. If such be the case, so be it. For one, I am willing to set the example and try once more to turn my sword into a pruning-hook and earn a living as I did before the war; but I advise all in authority to bear in mind the advice of Washington, always to preserve and maintain in this country the nucleus of an army; especially a knowledge of the art of war, so that when danger does come we may not have to do, as we did in our revolutionary days, send to Germany for another Steuben, to teach our soldiers the common drill.

GENERAL DEVENS

CHARLES DEVENS, American orator, jurist, and soldier, was born at Charlestown, Mass., April 4, 1820, and died at Boston, Jan. 7, 1891. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838, studied at the Harvard Law School, and began the practice of his profession in 1841. In 1848–49, he was a member of the State Senate, and from 1849 to 1853 held the office of United States marshal for the district of Massachusetts. In 1854, he resumed his practice at Worcester, but on April 19, 1861, entered the army, having accepted the office of major, commanding an independent battalion of rifles. He served in this capacity for three months, and in July was appointed colonel of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. With this regiment he served until 1862, when he was appointed brigadier-general. General Devens was in the battles of Fair Oaks, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and was several times wounded. After the evacuation of Richmond, Devens's troops were the first to occupy it, and he was afterwards brevetted major-general for his gallant conduct at the capture of the city. General Devens remained in the service a year after the termination of hostilities, and then, at his own request, was mustered out, in June, 1866. He immediately resumed the practice of his profession at Worcester, and in April, 1867, was appointed a justice of the superior court of Massachusetts. In 1873, he was named a justice of the supreme judicial court of the State, and in 1877 became attorney-general in the cabinet of President Hayes, a post he retained until 1881. On his withdrawal to Massachusetts he was reappointed a justice of the supreme judicial court, an office he continued to hold until his death. General Devens was an eloquent and forcible orator, an accomplished jurist, and a gallant soldier. Among his famed addresses were one delivered at the centennial celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill, and one at the dedication of the soldiers' monuments at Boston and Worcester.

SONS OF HARVARD

SPEECH AT COMMEMORATION EXERCISES HELD AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865

THE sons of Harvard who have served their country on field and flood, in deep thankfulness to Almighty God, who has covered their heads in the day of battle and permitted them to stand again in these ancient halls and under these leafy groves, sacred to so many memories of youth and learning, and in yet deeper thankfulness for the

crowning mercy which has been vouchsafed in the complete triumph of our arms over rebellion, return home to-day. Educated only in the arts of peace, unlearned in all that pertained especially to the science of war, the emergency of the hour threw upon them the necessity of grasping the sword.

Claiming only that they have striven to do their duty, they come only to ask their share in the common joy and happiness which our victory has diffused and meet this imposing reception. When they remember in whose presence they stand, that of all the great crowd of the sons of Harvard who are here to-day there is not one who has not contributed his utmost to the glorious consummation; that those who have been blessed with opulence have expended with the largest and most lavish hand in supplying the government with the sinews of war and sustaining everywhere the distressed upon whom the woes of war fell; that those less large in means although not in heart have not failed to pour out most tenderly of time and care, of affection and love, in the thousand channels that have been opened; that the statesmen and legislators whose wise counsels and determined spirit have brought us thus far in safety and honor are here,—would that their task were as completely done as ours!—yet sure I am that in their hands "the pen will not lose by writing what the sword has won by fighting;" that the poets whose fiery lyrics roused us as when

"Tyrtæus called aloud to arms,"

and who have animated the living and celebrated the dead in the noblest strains are here; that our orators whose burning words have so cheered the gloom of the long controversy are here, although with all we lament that one voice so often heard through the long night of gloom was not permitted to

greet with us the morning. Surrounded by memories such as his, surrounded by men such as these, we may well feel at receiving this noble testimonial of your regard that it is rather you who are generous in bestowing than we who are rich in deserving. Nor do we forget the guests who honor us by their presence to-day, chief among whom we recognize his Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts, who although he wears the civilian's coat bears as stout a heart as beats under any soldier's jacket, and who has sent his men by the thousands and tens of thousands to fight in this great battle; and the late commanding general of the Army of the Potomac under whom so many of us have fought. If the wide and comprehensive plans of our great lieutenant-general have marked him as the Ulysses of a holier and mightier epic than Homer ever dreamed, in the presence of the great captain who fairly turned the tide of the rebellion on the hills above Gettysburg, we shall not have to look far for its Achilles.

Yet, sir, speaking always of others as you have called on me to speak for them it seems to me that the record of the sons of the university who have served in the war is not unworthy of her. In any capacity where service was honorable or useful they have rendered it. In the departments of science they have been conspicuous, and the skill of the engineer upon whom we so often depended was not seldom derived from the schools of this university. In surgery they have by learning and judgment alleviated the woes of thousands. And in the ministration of that religion in whose name this university was founded they have not been less devoted; not only have cheering words gone forth from their pulpits, but they have sought the hospitals where the wounded were dying, or like Fuller at Fredericksburg, have laid down their lives on the field where armed hosts were contending.

All these were applying the principles of their former educa-
tion to new sets of circumstances; but, as you well remember,
by far the larger portion of our number were of the com-
batants of the army, and the facility they displayed in adopt-
ing the profession of arms affords an admirable addition to
the argument by which it has been heretofore maintained
that the general education of our colleges was best for all
who could obtain it, as affording a basis upon which any
superstructure of usefulness might be raised. Readily ma-
tering the tactics and detail of the profession, proving them-
selves able to grapple with its highest problems, their courage
and gallantry were proverbial.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that all that was
added to our army by such men as these was merely what it
gained in physical force and manly prowess. Our neighbors
on the other side of the water, whose attachment to monarchy
is so strong that it sometimes makes them unjust to repub-
lics, have sometimes attacked the character and discipline of
our army. Nothing could be more unjust. The federal
army was noble, self-sacrificing, devoted always, and to the
discipline of that army no men contributed more than the
members of this university and men such as they. They bore
always with them the loftiest principle in the contest and the
highest honor in all their personal relations. Disorder in
camp, pillage and plunder, found in them stern and unrelent-
ing foes. They fought in a cause too sacred, they wore a
robe too white, to be willing to stain or sully it with such cor-
ruption.

Mr. President, I should ill do the duty you have called on
me to perform if I forgot that this ceremonial is not only a
reception of those who return, but a commemoration of those
who have laid down their lives for the service of the country.

He who should properly have spoken for us, the oldest of our graduates, although not of our members who have fought in this war,—Webster of the class of 1833, sealed his faith with his life on the bloody field of the second Manassas, dying for the constitution of which his great father was the noblest expounder. For those of us who return to-day, whatever our perils and dangers may have been, we cannot feel that we have done enough to merit what you so generously bestow; but for those with whom the work of this life is finished and yet who live forever inseparably linked with the great names of the founders of the Republic, and not them alone, but the heroes and martyrs of liberty everywhere, we know that no honor can be too much. The voices which rang out so loud and clear upon the charging cheer that heralded the final assault in the hour of victory, that in the hour of disaster were so calm and resolute as they sternly struggled to stay the slow retreat are not silent yet. To us and those who will come after us, they will speak of comfort and home relinquished, of toil nobly borne, of danger manfully encountered, of life generously surrendered, and this not for pelf or ambition, but in the spirit of the noblest self-devotion and the most exalted patriotism. Proud as we who are here to-day have a right to be that we are the sons of this university, and not deemed unworthy of her when these are remembered, we may well say, "Sparta had many a worthier son than we."

ORATION AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT ON BOSTON COMMON

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1877

MR. MAYOR, FELLOW CITIZENS, AND COMRADES,—On the anniversary of a day thrice memorable as that of the first settlement of this town in 1630; as that of the adoption of the constitution of the United States in 1789; as that of a great battle fought for the Union on the soil of Maryland in 1862 (the victorious commander in which is to-day among our most honored and illustrious guests), we have assembled to dedicate this monument to the memory of the brave who fell in that great conflict which, commencing for the unity of the government, broadened and deepened into one for the equal rights of all men.

Before we part, some words should be spoken seeking to express, however inadequately, our gratitude to those to whom it is devoted. Yet our ceremonial will be but vain and empty if its outward acts are not the expressions of feelings deeper than either acts or words. Its true dedication is to be found in the emotions which have been kindled by the occasion itself, and to which every heart has yielded.

Here in this city, the capital of Massachusetts, a State from which more than sixty gallant regiments were sent to the field under the inspiration of her illustrious governor, who now himself sleeps with those whom he sent forth to battle, we seek to surrender by this solemn act, from the age that is passing to the ages that are coming, for eternal memory and honor, the just fame of those who have died for the Union.

This is no monument to the glories of war. While great changes for good have been wrought, and great steps taken toward liberty and civilization, by the convulsive energies exhibited in wars, these are but exceptions to the great rule that, of all the causes which have degraded nations, opposed human progress, and oppressed industry, war has been one of the worst. If this were its object it were better far that the stones which compose it had slumbered in their native quarries. No pomp and circumstance, no waving of banners, no dancing of plumes, can lend to war true dignity. This is to be found alone in a great and noble cause.

Nor is this a monument to valor only. There is something honorable in the true solider who, resolutely hazarding life, stands for the flag he follows; but there is that which is higher and nobler here. Among the finest monuments of Europe is that which is found in the beautiful valley of Lucerne to the memory of the Swiss Guard who fell around Louis XVI when the furious mob had stormed his palace. Placed in a niche of the limestone cliff, of which it forms a part, a lion pierced with a spear still holds in his death-grip the shield on which are carved the arms of the Bourbon. Few works of art are more majestic or more fully show the hand of the master. It is courage only that it honors, and you wonder at the power which has so enobled and dignified it when the great idea of patriotism was wanting. The Swiss whom it commemorates simply did bravely the work which they had contracted to do when the subjects of the king, whose bread they had eaten and whose wine they had drank, deserted him.

The men whom we commemorate were brave as these, yet their place in history is not with them. It is with the soldiers of liberty who have fallen a willing sacrifice for country with

patriotic devotion. It is with the Swiss who at Sempach or Morgarten, in defence of their own freedom, broke the power of the House of Austria, and not with the mercenaries whom they have sent to fight the battles of Europe.

The sentiment of this monument is patriotism. The men whom it honors were soldiers, courageous to the death; but it is their cause which sets them apart, for just honor and commendation, among the millions who have laid down their lives upon the battle-field. Patriotism such as theirs is the highest of civic virtues, the noblest form of heroism. Those who perilled their lives in obedience to its promptings could gain no more than those who remained at home in inglorious ease; and yet they laid aside their hopes of comfort to die for us.

That the government they had lived under might be preserved, that the just and equal rights of all men might be maintained, they encountered disease, danger, and death in all the horrid forms in which they present themselves to every one who takes his place in the ranks of an army, with the solemn belief that in no other way could they discharge the obligation imposed upon them by their birthright as citizens of a free country. Whatever might be its difficulties and dangers, their path was so clearly indicated that they deemed they could not err in following it. When they fought and fell they could not know but that their efforts would be in vain, and the great Flag, the symbol of our united sovereignty, be rent asunder; but they were ready to risk all and to dare all in the effort to deserve success.

They were animated by no fierce fire of ambition; no desire to exalt themselves; no expectation of attaining those rewards which are gained by great chieftains. They had no such hopes. They knew well that all the honor they

could obtain was that general meed of praise awarded to all who serve faithfully, but which would not separate them from others who had been brave and true. No doubt, as the blood of youth was high in their veins they looked forward, in some instances, to the stern joy of the conflict; but beyond and above its tempest, fire, and smoke they beheld and strove for the great objects of the contest.

To-day they have seemed to come again as when they moved out in serried lines with the flag which they went to defend waving above their heads. Again we have seemed to see them, their faces lighted with patriotic enthusiasm, and we have recalled the varied scenes of their stern and manly service which was to end in a soldier's death for the country to which they had devoted themselves; in each and every fortune patient and determined, staining their cause with no weakness or cowardice, dishonoring it by no baseness or cruelty.

When we reflect how little our system of education is calculated to adapt men to the restraints of military service, how inconsistent its largeness and freedom is with that stern control which necessarily marks a system intended to give a single mind the power which is embodied in thousands of men, we may well wonder at the ready submission which was always given to its exactions.

To some the possession of marked military qualities, adapting them to control others, gave prominence; to some mere accidents of time or circumstance may have given high commands; while others, not less worthy, filled only their places and did their duty in the ranks. But those who led must often have felt that their highest desire should be to be worthy of the devotion of those who followed. The distinctions necessary to discipline have long since passed away.

Side by side, on fields bought by their blood, "no usele- coffins around their breasts," but wrapped in the blanke which is the soldier's martial shroud, awaiting the comin of the Eternal Day, they rest together.

What matter is it while men have given of their utmos in intellect, strength, and courage, and of their blood to th last drop, whether they fell with the stars of the genera the eagles of the colonel, on their shoulders, or in the simpl jacket of the private? Wherever "on fame's eternal cam ing-ground their silent tents are spread," in the tangled wil wood, in the stately cemetery, or in nameless graves, n even marked by the word "unknown," the earth that bea them dead bears not alive more true or noble men. To-d we remember them all, without regard to rank or race, see ing to honor those whom we cannot by name identify.

If we do not commend patriotism such as these men e hibited, to whom are we to turn in the hour of danger whi may come to those who are to succeed us, as it did to ou selves? Lessons such as they have given are not to be id neglected when the time is gone when their services ha ceased to be of immediate value. We shall not need to g to Marathon and Platea for examples, whose brethren ha shed their blood on fields as fiercely contested as those; an it would be idle to go anywhere for examples unless, in ren dering homage to the valor and patriotism displayed by ou brethren, we seek to reconsecrate ourselves to the sam virtues.

Every instinct of justice calls upon us for the appropriat meed of praise, every suggestion of wisdom counsels that w omit no opportunity to instil into others the admiration wit which their deeds are regarded. The fables of romance which, in some form, each nation of Europe has, that in gre

emergencies their illustrious chiefs will return again to rescue them, are not altogether myths. To each people that loves bravery and patriotism come again in their hour of trial the old heroic souls, although the form and garb they wear is of their present age and time.

The time for natural tears has passed. To every heart the years have brought their new store of joys and sorrows since these men made their great sacrifice for country. The structure that we have reared stands to honor, and not to mourn, the dead. So shall it stand when we in our turn are gone, to teach its lesson of duty nobly done, at the expense of life itself, to those who are in turn to take upon themselves the duties of life.

Those whose names it honors were known and loved by us, and are not to be recalled but with that manly sorrow born of respect and love. There are those also to whom they were even nearer and dearer than to us, who knew them as comrades, whose homes are forever darkened by the absence of the light of affection which their presence shed around them. But the age comes swiftly on which is to know them only by their deeds. We commend them to the grave and impartial tribunal of history as patriotic and devoted citizens; we invoke the considerate judgment of the world upon the justice of their cause; we renew and reiterate the assertion that there was a solemn duty laid upon them by their time, their place, their country, and that such duty they met and performed. To them, as to the Spartans who fell around their king in stern defence of the liberties of Greece, changing but the name of the battle-field, apply the words which Simonides uttered:

> "Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
> Glorious the doom and beautiful the lot.
> Their tomb an altar, men from tears refrain,
> Honor and praise, but mourn them not."

Although this monument may often be passed as a thing of custom, although the lesson which it teaches may seem to be forgotten, yet in the hour of trial, if it is to come to others as it came to us, it will be freshly remembered. As in the Roman story which tells of Hannibal, the mightiest enemy Rome ever knew, it is related that his father, Hamilcar, himself a chieftain and a warrior, whose renown has been eclipsed by that of his greater son, brought him when a child of nine years old into the Temple of the Gods, that he might lift his little hands to swear eternal hostility to the tyranny of Rome: so shall those who succeed us come here to swear hostility, not to one grasping power only, but to every tyranny that would enslave the body or enchain the mind of man, and eternal devotion to the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

Nor is this monument, while it asserts our belief in the fidelity of these men, in any sense unkind or ungenerous toward those with whom they were engaged in deadly strife. It bears no words of boasting or unseemly exultation, and the assertion of the justice of their cause, though firmly made, is yet not made in any harsh or controversial spirit. We recognize fully that those with whom they warred were our countrymen; we know their valor and determination; we know that no foot of ground was yielded to us until to hold it became impossible, and that they resisted until men and means utterly and hopelessly failed.

Whatever we may think of their cause, that as a people they believed in it cannot fairly be questioned. Men do not sacrifice life and property without stint or measure except in the faith that they are right. Upon individuals we may charge unreasonable temper, intolerance, passion, and the promptings of a selfish and ill-regulated ambition; but the

whole body of a people do not act from motives thus personal, and have a right to have their bravery and sincerity admitted, even if more cannot be conceded.

The great conflict was fought out and the victory won which has established forever, if the force of arms can establish anything, that the Republic is one and indivisible, and amid the roar of battle and the clash of arms the institution of slavery, which divided us as a nation, which made of the States two classes diverse and discordant, has passed away. Perhaps, if we had fully known all that it was to cost, both at the North and South, we should have hesitated more than we did before engaging in a strife so deadly and terrible.

Yet, as we consider all the woes which must have followed the dismemberment of the Union, as we contemplate the vast gain for peace, freedom, and equality by the emancipation of the subject race from slavery and the dominant race itself from the corrupting influence of this thraldom, who shall say that we have any right to deplore the past except with mitigated grief? We are yet too near the events through which we were swept upon the bloody currents of the war to appreciate their full extent and magnitude, or all the consequences which are to flow from them.

We know already that we enter upon a higher plane of national life, when it is established that there are no exceptions to the great rules of liberty among men, and that each is entitled to the just rewards of his labor and the position to which his talents, ability, and virtue entitle him. As we stand here in memory of our gallant dead we urge upon all who have contended with them to unite with us in the effort to make of our new and regenerated government, purified by the fires of our civil conflict, a Republic more noble and more august than its founders had dared to hope.

Among all patriotic men there is everywhere an earnest desire that there shall be full peace and reconciliation between the sections of the Union. Whatever may have been former divisions there is nothing in the events of the past, there is nothing in the present condition of things, which should forbid this. We can stand, firmly and securely stand, upon that which has been definitely settled by the war.

Ours was not a mere conflict of dynasties or of families, like the English Wars of the Roses, in which the great houses of York and Lancaster disputed the English crown. It was a great elemental conflict, in which two opposite systems of civilization were front to front and face to face. It was necessary that one or the other should conquer and that it should be settled whether the continent should be all free or all slave. Yet the history of civil wars demonstrates that the widest and saddest differences of religion, the most radical differences as to the form of government, have not prevented firm union when the cause of dissension was obliterated.

Now that it is determined that Union is to exist, it must be rendered one of mutual respect and regard as well as of mutual interest. Unless this is the case there is no cohesive pressure of either internal or external force strong enough to maintain it. There must have been a party victorious and a party vanquished; but there is no true victory anywhere unless the conclusion is for the interest of each and all. It is not the least of the just claims that the American revolution has upon the friends of liberty everywhere, that, while it terminated in the dismemberment of the British empire, it left the English a more free people than they would have been but for its occurrence. It settled for them more firmly the great safeguards of English liberty in the right of the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, and the great doctrine that repre-

sentation must accompany taxation. We speak of it as the victory of Adams and Jefferson, but it was not less that of Chatham and Burke.

I should deem the war for the Union a failure, I should think the victory won by these men who have died in its defence barren, if it shall not prove in every larger sense won for the South as well as the North; if it shall not be shown that it is better for her that the contest against its rightful authority failed.

It is not to be expected that opinion will be changed by edicts, even when those edicts are maintained by force. The changes of opinion must be gradual and must be the effect of that time which enables feeling to subside and the judgment to act. Already there are brave and reflecting men who fought against us who do not hesitate to acknowledge that the end was well for them as for us, and who look forward hopefully to better results than could have been expected from a Confederacy which, if it had been founded, would have been at the mercy of each individual State.

Nor is there any one bold enough to say, now that the system of slavery is destroyed, he would raise a hand or lift a finger to replace it. That the cause for which they have suffered so much will still be dear to those who have fought for it, or with whom it is associated by tender and affectionate recollections of those whom they have loved, who have fallen in its defence, is to be expected. To such sentiments and feelings it is a matter of indifference whether there is defeat or success. They would exist, indeed, even if the reason and judgment should concede the cause to have been unwise. Certainly we ourselves, had the war for the Union failed, would not the less have believed it just and necessary, nor the less have honored the memory of those engaged in it. When

results are accepted cordially we can ask no more until the softening influences of time have done their work.

On the fields which were ploughed by the fierce artillery the wheat has been dancing fresh and fair in the breezes of the summer that is gone; and as the material evidences of the conflict pass away, so let each feeling of bitterness disappear, as together, both North and South, we strive to render the Republic one whose firm yet genial sway shall protect with just and equal laws each citizen who yields obedience to her power.

Asking for ourselves no rights that we do not freely concede to others, demanding no restraints upon others that we do not readily submit to ourselves, yielding a generous obedience to the constitution in all its parts, both new and old, let us endeavor to lift ourselves to that higher level of patriotism which despises any narrow sectionalism and rejoices in a nationality broad enough to embrace every section of the Union and each one of its people, whether high or humble, rich or poor, black or white.

There is no division to-day among the States of the Union such as existed when the constitution was formed. In each and all the great principles of liberty and equal rights are the same, to be alike respected as the only basis upon which the government can stand. Whatever may have been the sorrows or the losses of the war, there is no sorrow that cannot find its recompense in the added grandeur and dignity of the whole country.

Comrades, it is the last time that we, who have marched under the flag and been the soldiers of the Union in its mortal struggle, shall gather in such numbers as meet to-day. We are an army to whom can come no recruits. The steady, resistless artillery of time hurls its deadly missiles upon us, and each hour we are fewer and weaker. But, as we stand

together thus, as we remember how nobly and bravely life's work was done by these men whom we have sought to commemorate, let us believe that the tie which binds us to them in a great and holy cause is not wholly dissolved. Their worldly task is done, their solemn oath, which we took side by side with them, is performed. For us life brings each day its new duties and new responsibilities.

In the classic mythology, which was the religion of the ancient world, it was fabled that the heroes were demi-gods. Raised above the race of man, and yet not so far but their example might be imitated, they served to animate those who yet struggled with their mortal surroundings. So should these, our heroes, while the dust of life's conflict is yet on us, inspire us to loftier purposes and nobler lives. And, as we leave them to their glorious repose and their pure and noble fame, let us go forth exalted by these hours of communion with them.

Above them, as we depart, we utter the ancient form of words, and yet in no formal way, which conclude the proclamations of the State whose children they were: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" And to this we add, with not less of fervor or solemnity, the prayer which was in their hearts and upon their lips as they died: "God save the Union of the American States!"

C. L. VALLANDIGHAM

Clement Laird Vallandigham, American Democratic politician, and during the Civil War leader of the "Copperheads," was born at New Lisbon, O., July 29, 1820, and died at Lebanon, O., June 17, 1871. He was educated at Jefferson College in Pennsylvania, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1842, and after practicing his profession for a short time in Columbus, O., removed to Dayton in the same State. He sat in the State legislature, 1845–46, and edited the "Dayton Empire," 1847–49. During this period he became well known not only as an able lawyer and an eloquent speaker, but as an extreme pro-slavery advocate. After several unsuccessful congressional contests he entered Congress in 1858, and served there until 1863. In Congress, he made some singularly audacious attacks upon the administration for its conduct of the Civil War, on Dec. 5, 1862, offering a series of resolutions directed against the war, and in the following January delivering an impassioned speech (here annexed) condemning it. After the expiration of his congressional term, Vallandigham delivered many bitter and violent speeches in Ohio against the administration, and in May, 1863, was arrested by General Burnside for having declared the war to be "cruel and unnecessary," was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to close imprisonment. His sentence was however changed by President Lincoln to banishment within the Confederate lines. The arrest and sentence provoked wide controversy in the press and in public gatherings, the Democrats as a body denouncing the action of the military commission, and the Republicans justifying it in some cases and in others regretting it. Not meeting with a cordial reception at the South, Vallandigham escaped to Canada, and while in exile was nominated for Governor of Ohio, but was defeated by a large majority. The next year he returned to Ohio unmolested and resumed his profession. During the conduct of a murder trial at Lebanon, O., Vallandigham attempted in the court room to illustrate his theory of the homicide; in doing this the pistol in his hand was accidentally discharged, and his death was immediate.

SPEECH ON THE WAR AND ITS CONDUCT

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 14, 1863

SIR,—I am one of that number who have opposed abolitionism, or the political development of the anti-slavery sentiment of the North and West, from the beginning. In school, at college, at the bar, in public assemblies, in the legislature, in Congress, boy and man, in time of peace and in time of war, at all times and at every sacrifice, I have fought

against it. It cost me ten years' exclusion from office and honor at that period of life when honors are sweetest. No matter; I learned early to do right and to wait.

Sir, it is but the development of the spirit of intermeddling, whose children are strife and murder. Cain troubled himself about the sacrifices of Abel and slew his brother. Most of the wars, contentions, litigations, and bloodshed, from the beginning of time have been its fruits. The spirit of non-intervention is the very spirit of peace and concord.

I do not believe that if slavery had never existed here we would have had no sectional controversies. This very civil war might have happened fifty, perhaps a hundred, years later. Other and stronger causes of discontent and of disunion, it may be, have existed between other states and sections, and are now being developed every day into maturity. The spirit of intervention assumed the form of abolitionism because slavery was odious in name and by association to the Northern mind, and because it was that which most obviously marks the different civilizations of the two sections.

The South herself, in her early and later efforts to rid herself of it, had exposed the weak and offensive parts of slavery to the world. Abolition intermeddling taught her at last to search for and defend the assumed social, economic, and political merit and values of the institution. But there never was an hour from the beginning when it did not seem to me as clear as the sun at broad noon that the agitation in any form, in the North and West, of the slavery question must sooner or later end in disunion and civil war.

This was the opinion and prediction for years of Whig and Democratic statesmen alike; and, after the unfortunate dissolution of the Whig party in 1854, and the organization of the present Republican party upon the exclusive anti-

slavery and sectional basis, the event was inevitable, because in the then existing temper of the public mind, and after the education through the press and the pulpit, the lecture and the political canvass, for twenty years, of a generation taught to hate slavery and the South, the success of that party, possessed as it was of every engine of political, business, social, and religious influence, was certain.

It was only a question of time, and short time. Such was its strength, indeed, that I do not believe that the union of the Democratic party in 1860 on any candidate, even though he had been supported also by the entire so-called conservative or anti-Lincoln vote of the country, would have availed to defeat it; and, if it had, the success of the Abolition party would only have been postponed four years longer. The disease had fastened too strongly upon the system to be healed until it had run its course.

The doctrine of "the irrepressible conflict" had been taught too long and accepted too widely and earnestly to die out until it should culminate in secession and disunion, and, if coercion were resorted to, then in civil war. I believed from the first that it was the purpose of some of the apostles of that doctrine to force a collision between the North and the South, either to bring about a separation or to find a vain but bloody pretext for abolishing slavery in the States. In any event I knew, or thought I knew, that the end was certain collision and death to the Union.

Believing thus, I have for years past denounced those who taught that doctrine with all the vehemence, the bitterness, if you choose—I thought it a righteous, a patriotic bitterness—of an earnest and impassioned nature. Thinking thus, I forewarned all who believed the doctrine, or followed the party

which taught it, with a sincerity and a depth of conviction as profound as ever penetrated the heart of man.

And when, for eight years past, over and over again, I have proclaimed to the people that the success of a sectional anti-slavery party would be the beginning of disunion and civil war in America, I believed it. I did.

I had read history and studied human nature and meditated for years upon the character of our institutions and form of government, and of the people south as well as north; and I could not doubt the event.

But the people did not believe me, nor those older and wiser and greater than I. They rejected the prophecy and stoned the prophets. The candidate of the Republican party was chosen president. Secession began. Civil war was imminent. It was no petty insurrection, no temporary combination to obstruct the execution of the laws in certain States, but a revolution, systematic, deliberate, determined, and with the consent of a majority of the people of each State which seceded.

Causeless it may have been, wicked it may have been, but there it was—not to be railed at, still less to be laughed at, but to be dealt with by statesmen as a fact. No display of vigor or force alone, however sudden or great, could have arrested it even at the outset. It was disunion at last. The wolf had come, but civil war had not yet followed. In my deliberate and solemn judgment there was but one wise and masterly mode of dealing with it. Non-coercion would avert civil war and compromise crush out both abolitionism and secession. The parent and the child would thus both perish.

But a resort to force would at once precipitate war, hasten secession, extend disunion, and while it lasted utterly cut off

all hope of compromise. I believed that war, if long enough continued, would be final, eternal disunion. I said it; I meant it; and accordingly to the utmost of my ability and influence I exerted myself in behalf of the policy of non-coercion. It was adopted by Mr. Buchanan's administration with the almost unanimous consent of the Democratic and Constitutional Union parties in and out of Congress; and in February, with the consent of a majority of the Republican party in the Senate and the House.

But that party most disastrously for the country refused all compromise. How, indeed, could they accept any? That which the South demanded, and the Democratic and conservative parties of the North and West were willing to grant, and which alone could avail to keep the peace and save the Union implied a surrender of the sole vital element of the party and its platform, of the very principle, in fact, upon which it had just won the contest for the presidency, not, indeed, by a majority of the popular vote—the majority was nearly a million against it,—but under the forms of the constitution.

Sir, the crime, the "high crime," of the Republican party was not so much its refusal to compromise, as its original organization upon a basis and doctrine wholly inconsistent with the stability of the constitution and the peace of the Union.

The president-elect was inaugurated; and now, if only the policy of non-coercion could be maintained, and war thus averted, time would do its work in the North and the South, and final peaceable adjustment and reunion be secured. Some time in March it was announced that the president had resolved to continue the policy of his predecessor, and even go a step farther, and evacuate Sumter and the other federal forts and arsenals in the seceded States. His own party

acquiesced; the whole country rejoiced. The policy of non-coercion had triumphed, and for once, sir, in my life, I found myself in an immense majority.

No man then pretended that a union founded in consent could be cemented by force. Nay, more, the President and the secretary of state went farther. Said Mr. Seward, in an officio-diplomatic letter to Mr. Adams: "For these reasons, he (the President) would not be disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of theirs (the secessionists), namely, that the federal government could not reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest, although he were disposed to question that proposition. But in fact the President willingly accepts it as true. Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the State."

Pardon me, sir, but I beg to know whether this conviction of the President and his secretary is not the philosophy of the persistent and most vigorous efforts made by this administration, and first of all through this same secretary, the moment war broke out, and ever since till the late elections, to convert the United States into an imperial or despotic government?

But Mr. Seward adds, and I agree with him: "This federal republican system of ours is, of all forms of government, the very one which is most unfitted for such a labor."

This, sir, was on the 10th of April, and yet that very day the fleet was under sail for Charleston. The policy of peace had been abandoned. Collision followed; the militia were ordered out; civil war began.

Now, sir, on the 14th of April, I believed that coercion would bring on war, and war disunion. More than that, I believed what you all believe in your hearts to-day, that the

South could never be conquered—never. And not that only but I was satisfied—and you of the Abolition party have now proved it to the world—that the secret but real purpose of the war was to abolish slavery in the States. In any event, I did not doubt that, whatever might be the momentary impulses of those in power, and whatever pledges they might make, in the midst of the fury, for the constitution, the Union, and the flag, yet the natural and inexorable logic of revolutions would sooner or later drive them into that policy and with it to its final but inevitable result, the change of our present democratical form of government into an imperial despotism. These were my convictions on the 14th of April.

Had I changed them on the 15th, when I read the President's proclamation, and become convinced that I had been wrong all my life, and that all history was a fable, and all human nature false in its development from the beginning of time, I would have changed my public conduct also. But my convictions did not change. I thought that if war was disunion on the 14th of April it was equally disunion on the 15th and at all times.

Believing this I could not as an honest man, a union man, and a patriot lend an active support to the war; and I did not. I had rather my right arm were plucked from its socket and cast into eternal burnings than with my convictions to have thus defiled my soul with the guilt of moral perjury. Sir, I was not taught in that school which proclaims that "all is fair in politics." I loathe, abhor, and detest the execrable maxim. I stamp upon it. No State can endure a single generation whose public men practise it. Whoever teaches it is a corrupter of youth. What we most want in these times, and at all times, is honest and independent public men.

That man who is dishonest in politics is not honest at heart in anything; and sometimes moral cowardice is dishonesty. Do right; and trust to God, and truth, and the people. Perish office, perish honors, perish life itself; but do the thing that is right, and do it like a man.

Certainly, sir, I could not doubt what he must suffer who dare defy the opinions and the passions, not to say the madness, of twenty millions of people. Had I not read history? Did I not know human nature? But I appealed to time; and right nobly hath the avenger answered me. I did not support the war; and to-day I bless God that not the smell of so much as one drop of its blood is upon my garments. Sir, I censure no brave man who rushed patriotically into this war; neither will I quarrel with any one here or elsewhere who gave to it an honest support. Had their convictions been mine, I too would doubtless have done as they did. With my convictions I could not.

But I was a representative. War existed—by whose act no matter—not by mine. The President, the Senate, the House, and the country all said that there should be war—war for the Union; a union of consent and good will. Our Southern brethren were to be whipped back into love and fellowship at the point of the bayonet. O, monstrous delusion! I can comprehend a war to compel a people to accept a master; to change a form of government; to give up territory; to abolish a domestic institution—in short, a war of conquest and subjugation; but a war for union! Was the Union thus made? Was it ever thus preserved?

Sir, history will record that after nearly six thousand years of folly and wickedness in every form and administration of government—theocratic, democratic, monarchic, oligarchic, despotic, and mixed—it was reserved to American

statesmanship in the nineteenth century of the Christian era to try the grand experiment on a scale the most costly and gigantic in its proportions, of creating love by force and developing fraternal affection by war! And history will record, too, on the same page the utter, disastrous, and most bloody failure of the experiment.

But to return: the country was at war; and I belonged to that school of politics which teaches that when we are at war the government—I do not mean the executive alone, but the government—is entitled to demand and have, without resistance, such number of men and such amount of money and supplies generally as may be necessary for the war, until an appeal can be had to the people. Before that tribunal alone, in the first instance, must the question of the continuance of the war be tried. This was Mr. Calhoun's opinion, and he laid it down very broadly and strongly in a speech on the loan bill in 1841. Speaking of supplies, he said: "I hold that there is a distinction in this respect between a state of peace and war. In the latter the right of withholding supplies ought ever to be held subordinate to the energetic and successful prosecution of the war. I go further, and regard the withholding of supplies, with a view of forcing the country into a dishonorable peace, as not only to be what it has been called, moral treason, but very little short of actual treason itself."

Upon this principle, sir, he acted afterward in the Mexican war. Speaking of that war in 1847 he said: "Every senator knows that I was opposed to the war; but none but myself knows the depth of that opposition. With my conception of its character and consequences it was impossible for me to vote for it." And again, in 1848: "But after war was declared by authority of the government I acquiesced in

what I could not prevent, and which it was impossible for me to arrest; and I then felt it to be my duty to limit my efforts to give such direction to the war as would as far as possible prevent the evils and dangers with which it threatened the country and its institutions."

Sir, I adopt all this as my own position and my defence, though perhaps in a civil war I might fairly go farther in opposition. I could not, with my convictions, vote men and money for this war, and I would not as a representative vote against them. I meant, that without opposition, the President might take all the men and all the money he should demand, and then to hold him to a strict accountability before the people for the results. Not believing the soldiers responsible for the war or its purposes or its consequences, I have never withheld my vote where their separate interests were concerned. But I have denounced from the beginning the usurpations and the infractions, one and all, of law and constitution, by the President and those under him; their repeated and persistent arbitrary arrests, the suspension of habeas corpus, the violation of freedom of the mails, of the private house, of the press, and of speech, and all the other multiplied wrongs and outrages upon public liberty and private right which have made this country one of the worst despotisms on earth for the past twenty months, and I will continue to rebuke and denounce them to the end; and the people, thank God, have at last heard and heeded and rebuked them too. To the record and to time I appeal again for my justification.

And now, sir, I recur to the state of the Union to-day. What is it? Sir, twenty months have elapsed, but the rebellion is not crushed out; its military power has not been broken; the insurgents have not dispersed. The Union is

not restored; nor the constitution maintained; nor the laws enforced. Twenty, sixty, ninety, three hundred, six hundred days have passed; a thousand millions been expended; and three hundred thousand lives lost or bodies mangled; and to-day the Confederate flag is still near the Potomac and the Ohio, and the Confederate government stronger, many times, than at the beginning. Not a State has been restored, not any part of any State has voluntarily returned to the Union. And has anything been wanting that Congress, or the States, or the people in their most generous enthusiasm, their most impassionate patriotism, could bestow?

Was it power? And did not the party of the executive control the entire federal government, every State government, every county, every city, town, and village in the North and West?

Was it patronage? All belonged to it. Was it influence? What more? Did not the school, the college, the church the press, the secret orders, the municipality, the corporation, railroads, telegraphs, express companies, the voluntary association, all, all yield it to the utmost?

Was it unanimity? Never was an administration so supported in England or America. Five men and half a score of newspapers made up the opposition.

Was it enthusiasm? The enthusiasm was fanatical. There has been nothing like it since the Crusades.

Was it confidence? Sir, the faith of the people exceeded that of the patriarch. They gave up constitution, law, right, liberty, all at your demand for arbitrary power that the rebellion might, as you promised, be crushed out in three months and the Union restored.

Was credit needed? You took control of a country,

young, vigorous, and inexhaustible in wealth and resources, and of a government almost free from public debt, and whose good faith had never been tarnished. Your great national loan bubble failed miserably as it deserved to fail; but the bankers and merchants of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston lent you more than their entire banking capital. And when that failed, too, you forced credit by declaring your paper promises to pay a legal tender for all debts.

Was money wanted? You had all the revenues of the United States, diminished indeed, but still in gold. The whole wealth of the country, to the last dollar lay at your feet. Private individuals, municipal corporations, the State governments, all in their frenzy, gave you money or means with reckless prodigality. The great eastern cities lent you $150,000,000. Congress voted, first, $250,000,000 and next $500,000,000 more in loans; and then, first $50,000,000, next $10,000,000, then $90,000,000, and in July last, $150,000,000 in treasury notes; and the secretary has issued also a paper "postage currency," in sums as low as five cents, limited in amount only by his discretion.

Nay, more: already since the 4th of July, 1861, this House has appropriated $2,017,864,000, almost every dollar without debate and without a recorded vote. A thousand millions have been expended since the 15th of April, 1861; and a public debt or liability of $1,500,000,000 already incurred. And to support all this stupendous outlay and indebtedness, a system of taxation, direct and indirect, has been inaugurated, the most onerous and unjust ever imposed upon any but a conquered people.

Money and credit, then, you have had in prodigal profusion. And were men wanted? More than 1,000,000 rushed to arms; 75,000 first (and the country stood aghast at the mul-

titude), then 83,000 more were demanded; and 310,000 responded to the call. The President next asked for 400,000, and Congress in their generous confidence, gave him 500,000; and, not to be outdone, he took 637,000. Half of these melted away in their first campaign; and the President demanded 300,000 more for the war, and then drafted yet another 300,000 for nine months. The fabled hosts of Xerxes have been out-numbered.

And yet victory, strangely, follows the standard of the foe. From Great Bethel to Vicksburg, the battle has not been to the strong. Yet every disaster except the last has been followed by a call for more troops, and every time so far they have been promptly furnished. From the beginning the war has been conducted like a political campaign, and it has been the folly of the party in power that they have assumed that numbers alone would win the field in a contest not with ballots but with musket and sword.

But numbers, you have had almost without number—the largest, best appointed, best armed, fed, and clad host of brave men, well organized and well disciplined, ever marshalled. A navy, too, not the most formidable perhaps, but the most numerous and gallant, and the costliest in the world, and against a foe almost without a navy at all. Thus with 20,000,000 people, and every element of strength and force at command—power, patronage, influence, unanimity, enthusiasm, confidence, credit, money, men, and army and a navy the largest and the noblest ever set in the field, or afloat upon the sea; with the support, almost servile, of every State, county, and municipality in the North and West, with a Congress swift to do the bidding of the executive; without opposition anywhere at home and with an arbitrary power which neither the Czar of Russia nor the Emperor of Aus-

tria dare exercise; yet after nearly two years of more vigorous prosecution of war than ever recorded in history; after more skirmishes, combats and battles than Alexander, Cæsar, or the first Napoleon ever fought in any five years of their military career, you have utterly, signally, disastrously—I will not say ignominiously—failed to subdue 10,000,000 "rebels," whom you had taught the people of the North and West not only to hate, but to despise.

Rebels, did I say? Yes, your fathers were rebels, or your grandfathers. He who now before me on canvas looks down so sadly upon us, the false, degenerate, and imbecile guardians of the great Republic which he founded, was a rebel. And yet we, cradled ourselves in rebellion and who have fostered and fraternized with every insurrection in the nineteenth century everywhere throughout the globe, would now, forsooth, make the word "rebel" a reproach.

Rebels certainly they are; but all the persistent and stupendous efforts of the most gigantic warfare of modern times have through your incompetency and folly availed nothing to crush them out, cut off though they have been, by your blockade from all the world, and dependent only upon their own courage and resources. And yet they were to be utterly conquered and subdued in six weeks or three months.

Sir, my judgment was made up and expressed from the first. I learned it from Chatham: "My lords, you cannot conquer America." And you have not conquered the South. You never will. It is not in the nature of things possible; much less under your auspices. But money you have expended without limit, and blood poured out like water. Defeat, debt, taxation, sepulchres, these are your trophies. In vain, the people gave you treasure, and the soldier yielded

up his life. "Fight, tax, emancipate, let these," said the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Pike] at the last session, "be the trinity of our salvation."

Sir, they have become the trinity of your deep damnation. The war for the Union is, in your hands, a most bloody and costly failure. The President confessed it on the 22d of September, solemnly, officially, and under the broad seal of the United States. And he has now repeated the confession. The priests and rabbis of abolition taught him that God would not prosper such a cause. War for the Union was abandoned; war for the negro openly begun and with stronger battalions than before. With what success? Let the dead at Fredericksburg and Vicksburg answer.

And now, sir, can this war continue? Whence the money to carry it on? Where the men? Can you borrow? From whom? Can you tax more? Will the people bear it? Wait till you have collected what is already levied. How many millions more of "legal tender"—to-day, forty-seven per cent. below the par of gold—can you float? Will men enlist now at any price? Ah, sir, it is easier to die at home. I beg pardon; but I trust I am not "discouraging enlistments." If I am, then first arrest Lincoln, Stanton, Halleck, and some of your other generals, and I will retract; yes, I will recant. But can you draft again? Ask New England—New York. Ask Massachusetts. Where are the nine hundred thousand? Ask not Ohio—the Northwest. She thought you in earnest, and gave you all, all—more than you demanded.

> "The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
> The fair, fond bride of yester eve,
> And aged sire and matron gray,
> Saw the loved warriors haste away,
> And deemed it sin to grieve."

Sir, in blood she has atoned for her credulity; and now there is mourning in every house, and distress and sadness in every heart. Shall she give you any more?

But ought this war to continue? I answer, no—not a day, not an hour. What then? Shall we separate? Again I answer, no, no, no! What then? And now, sir, I come to the grandest and most solemn problem of statesmanship from the beginning of time; and to the God of heaven, illuminer of hearts and minds, I would humbly appeal for some measure, at least, of light and wisdom and strength to explore and reveal the dark but possible future of this land.

SIR J. W. DAWSON

SIR JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON, K. C. M. G., an eminent Canadian scientist and educator, was born Oct. 13, 1820, at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and died at Montreal, Nov. 19, 1899. He was educated chiefly at the grammar school and college at Pictou. From a youth he was especially interested in geology, mineralogy, natural history, and chemistry, and in 1840 went to Edinburgh to complete his training in those sciences. He returned to Nova Scotia in 1847, and in 1855 was appointed principal of McGill University, Montreal, which he succeeded in raising to a high degree of efficiency. He took an active part in the establishment of the Royal Society of Canada. In 1884, he took great interest in promoting the meeting of the British Association at Montreal, and was knighted in recognition of his distinguished services in the cause of science and education. In 1886, he presided over the meeting of the Association in Birmingham. Failing health obliged him to resign his principalship in May, 1893. Among his works are: "Archaia; or, Studies of the Creation in Genesis" (1858); "The Story of Earth and Man" (1872); "The Dawn of Life" (1875); "The Origin of the World" (1877); "Fossil Men" (1878); "Chain of Life in Geological Time" (1880); "Egypt and Syria" (1885); "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History" (1894); and "Fifty Years of Work in Canada" (1901). In geology, Sir William is known as the discoverer of the now celebrated "Eozoon Canadense"—the only animal remains in the Laurentian rocks, which had hitherto been considered Azoic.

ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

FROM LECTURE DELIVERED OCTOBER, 1871, BEFORE THE LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, MONTREAL

THE ancient Stoics, who derived much of their philosophy from Egypt and the East, believed in a series of great cosmical periods, at the end of each of which the world and all things therein were burned by fire, but only to reappear in the succeeding age on so precisely the same plan that one of these philosophers is reported to have held that in each succeeding cycle there would be a new Xantippe to scold a new Socrates. I have sometimes thought that this illustration expressed not merely their idea of cosmical revolutions, but also the irrepressible and ever recur-

ring conflict of the rights and education of women. Notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, I believe that Xantippe was as good a wife as Socrates, or any of his contemporary Greeks deserved. She no doubt kept his house in order, prepared his dinners, and attended to his collars and buttons (if he used such things) and probably had a general love and respect for him. But she was quite incapable of seeing any sense or reason in his philosophy, and must have regarded it as a vexatious waste of time, and possibly as a chronic source of impecuniosity in family affairs.

The educated Greek of her day had small respect for woman, and had no idea of any other mission for her than that of being a domestic drudge. No one had ever taught Xantippe philosophy, hence she despised it, and being a woman of character and energy she made herself felt as a thorn in the flesh of her husband and his associates. In this way Xantippe derived from her husband's wisdom only a provocation of her own bad temper, and he lost all the benefits of the loving sympathy of a kindred soul; and thus the best and purest of heathen philosophers found no help-meet for him.

So Xantippe becomes a specimen of the typical uneducated woman in her relation to the higher departments of learning and human progress. In ordinary circumstances she may be a useful household worker. If emancipated from this she may spread her butterfly wings in thoughtless frivolity, but she treats the higher interests and efforts of humanity with stolid unconcern, or insipid levity, or interferes in them with a capricious and clamorous tyranny. In what she does and in what she leaves undone she is equally a drag on the progress of what is good and noble, and the ally and promoter of what is empty, useless, and wasteful. If the Stoics

anticipated a perpetual succession of such women they might well be hopeless of the destinies of mankind.

But the Stoics wanted that higher light as to the position and destiny of woman which the Gospel has given to us; and it is a relief to turn from their notions to the testimony of the Word of God. The Bible has some solution for each of the difficult problems of human nature, and it has its own theory on the subject of woman's relations to man.

In the old record in Genesis, Adam, the earth-born, finds no helpmeet for him among the creatures, sprung, like himself, from the ground, but he is given that equal helper in the woman made from himself. In this new relation he assumes a new name. He is no longer Adam, the earthy, but Ish, lord of creation, and his wife is Isha,—he the king and she the queen of the world. Thus in Eden there was a perfect unity and equality of man and woman, as both Moses and our Saviour in commenting on this passage indicate,—though Milton, usually so correct as an interpreter of Genesis, seems partially to overlook this. But a day came when Isha in the exercise of her independent judgment was tempted to sin, and tempted her husband in turn.

Then comes a new dispensation of labor and sorrow and subjection, the fruit, not of God's original arrangement, but of man's fall. Simple as a nursery tale, profounder than any philosophy, this is the Bible theory of the subjection of woman, and of that long succession of wrongs, and sufferings, and self-abnegation which have fallen to her lot as the partner of man in the struggle for existence in a sin-cursed world.

But even here there is a gleam of light. The seed of the woman is to bruise the head of the serpent, and Isha receives a new name, Eve, the mother of life. For in her, in every generation, from that of Eve to that of Mary of Bethlehem,

resided the glorious possibility of bringing forth the Deliverer from the evils of the fall. This great prophetic destiny formed the banner of woman's rights, borne aloft over all the generations of the faithful, and rescuing woman from the degradation of heathenism, in which while mythical goddesses were worshipped the real interests of living women were trampled under foot.

The dream of the prophets was at length realized, and in Christianity, for the first time since the gates of Eden closed on fallen man, woman obtained some restoration of her rights. Even here some subjection remains because of present imperfection, but it is lost in the grand status of children of God, shared alike by man and woman; for according to St. Paul, with reference to this divine adoption, there is "neither male nor female."

Our Lord himself has given to the same truth a still higher place, when in answer to the quibble of the Sadducees he uttered the remarkable words, "They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, neither marry nor are given in marriage, for they are equal to the angels."

If both men and women had a higher appreciation of the dignity of their position as children of God; if they would more fully realize that world which was so shadowy to philosophic Sadducee and ritualistic Pharisee, though so real to the mind of Christ, we should have very little disputation about the relative rights here of men or women, and would be more ready to promote every effort, however humble, which may tend to elevate and dignify both. Nor need we fear that we shall ever, by any efforts we can make, approach too near to that likeness to the angels which embraces all that is excellent in intellectual and moral strength, and in exemption from physical evil.

But what bearing has all this on our present object? Much in many ways, but mainly in this, that while it removes the question of the higher training of women altogether from the sphere of the silly and flippant nonsense so often indulged in on the subject, it shows the heaven-born equality of man and woman as alike in the image and likeness of God; the evil origin of the subjection and degradation inflicted on the weaker sex, and the restored position of woman as a child of God under the Gospel, and as an aspirant for an equal standing, not with man only, but with those heavenly hosts which excel in strength.

In this light of the Book of Books, let us proceed to consider some points bearing on our present duty in reference to this great subject.

Only a certain limited proportion of men or women can go on to a higher education, and those who are thus selected are either those who by wealth and social position are enabled to claim this privilege, or those who intend to enter into professions which are believed to demand a larger amount of learning. The question of the higher education of women in any country depends very much on the relative numbers of these classes among men and women, and on the views which may be generally held as to the importance of education for ordinary life, as contrasted with professional life.

Now, in this country the number of young men who receive a higher education merely to fit them for occupying a high social position is very small. The greater number of young men who pass through our colleges do so under the compulsion of a necessity to fit themselves for certain professions. On the other hand, with the exception of those young women who receive an education for the profession

of teaching, the great majority of those who obtain what is regarded as higher culture do so merely as a means of general improvement, and to fit themselves better to take their proper place in society.

Certain curious and important consequences flow from this. An education obtained for practical professional purposes is likely to partake of this character in its nature, and to run in the direction rather of hard utility than of ornament; that which is obtained as a means of rendering its possessor agreeable is likely to be æsthetical in its character, rather than practical or useful.

An education pursued as a means of bread-winning is likely to be sought by the active and ambitious of very various social grades; but that which is thought merely to fit for a certain social position is likely to be sought almost exclusively by those who move in that position. An education intended for recognized practical uses is likely to find public support, and to bear a fair market price; that which is supposed to have a merely conventional value as a branch of refined culture is likely to be at a fancy price. Hence it happens that the young men who receive a higher education, and by means of this attain to positions of responsibility and eminence, are largely drawn from the humbler strata of society, while the young women of those social levels rarely aspire to similar advantages.

On the other hand, while numbers of young men of wealthy families are sent into business with a merely commercial education at a very early age, their sisters are occupied with the pursuit of accomplishments of which their more practical brothers never dream. When to all this is added the frequency and rapidity of changes in social standing in a country like this, it is easy to see that an educational chaos

must result, most amusing to any one who can philosophically contemplate it as an outsider, but most bewildering to those who have any practical concern with it, especially, I should suppose, to careful and thoughtful mothers whose minds are occupied with the connections which their daughters may form and the positions which they may fill in society.

The educational problem which these considerations present admits, I believe, of but two general solutions. If we could involve women in the same necessity for independent exertion and professional work as men, I have no doubt that in the struggle for existence they would secure to themselves an equal, perhaps a greater, share of the more solid kinds of higher education. Some strong-minded women and chivalrous men in our day favor this solution, which has, it must be confessed, some show of reason in older countries, where from unhealthy social conditions great numbers of unmarried women have to contend for their own subsistence.

But it is opposed by all the healthier instincts of our humanity, and in countries like this, where very few women remain unmarried, it would be simply impracticable. A better solution would be to separate, in the case of both sexes, professional from general education and to secure a large amount of the latter of a solid and practical character for both sexes, both for its own sake and because of its beneficial results in the promotion of our well-being, considered as individuals, as well as in our family, social, and professional relations.

This solution also has its difficulties, and it cannot, I fear, ever be fully worked out until either a higher intellectual and moral tone is reached in society, or until nations visit with proper penalties the failure on the part of those who have the means to give to their children the highest attain-

able education, and with this also to provide the funds for educating all those who in the lower schools prove themselves to be possessed of promising abilities. It may be long before such laws can be instituted even in the more advanced communities.

In the meantime, in aid of that higher appreciation of the benefits of education that may supply a better, if necessarily less effectual stimulus, I desire to direct your attention to a few considerations which show that young women,—viewed not as future lawyers, physicians, politicians, or even teachers, but as future wives and mothers,—should enjoy a high and liberal culture, and which may help us to understand the nature and means of such culture.

The first thought that arises on this branch of the subject is that woman was intended as the helpmate of man. And here I may first speak of that kind and loving ministry of woman which renders life sweet and mitigates its pains and sorrows, and which is to be found not solely among the educated and refined, but among the simplest and least cultured,—a true instinct of goodness, needing direction, but native to the heart of woman, in all climes and in all states of civilization.

Yet it is sad to think how much of this holy instinct is lost and wasted through want of knowledge and thought. How often do labor and self-sacrifice become worse than useless because not guided by intelligence; how often an influence that would be omnipotent for good becomes vitiated and debased into a power that enervates and enfeebles the better resolutions of men, and involves them and their purposes in its own inanity and frivolity.

No influence is so powerful for good over young men as that of educated female society. Nothing is so strong to

uphold the energies, or to guide the decisions of the greatest and most useful men as the sympathy and advice of one who can look at affairs from without (from the quiet sanctuary of home), and can bring to bear on them the quick tact and ready resources of a cultivated woman's mind. In this, the loftier sphere of domestic duty, in her companionship and true copartnership with man, woman requires high culture quite as much as if she had, alone and unshielded, to fight the battle of life.

It may be said that, after all, the intelligence of the average woman is quite equal to that of the average man, and that highly educated women would not be appreciated by the half-educated men who perform most of the work of the world. Granting this, it by no means follows that the necessity for the education of women is diminished. Every Xantippe cannot have a Socrates, but every wise and learned woman can find scope for her energies and abilities. If need be she may make something even of a very commonplace man. She can greatly improve even a fool, and can vastly enhance the happiness and usefulness of a good man should she be so fortunate as to find one.

But it is in the maternal relation that the importance of the education of woman appears most clearly. It requires no very extensive study of biography to learn that it is of less consequence to a man what sort of father he may have had than what sort of mother. It is, indeed, a popular impression that the children of clever fathers are likely to exhibit the opposite quality. This I do not believe, except in so far as it results from the fact that men in public positions, or immersed in business are apt to neglect the oversight of their children.

But it is a noteworthy fact that eminent qualities in men

may often be traced to similar qualities in their mothers. Knowledge, it is true, is not hereditary, but high mental qualities are so, and experience and observation seem to prove that the transmission is chiefly through the mother's side. But leaving this physiological view, let us look at the purely educational. Imagine an educated mother training and molding the powers of her children, giving to them in the years of infancy those gentle yet permanent tendencies which are of more account in the formation of character than any subsequent educational influences, selecting for them the best instructors, encouraging and aiding them in their difficulties, rejoicing with them in their successes, able to take an intelligent interest in their progress in literature and science.

How ennobling such an influence, how fruitful of good results, how certain to secure the warm and lasting gratitude of those who have received its benefits when they look back in future life on the paths of wisdom along which they have been led! What a contrast to this is the position of an untaught mother finding her few superficial accomplishments of no use in the work of life, unable wisely to guide the rapidly developing life of her children, bringing them up to repeat her own failures and errors, or perhaps to despise her as ignorant of what they must learn!

Truly, the art and profession of a mother is the noblest and most far-reaching of all, and she who would worthily discharge its duties must be content with no mean preparation. It is worth while also to say here that these duties and responsibilities in the future are not to be measured altogether by those of the past.

Several features of the present movement afford, I think, especial reasons for congratulation. One is, that this is an

association of ladies for educational purposes, originating with ladies, carried on by them, and supported by their contributions. Another is that the movement is self-supporting and not sustained by any extraneous aid. It will I hope attract to itself endowments which may give it a stronger and higher character, but its present position of independence is the best guarantee for this as well as for all other kinds of success. Again, this association embraces nearly all that is elevated in social and educational standing in our city, and has thus the broadest and highest basis that can be attained among us for any effort whatever.

We are not alone nor are we indeed in the van of this great work. I need not speak of the United States, where the magnificent Vassar College (with which the name of one of our excellent and learned women was connected so usefully), Cornell University, the University of Michigan, and others, have marked strongly the popular sentiment as to the education of women.

In Canada itself, Toronto, and even Quebec and Kingston, have preceded us, though I think in the magnitude of our success we may hope to excel them all.

In the mother country the Edinburgh Association—which has afforded us the model for our own—the North of England Educational Council, the Bedford College in London, the Cheltenham College, the Hitchin College, Cambridge (since developed into Girton College), also Newnham College, the Lady Margaret Somerville Halls at Oxford, the Alexandra College in Dublin, are all indications of the intensity and direction of the current.

On the continent of Europe, Sweden has a state college for women; the Victoria Lyceum at Berlin has the patronage of the Princess Royal; the University of Paris has established

classes for ladies; and even St. Petersburg has its university for women.

All these movements have originated not only in our time, but within a few years, and they are evidently the dawn of a new educational era, which, in my judgment, will see as great an advance in the education of our race as that which was inaugurated by the revival of learning and the establishment of universities for men in a previous age. It implies not only the higher education of women, but the elevation, extension, and refinement of the higher education of men. Colleges for women will, as new institutions, be free from many evil traditions which cling about the old seats of learning.

They will start with all the advantages of our modern civilization. They will be animated by the greater refinement, tact, and taste of woman. They will impress many of these features upon our older colleges, with which, I have no doubt, they will become connected under the same university organizations. They will also greatly increase the demand for a higher education among young men.

An Edinburgh professor is reported to have said to some students who asked ignorant questions, "Ask your sisters at home, they can tell you,"—a retort which I imagine few young men would lightly endure.

So soon as young men find that they must attain to higher education before they can take a creditable place in the society of ladies we shall find them respecting science and literature almost as much as money and attaching to the services of the college professor as much importance as to those of their tailor.

ANSON BURLINGAME

ANSON BURLINGAME, American politician and diplomatist, was born at New Berlin, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1820, and died at St. Petersburg, Russia, Feb. 23, 1870. Educated at the University of Michigan, he studied law at Harvard University, beginning the practice of his profession at Boston in 1846. He engaged actively in politics and soon became orator of the new Free-Soil party, acquiring during the campaign of 1848 wide reputation as an able public speaker. He entered the State senate in 1852, and represented Massachusetts in Congress, from 1854 to 1860. He vehemently denounced the assault made upon Senator Sumner by Preston Brooks in 1856, and was sent a challenge by Brooks. Burlingame accepted the challenge, appointing a locality in Canada as the place of meeting, but Brooks declined to travel through the North in order to reach it. Burlingame was one of the founders of the Republican party and one of its accepted orators. In 1861, he was appointed minister to Austria, but that country declined to receive him on account of his speeches in behalf of Hungarian independence, and because of his motion in Congress that Austria's opponent, Sardinia, should be recognized as a first-class power. He was then dispatched as minister to China, and in 1867, was appointed by the Chinese regent special envoy from China to the United States. Accepting the office, he returned to the United States at the head of the Chinese mission, and in July, 1868, negotiated what is known as "The Burlingame Treaty." This treaty constitutes, in effect, China's earliest official recognition of the principles of international law. He then visited England, France, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and Prussia, in behalf of the Chinese government, negotiating important treaties in all of these countries save France. He was about to enter upon a similar mission in Russia when his death took place at St. Petersburg.

MASSACHUSETTS AND SUMNER

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JUNE 21, 1856

MR. CHAIRMAN,—the House will bear witness that I have not pressed myself upon its deliberations. I never before asked its indulgence. I have assailed no man; nor have I sought to bring reproach upon any man's State. But, while such has been my course, as well as the course of my colleagues from Massachusetts, upon this floor,

certain members have seen fit to assail the State which we represent, not only with words, but with blows.

In remembrance of these things, and seizing the first opportunity which has presented itself for a long time, I stand here to-day to say a word for old Massachusetts—not that she needs it; no, sir; for in all that constitutes true greatness—in all that gives abiding strength—in great qualities of head and heart—in moral power—in material prosperity—in intellectual resources and physical ability—by the general judgment of mankind, according to her population, she is the first State.

There does not live the man anywhere who knows anything to whom praise of Massachusetts would not be needless. She is as far beyond that as she is beyond censure. Members here may sneer at her; they may praise her past at the expense of her present; but I say with a full conviction of its truth that Massachusetts, in her present performances, is even greater than in her past recollections. And when I have said this, what more can I say?

Sir, although I am here as her youngest and humblest member, yet, as her representative, I feel that I am the peer of any man upon this floor. Occupying that high standpoint with modesty, but with firmness, I cast down her glove to the whole band of her assailants.

She has been assailed in the House and out of the House, at the other end of the Capitol, and at the other end of the avenue. There have been brought against her general charges and specific charges. I am sorry to find at the head of the list of her assailants the President of the United States, who not only assails Massachusetts, but the whole North. He defends one section of the Union at the expense of the other. He declares that one section has ever been

mindful of its constitutional obligations and that the other has not. He declares that if one section of our country were a foreign country the other would have just cause of war against it.

And to sustain these remarkable declarations he goes into an elaborate perversion of history, such as that Virginia ceded her lands against the interests of the South for the benefit of the North; when the truth is, she ceded her lands, as New York and other States did, for the benefit of the whole country. She gave her lands to freedom, because she thought freedom was better than slavery; because it was the policy of the times, and events have vindicated that policy.

It is a perversion of history when he says that the territory of the country has been acquired more for the benefit of the North than for the South; he says that substantially. Sir, out of the territory thus acquired five slave States, with a pledge for four more, and two free States have come into the Union; and one of these as we all know fought its way through a compromise degrading to the North.

The North does not object to the acquisition of territory when it is desired, but she desires that it shall be free. If such a complexion had been given to it, how different would have been the fortunes of the Republic to-day! This may be ascertained by comparing the progress of Ohio with that of any slave State in the Mississippi Valley. It will appear more clearly by comparing the free with the slave regions. I have not time to do more than to present a general picture.

Freedom and slavery started together in the great race on this continent. In the very year the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, slaves landed in Virginia. Freedom has gone on, trampling down barbarism and planting States—building the symbols of its faith by every lake and

every river, until now the sons of the Pilgrims stand by the shores of the Pacific. Slavery has also made its way toward the setting sun. It has reached the Rio Grande on the south; and the groans of its victims and the clank of its chains may be heard as it slowly ascends the western tributaries of the Mississippi River.

Freedom has left the land bespangled with free schools and filled the whole heavens with the shining towers of religion and civilization. Slavery has left desolation, ignorance, and death in its path. When we look at these things; when we see what the country would have been had freedom been given to the Territories; when we think what it would have been but for this blight in the bosom of the country; that the whole South—that fair land God has blessed so much—would have been covered with cities, and villages, and railroads, and that in the country, in the place of twenty-five millions of people thirty-five millions would have hailed the rising morn exulting in republican liberty; when we think of these things how must every honest man—how must every man with brains in his head or heart in his bosom—regret that the policy of old Virginia in her better days did not become the animating policy of this expanding Republic!

It is a perversion of history, I say, when the President intimates that the adoption of the constitution abrogated the ordinance of 1787. It was recognized by the first Congress which assembled under the constitution; and it has been sanctioned by nearly every President from Washington down.

It is a perversion of history when the President intimates that the Missouri Compromise was made against the interests of the South and for the benefit of the North. The truth—the unmistakable truth—is that it was forced by the South on

the North. It received the almost united vote of the South. It was claimed as a victory of the South.

The men who voted for it were sustained in the South; and those who voted for it in the North passed into oblivion; and though some of them are physically alive to-day they are as politically dead as are the President and his immediate advisers.

Not only has the President perverted history but he has turned sectionalist. He has become the champion of sectionalism. He makes the extraordinary declaration that if a State is refused admission into the Union because her constitution embraced slavery as an institution then one section of the country would of necessity be compelled to dissolve its connection with the people of the other section!

What does he mean? Does he mean to say that there are traitors in the South? Does he mean to say if they were voted down that then they ought not to submit? If he does, and if they mean to back him in the declaration, then I say the quicker we try the strength of this great government the better. Not only has he said that, but members have said on this floor again and again that if the Fugitive Slave Law, which has nothing sacred about it—which I deem unconstitutional—which South Carolina deems unconstitutional—if that law be repealed that this Union will then cease to exist.

I say that it is not for the President and members on this floor to determine the life of this Union; this Union rests in the hearts of the American people and cannot be eradicated thence. Whenever any person shall lift his hand to smite down this Union the people will subjugate him to liberty and the constitution. I do not wish to dwell on the President and what he has said. Notwithstanding all this perversion of history—notwithstanding his violated pledges

—and notwithstanding his warlike exploits at Greytown and Lawrence—his servility has been repaid with scorn.

I am glad of it. The South was right. When a man is false to the convictions of his own heart and to freedom he cannot be trusted with the delicate interests of slavery. I cannot express the delight I feel in the poetic justice that has been done; but at the same time I am not unmindful of the deep ingratitude that first lured him to ruin and then deserted and left him alone to die.

If I were not too much of a native American I would quote and apply to him the old Latin words "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—"Speak nothing but good of the dead." I can almost forgive him, considering his condition, the blistering words he let fall upon us the other night when he went through the ordeal of ratifying the nomination of James Buchanan. He said that we had received nothing at the hands of the government save its protection and its political blessings. We have not certainly received any offices; and as for its protection and political blessings let the silence above the graves of those who sleep in their bloody shrouds in Kansas answer.

There have been general and specific charges made against old Massachusetts. The general charge when expressed in polite language is that she has not been faithful to her constitutional obligations. I deny it. I call for proof, I ask when? where? how? I say, on the contrary, that from the time when this government came from the brains of her statesmen and the unconquerable arms of her warriors she has been loyal to it.

In peace she has added to it renown; and in war her sons have crowded the way to death as to a festival. She has quenched the fires of rebellion on her own soil without fed-

eral aid, and when the banners of nullification flew in the southern sky, speaking through the lips of Webster, in Faneuil Hall, she stood by Jackson and the Union. No man speaking in her name—no man wearing her ermine, or clothed with her authority—ever did anything or said anything, or decided anything, not in accordance with her constitutional obligations. Yet, sir, the hand of the federal government has been laid heavily upon her.

That malignant spirit which has usurped this government through the negligence of the people, too long has pursued her with rancor and bitterness. Before its invidious legislation she has seen her commerce perish and ruin, like a devastating fire, sweep through her fields of industry, but amid all these things Massachusetts has always lifted up her voice with unmurmuring devotion to the Union.

She has heard the federal drum in her streets. She has protected the person of that most odious man—odious both at the North and the South—the slave-hunter. She has protected him when her soil throbbed with indignation from the sea to the New York line. Sir, the temples of justice there have been clothed in chains. The federal courts in other States have been closed against her, and her citizens have been imprisoned, and she has had no redress.

Yet, notwithstanding all these things, Massachusetts has always been faithful and loyal to the constitution. You may ask why, if she has been so wronged, so insulted, has she been so true and faithful to the Union? Sir, because she knew, in her clear head, that these outrages came not from the generous hearts of the American people. She knew that when justice should finally assume the reins of government all would be well. She knew that when the government ceased to foster the interests of slavery alone her interests

would be regarded and the whole country be blessed. It was this high constitutional hope that has always swayed the head and heart of Massachusetts and which has made her look out of the gloom of the present and anticipate a glorious future. So much in relation to the general charge against Massachusetts.

There are specific charges upon which I shall dwell for a moment. One is that she has organized an "Emigrant Aid Society." Did you not tell Massachusetts that the people of Kansas were to be left perfectly free to mold her institutions as they thought best? She knew and she told you that your doctrine of squatter sovereignty was a delusion and a snare. She opposed it as long as she could here; and when she could do it no longer she accepted the battle upon your pledge of fair play. She determined to make Kansas a free State.

In this high motive the Emigrant Aid Society had its origin. Its objects are two-fold—freedom for Kansas and pecuniary reward. And it is so organized that pecuniary benefit cannot flow to stockholders, except through the prosperity of those whom it aids. The idea of the society is this: to take capital and place it in advance of civilization; to take the elements of civilization, the saw-mill, the church, the schoolhouse, and plant them in the wilderness, as an inducement to the emigrant. It is a peaceful society. It has never armed one man; it has never paid one man's passage to Kansas. It never asked—though I think it should have asked—the political sentiments of any man whom it has assisted to emigrate to Kansas. It has invested $100,000, and it has conducted from Massachusetts to Kansas from twelve to fifteen hundred of the flower of her people.

Such is the Emigrant Aid Society, such is its origin, and

such its action. It is this society, so just and legal in its origin and its action, that has been made the pretext for the most bitter assaults upon Massachusetts. Sir, it is Christianity organized. How have these legal and these proper measures been met by those who propose to make Kansas a slave State? The people of Massachusetts would not complain if the people who differ from them should go there to seek a peaceful solution of the conflicting questions. But how have they been met? By fraud and violence, by sackings, and burnings, and murders.

Laws have been forced upon them, such as you have heard read to-day by the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Colfax], so atrocious that no man has risen here to defend one single one of them. Men have been placed over them whom they never elected, and this day, as has been stated by the gentleman from Indiana, civil war rages from one end of Kansas to the other. Men have been compelled to leave their peaceful pursuits, and starvation and death stare them in the face, and yet the government stands idle—no, not idle; it gives its mighty arm to the side of the men who are trampling down law and order there.

The United States troops have not been permitted to protect the free State men. When they have desired to do so they have been withdrawn. I cannot enter into a detail of all the facts. It is a fact that war rages there to-day. Men kill each other at sight. All these things are known and nobody can deny them. All the western winds are burdened with the news of them, and they are substantiated equally by both sides.

Has the government no power to make peace in Kansas and to protect citizens there under the organic law of the Territory? I ask, in the name of old Massachusetts, if our

honest citizens who went to Kansas to build up homes for themselves and to secure the blessings of civilization, are not entitled to protection? She throws the responsibility upon this administration, and holds it accountable; and so will the people at the polls next November.

Another charge is that Massachusetts has passed a personal liberty bill. Well, sir, I say that Massachusetts for her local legislation is not responsible to this House or to any member of it. I say, sir, if her laws were as bad as those atrocious laws of Kansas, you can do nothing with her. I say, if her statute books instead of being filled with generous legislation—legislation which ought to be interesting to her assailants, because it is in favor of the idiotic and the blind—were filled, like those of the State of Alabama, with laws covering the State with whipping-posts, keeping half of her people in absolute slavery, and nearly all of the other half in subjection to twenty-nine thousand slaveholders; if the slaveholders themselves were not permitted to trade with or teach their slaves as they choose; if ignorance were increasing faster than the population, I say, even then, you could not do anything here with the local laws of Massachusetts. I say, the presumption is, that the law, having been passed by a sovereign State, is constitutional.

If it is not constitutional, then, sir, when the proper tribunal shall have decided that question, what is there, I ask, in the history of Massachusetts which will lead us to believe that she will not abide by that result? I say there is nothing in the history of the State of Mississippi, or of South Carolina, early or recent, which makes Massachusetts desirous of emulating their example. I, sir, agree with the South Carolina authority I have quoted here in regard to the legislation of Massachusetts.

Sir, my time is passing away and I must hasten on. The State of Massachusetts is the guardian of the rights of her citizens and of the inhabitants within her border line. If her citizens go beyond the line into distant lands or upon the ocean then they look to the federal arm for protection. But old Massachusetts is the State which is to secure to her citizens the inestimable blessing of trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus.

All these things must come from her and not from the federal government. I believe, with her great statesmen and with her people, that the Fugitive Slave Law is unconstitutional. Mr. Webster, as an original question, thought it was not constitutional; Mr. Rantoul, a brilliant statesman of Massachusetts, said the same thing; they both thought that the clause of the constitution was addressed to the States. Mr. Webster bowed to the decision of the supreme court in the Prigg case; Mr. Rantoul did not.

Massachusetts believes it to be unconstitutional; but whether it be constitutional or not she means so long as the federal government undertakes to execute that law, that the federal government shall do it with its own instruments, vile or otherwise. She says that no one clothed with her authority shall do anything to help in it so long as the federal government undertakes to do it. But, sir, I pass from this.

I did intend to reply *seriatim* to all the attacks which have been made upon the State, but I have not half time enough. The gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Bennett] after enumerating a great many things he desired Massachusetts to do, said, amongst other things, that she must tear out of her statute book this personal liberty law. When she had done that and a variety of other things too numerous to mention, then he said "the South would forgive Massa-

chusetts." The South forgive Massachusetts! Sir, forgiveness is an attribute of divinity. The South has it not. Sir, forgiveness is a higher quality than justice, even. The South—I mean the slave power—cannot comprehend it.

Sir, Massachusetts has already forgiven the South too many debts and too many insults. If we should do all the things the gentleman from Mississippi desired us to do, then the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Shorter] comes in and insists that Massachusetts shall do a great variety of other things before the South probably will forgive her.

Among other things, he desired that Massachusetts should blot out the fact that General Hull, who surrendered Detroit, had his home in Massachusetts. Why, no, sir; she does not desire even to do that, for then she would have to blot out the fact that his gallant son had his home there—that gallant son who fell fighting for his country in the same war at Lundy's Lane—that great battle, where Colonel Miller, a Massachusetts man by adoption, when asked if he could storm certain heights, replied, in a modest Massachusetts manner, "I will try, sir." He stormed the heights.

The gentleman desires, also, that we should blot out the history of the connection of Massachusetts with the last war. Oh, no! She cannot do that. She cannot so dim the lustre of the American arms. She cannot so wrong the Republic. Where, then, would be your great sea-fights? Where, then, would be the glory of "Old Ironsides," whose scuppers ran red with Massachusetts blood? Where, then, would be the history of the daring of those brave fishermen, who swarmed from all her bays and all her ports, sweeping the enemy's commerce from the most distant seas?

Ah, sir! she cannot afford to blot out that history. You sir, cannot afford to let her do it—no, not even the South.

She sustained herself in the last war; she paid her own expenses and has not yet been paid entirely from the treasury of the nation. The enemy hovered on her coast with his ships, as numerous almost as the stars. He looked on that warlike land and the memory of the olden time came back upon him. He remembered how, more than forty years before, he had trodden on that soil; he remembered how vauntingly he invaded it and how speedily he left it. He turned his glasses toward it and beheld its people rushing from the mountains to the sea to defend it; and he dared not attack it. Its capital stood in the salt sea spray, yet he could not take it. He sailed south, where there was another capital not far from where we now stand, forty miles from the sea. A few staggering, worn-out sailors and soldiers came here. They took it. How it was defended let the heroes of Bladensburg answer!

Sir, the gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Keitt] made a speech; and if I may be allowed to coin a word, I will say it had more cantankerosity in it than any speech I ever heard on this floor.

It was certainly very eloquent in some portions—very eloquent indeed, for the gentleman has indisputably an eloquent utterance and an eloquent temperament. I do not wish to criticise it much, but it opens in the most extraordinary manner with a "weird torchlight," and then he introduces a dead man, and then he galvanizes him, and puts him in that chair, and then he makes him "point his cold finger" around this hall.

Why, it almost frightens me to allude to it. And then he turns it into a theatre, and then he changes or transmogrifies the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Colfax], who has just spoken, into a snake and makes him "wriggle up to the foot-

lights;" and then he gives the snake hands, and then "mailed hands," and with one of them he throws off Cuba, and with the other clutches all the Canadas. Then he has men with "glozing mouths," and they are "singing psalms through their noses," and are moving down upon the South "like an army with banners." Frightful, is it not? He talks about rotting on dead seas. He calls our party at one time a "toad," and then he calls it a "lizard;" "and more, which e'en to mention would be unlawful." Sir, his rhetoric seems to have the St. Vitus's dance. He mingles metaphors in such a manner as would delight the most extravagant Milesian.

But I pass from his logic and his rhetoric, and also over some historical mistakes, much of the same nature as those made by the President, which I have already pointed out, and come to some of his sentences, in which terrific questions and answers explode. He answers hotly and tauntingly that the South wants none of our vagabond philanthropy. Sir, when the yellow pestilence fluttered its wings over the southern States and when Massachusetts poured out her treasures to a greater extent in proportion to her population than any other State, was that vagabond philanthropy? I ask the people of Virginia and Louisiana.

But, sir, the gentleman was most tender and most plaintive when he described the starving operatives. Why, sir, the eloquence was most overwhelming upon some of my colleagues. I thought I saw the iron face of our speaker soften a little when he listened to the unexpected sympathy of the gentleman with the hardships of his early life. Sir, he was an operative from boyhood to manhood—and a good one, too.

Ah, sir, he did not appreciate, as he tasted the sweet bread

of honest toil, his sad condition; he did not think, as he stood in the music of the machinery which came from his cunning hand, how much better it would have been for him had he been born a slave and put under the gentleman from South Carolina—a kind master, as I have no doubt he is—where he would have been well fed and clothed, and would have known none of the trials which doubtless met him on every hand. How happy he would have been if, instead of being a Massachusetts operative, he had been a slave in South Carolina, fattening, singing, and dancing upon the banks of some southern river.

Sir, if the gentleman will go to my district and look upon those operatives and mechanics; if he will look upon some of those beautiful models which come from their brains and hands, and which from time to time leap upon the waters of the Atlantic, out-flying all other clippers, bringing home wealth and victory with all the winds of heaven, he might have reason to change his views. Let him go there, and even after all he said, he may speak to those men and convince them if he can of their starving condition. I will guaranty his personal safety. I believe the people of Massachusetts would pour forth their heart's blood to protect even him in the right of freedom of speech; and that is saying a great deal after all that has happened.

Let him go to the great county of Worcester—that beehive of operatives and Abolitionists, as it has been called—and he will find the annual product of that county greater, in proportion to the population, than that of any other equal population in the world, as will be found by reference to a recent speech of ex-Governor Boutwell, of our State. The next county, I believe, in respect to the amount of products in proportion to population, is away up in Vermont.

Sir, let him go and look at these men—these Abolitionists, who, we are told, meddle with everybody's business but their own. They certainly take time enough to attend to their own business to accomplish these results which I have named.

The gentleman broke out in an exceedingly explosive question, something like this: I do not know if my memory can do justice to the language of the gentleman, but it was something like this: "Did not the South, equally with the North, bare her forehead to the god of battles?" I answer plainly, No, sir, she did not; she did not.

Sir, Masssachusetts furnished more men in the Revolution than the whole South put together, and more by ten-fold than South Carolina. I am not including, of course, the militia—the conjectured militia furnished by that State. There is no proof that they were ever engaged in any battle. I mean the regulars; and I say that Massachusetts furnished more than ten times as many men as South Carolina. I say on the authority of a standard historian, once a member of this House (Mr. Sabine, in his history of the loyalists), that more New England men now lie buried in the soil of South Carolina than there were of South Carolinians who left their State to fight the battles of the country.

I say, when General Lincoln was defending Charleston he was compelled to give up its defence because the people of that city would not fight. When General Greene, that Rhode Island blacksmith, took command of the Southern army South Carolina had not a federal soldier in the field; and the people of that State would not furnish supplies to his army; while the British army in the State were furnished with supplies almost exclusively from the people of South Carolina. While the American army could not be recruited,

the ranks of the British army were rapidly filled from that State.

The British post of Ninety-Six was garrisoned almost exclusively from South Carolina. Rawdon's reserve corps was made up almost entirely by South Carolinians. Of the eight hundred prisoners who were taken at the battle of King's Mountain—of which we have heard so much—seven hundred of them were Southern Tories. The Maryland men gained the laurels of the Cowpens. Kentuckians, Virginians, and North Carolinians gained the battle of King's Mountain. Few South Carolinians fought in the battles of Eutaw, Guilford, etc. They were chiefly fought by men out of South Carolina; and they would have won greater fame and brighter laurels if they had not been opposed chiefly by the citizens of the soil. Well might the British commander boast that he had reduced South Carolina into allegiance.

But, sir, I will not proceed further with this history, out of regard for the fame of our common country; out of regard for the patriots—the Sumters, the Marions, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Haynes—truer patriots, if possible, than those of any other State.

Out of regard for these men I will not quote from a letter of the patriot Governor Mathews to General Greene, in which he complains of the selfishness and utter imbecility of a great portion of the people of South Carolina.

But, Mr. Chairman, all these assaults upon the State of Massachusetts sink into insignificance compared with the one I am about to mention. On the 19th of May it was announced that Mr. Sumner would address the Senate upon the Kansas question. The floor of the Senate, the galleries, and avenues leading thereto, were thronged with an expectant audience; and many of us left our places in this House to

hear the Massachusetts orator. To say that we were delighted with the speech we heard would but faintly express the deep emotions of our hearts awakened by it. I need not speak of the classic purity of its language, nor of the nobility of its sentiments. It was heard by many; it has been read by millions. There has been no such speech made in the Senate since the days when those Titans of American eloquence—the Websters and the Haynes—contended with each other for mastery.

It was severe, because it was launched against tyranny. It was severe as Chatham was severe when he defended the feeble colonies against the giant oppression of the mother country. It was made in the face of a hostile Senate. It continued through the greater portion of two days; and yet during that time the speaker was not once called to order. This fact is conclusive as to the personal and parliamentary decorum of the speech. He had provocation enough. His State had been called hypocritical. He himself had been called "a puppy," "a fool," "a fanatic," and "a dishonest man." Yet he was parliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. No man knew better than he did the proprieties of the place, for he had always observed them. No man knew better than he did parliamentary law, because he had made it the study of his life. No man saw more clearly than he did the flaming sword of the constitution, turning every way, guarding all the avenues of the Senate. But he was not thinking of these things; he was not thinking then of the privileges of the Senate nor of the guarantees of the constitution; he was there to denounce tyranny and crime, and he did it. He was there to speak for the rights of an empire, and he did it bravely and grandly.

So much for the occasion of the speech. A word, and I

shall be pardoned, about the speaker himself. He is my friend; for many and many a year I have looked to him for guidance and light, and I never looked in vain. He never had a personal enemy in his life; his character is as pure as the snow that falls on his native hills; his heart overflows with kindness for every being having the upright form of man; he is a ripe scholar, a chivalric gentleman, and a warm-hearted, true friend. He sat at the feet of Channing, and drank in the sentiments of that noble soul. He bathed in the learning and undying love of the great jurist, Story; and the hand of Jackson, with its honors and its offices, sought him early in life, but he shrank from them with instinctive modesty. Sir, he is the pride of Massachusetts. His mother Commonwealth found him adorning the highest walks of literature and law, and she bade him go and grace somewhat the rough character of political life. The people of Massachusetts—the old, and the young, and the middle-aged—now pay their full homage to the beauty of his public and private character. Such is Charles Sumner.

On the 22d day of May, when the Senate and the House had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen in the battle of life in the distant State of Missouri, the senator from Massachusetts sat in the silence of the Senate Chamber, engaged in the employments appertaining to his office when a member from this House, who had taken an oath to sustain the constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, and smote him as Cain smote his brother.

One blow was enough; but it did not not satiate the wrath of that spirit which had pursued him through two days. Again and again, quicker and faster fell the leaden blows, until he was torn away from his victim, when the senator

from Massachusetts fell in the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down on the Senate floor. Sir, the act was brief and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize-fighters respect. What! strike a man when he is pinioned—when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? I do not believe that member has a friend so dear who must not in his heart of hearts condemn the act. Even the member himself, if he has left a spark of that chivalry and gallantry attributed to him, must loathe and scorn the act. God knows, I do not wish to speak unkindly or in a spirit of revenge; but I owe it to my manhood and the noble State I in part represent, to express my deep abhorrence of the act. But much as I reprobate the act, much more do I reprobate the conduct of those who were by and saw the outrage perpetrated. Sir, especially do I notice the conduct of that senator recently from the free platform of Massachusetts, with the odor of her hospitality on him, who stood there, not only silent and quiet while it was going on, but when it was over approved the act. And worse: when he had time to cool, when he had slept on it, he went into the Senate Chamber of the United States and shocked the sensibilities of the world by approving it. Another senator did not take part because he feared his motives might be questioned, exhibiting as extraordinary a delicacy as that individual who refused to rescue a drowning mortal because he had not been introduced to him. Another was

not on good terms; and yet if rumor be true, that senator has declared that himself and family are more indebted to Mr. Sumner than to any other man; yet when he saw him borne bleeding by, he turned and went on the other side. Oh, magnanimous Slidell! Oh, prudent Douglas! Oh, audacious Toombs!

Sir, there are questions arising out of this which far transcend those of a mere personal nature. Of those personal considerations I shall speak when the question comes properly before us, if I am permitted to do so. The higher question involves the very existence of the government itself. If, sir, freedom of speech is not to remain to us, what is all this government worth? If we from Massachusetts, or any other State—senators, or members of the House—are to be called to account by some "gallant nephew" of some "gallant uncle," when we utter something which does not suit their sensitive natures, we desire to know it. If the conflict is to be transferred from this peaceful, intellectual field to one where it is said, "honors are easy and responsibilities equal," then we desire to know it. Massachusetts, if her sons and representatives are to have the rod held over them, if these things are to continue, the time may come—though she utters no threats—when she may be called upon to withdraw them to her own bosom, where she can furnish to them that protection which is not vouchsafed to them under the flag of their common country. But while she permits us to remain, we shall do our duty—our whole duty. We shall speak whatever we choose to speak, when we will, where we will, and how we will, regardless of all consequences.

Sir, the sons of Massachusetts are educated at the knees of their mothers in the doctrines of peace and good will, and God knows, they desire to cultivate those feelings—feelings

of social kindness and public kindness. The House will bear witness that we have not violated or trespassed upon any of them; but, sir, if we are pushed too long or too far, there are men from the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts who will not shrink from a defence of freedom of speech, and the honored State they represent, on any field where they may be assailed.

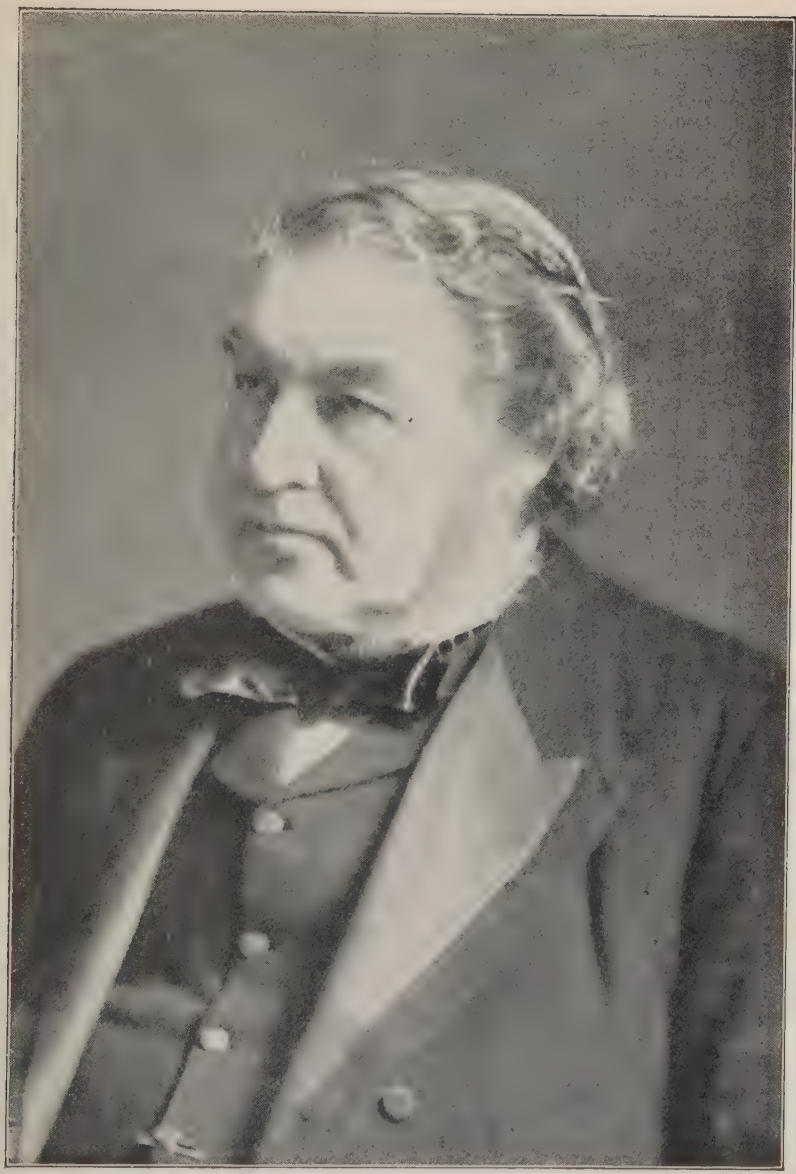
SIR CHARLES TUPPER

RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, G.C.M.G., eminent Canadian conservative statesman, was born at Amherst, Nova Scotia, July 2, 1821. He was educated at Horton Academy, graduated in medicine at Edinburgh University, and returning to Nova Scotia began practice in his native town, and soon reaching eminence in his profession was president of the Canadian Medical Association, 1857–70. Entering the Nova Scotia legislature in 1855, as member for the Cumberland district, he identified himself with all the important legislation of the period and was provincial secretary, 1855–60. While in England, in 1858, on business connected with the Intercolonial railway, he conferred with a number of prominent statesmen regarding the project for confederating the Provinces of British North America. He was prime minister of Nova Scotia, 1864–67, during which period he passed the free school law, and after the union of the Canadian Provinces he sat in the Dominion House of Commons until 1870, when he entered the cabinet as president of the council. He filled the post of minister of internal revenue, 1872–73, was minister of public works, 1878–79, and minister of railways and canals, 1879–84. He was knighted in 1879, and in 1888 was created a baronet for his services in connection with the Fisheries Treaty at Washington. He was high commissioner for Canada in London, 1884–87, and after a year as minister of finance in the Dominion government was recalled to London as high commissioner in 1888. In January, 1898, he entered the Ottawa administration as secretary of state, and later succeeded Sir Mackenzie Bowell as prime minister of Canada. His party being defeated in June on the Manitoba School Bill, he resigned and at the assembling of the Canadian Parliament, in August following, became leader of the Opposition, while Sir Wilfred Laurier succeeded to the Premiership. Sir Charles is an aggressive political opponent, a great campaigner, and a forceful and at times eloquent public speaker.

IN FAVOR OF A PROTECTIVE POLICY

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 14, 1879

I CONFESS that I am very much surprised at the forcible though fallacious address to which we have all listened for the last two or three hours. I did suppose, sir, that, brought face to face, as the people of this country have been under the administration of public affairs, by the honorable gentleman who has just taken his seat, with a condition of



SIR CHARLES TUPPER

things that is calculated to arrest the attention of every patriotic man in Canada, I did suppose that that honorable gentleman would feel that it was a duty he owed to this House, that he owed to this country, not to indulge in such animadversions as he has indulged in in reference to the proposals that have just been made to the House, but to lend to the ministry of the day and to my honorable friend, the finance minister of Canada, all the aid and all the assistance that he could, in order that some measures might be adopted to retrieve that position of affairs into which that honorable gentleman has largely contributed to bring this country.

The honorable gentleman talks of incapacity, talks of recklessness, talks of ignorance. I ask the members of this House who have listened to him for the last five years whether in the whole of this country can be found a more striking monument of all those excellencies than the honorable gentleman himself? Five years ago, when I ventured some modest criticisms of the policy that he propounded to the House, he expressed his regret that no finance minister of the then late administration had a seat in the House. That regret was not confined to himself. No man felt it more than I did. No one felt it more than the gentlemen who were associated with me, and I am glad to know that that feeling became widespread throughout the country; that every year the experience that the people of Canada had of the administration, of its fiscal and financial affairs by the honorable gentleman induced a deeper, wider, and stronger feeling as to the absolute necessity of bringing back to the aid and assistance of this country the gentleman under whose financial management it had prospered before.

The honorable gentleman himself has heard the plaudits given to-night to the budget speech delivered by my honor-

able friend, coming, I was going to say, from the whole House, so small was the number of those who did not join in applauding the able effort of my honorable friend that it seemed to come not from a section of this House, but from the entire chamber. I congratulate the House, I congratulate the country, that my honorable friend [Mr. Tilley] is back in the position he occupied in 1873—back in the position he occupied when the late government handed over to their successors in office the conduct of the affairs of the country, which was then in the highest condition of prosperity of any country on the face of the globe—back to the position he occupied when the honorable gentleman, instead of inheriting years of accumulated deficits, inherited years of accumulated surpluses—back, I say, to a condition of things that would compare favorably with the administration of public affairs in any country in the world. . . .

Now the honorable gentleman says he wonders the finance minister is not appalled at the spectre which is conjured up before us. Well, sir, I think my honorable friend, looking round this Parliament, which I am proud to say in my judgment, surpasses in independence, character, intellect, and talent any Parliament that ever sat within these walls, my honorable friend must see that the great mass of the representatives of the people are not appalled, and that if there is any spectre present it is in the honorable gentleman's imagination.

Let him look at Canada to-day and compare it with what it was when he assumed the financial management of this country, and what will he find? Where wealth, prosperity, happiness, and progress were in Canada he will find gaunt poverty and distress pervading the country from end to end. That is what he will find. I do not envy the honorable gen-

tleman his feelings when he casts his eye over the horizon of his country and finds here and there spectres gaunt with famine and distress; poverty where wealth existed before; hunger where plenty was known. I sympathize with the honorable gentleman when he feels that had he addressed himself like a statesman to meet the emergency as my honorable friend has met it, the prosperity we enjoyed when he took office would be enjoyed now.

There are spectres, but they are not spectres of which my honorable friend, the finance minister, need be afraid, and if his policy is what I believe it is, and if it has the effect in Canada it had before, he will have nothing to regret. We are told that it is un-British. When did it become un-British? How did Great Britain attain the position of prominence and distinction she occupies as a manufacturing country? Was it by a free-trade policy? Was it by unnecessary expenditure and deficits that all the interests of the country were allowed to become impoverished?

No. It was by protecting and fostering the industries of the country, by developing the great resources Providence had given to the country, that she became so great and prosperous. When she followed that policy long enough to be enabled to bid defiance to the world she changed her policy, believing that the example she was giving would be followed by other countries.

Unfortunately for England that policy was not followed by other countries, and the most thoughtful men, the most able statesmen, the most distinguished men in commercial circles are to-day turning their attention seriously to the question as to whether, in adopting that policy of free trade, England had not made a mistake, and as to whether it might not well, at no distant day, be reconsidered.

They say it is not British. But I say it is eminently British. From what source do we find the industries of Canada paralyzed? Is it from competition with England? No. That is fair and legitimate competition—a competition in which we have the protection of 3,000 miles of sea. That which breaks down the industries of Canada is the policy of unfair, unjust, and illegitimate trade on the part of our American neighbors who have their own market for themselves and can afford to send their surplus products over here at slaughtering prices, knowing that when they have thus stamped out Canadian industries they can put up the price and recoup themselves.

What about the iron industry? Every person who knows anything about the subject is aware that Providence has given us not only magnificent mines of iron and coal, inexhaustible and of the best quality, for the manufacture of iron in close proximity to the iron deposits. The moment that interest was established, and British and Canadian capital was invested in that industry—the moment Americans found that American iron was being driven out of this market—they sent their agents here to ascertain at what price iron could be bought. They said, "We can supply you with iron equal in quality and at less cost than you can obtain it elsewhere." It is indeed well known that the agents came here and stated whatever was the price of iron in Canada they would supply it at ten per cent less.

That was not from a charitable disposition, or a desire to promote the prosperity of Canada, but from a desire to crush our industries and enrich themselves after our industries were destroyed. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the idea should force itself upon the minds of members of the government, looking to the prosperity of the country.

"It is necessary, not that we should adopt a hostile attitude against our neighbors, but that we should pay them the compliment of saying that their policy is so wise and just that we are disposed to follow it."

I believe the result of this imposition of a duty on coal will be to bring about free trade in that article between the two countries. Nova Scotia coal, which formerly was largely shipped to New York and Boston markets, was shut out by a duty of seventy-five cents per ton. Was not free trade to be expected as the natural result, when the Americans find Canada declaring if they shut Nova Scotia coal out of the market of the Eastern States we must adopt a policy of protection to our own industry as they were protecting theirs, and give Nova Scotia coal owners the Ontario market. I believe within two years from the adoption of the national policy—not a policy of hostility to the United States, but one of following the system they had adopted to foster their industries—they will give us a free market for coal in the United States.

While adopting measures to meet the government of the United States by a tariff somewhat analogous to their own, and to protect the mining, manufacturing, and agricultural interests of Canada against the unfair competition of our neighbors across the lines, my honorable friend the finance minister also proposes to insert in the bill the statement that when the Americans shall reduce their tariff on these natural products we will reduce ours to the same extent, and that when they wipe out the duties altogether, we will admit their products free. At no distant day we shall enjoy all the advantages which we possessed under the Reciprocity Treaty.

I believe, in the interests of Ontario, it is a wise policy to develop the coal industry of Nova Scotia. That Province is

an important part of the Dominion, and twelve million dollars of capital invested in coal mines cannot lie dead and unremunerative without inflicting great injury on the whole country. Nova Scotia has common interests with the other Provinces and contributes to the general revenue and it is, therefore, the duty of Parliament to adopt all legitimate measures to promote and foster its industries. What would be the effect of pursuing a contrary course? In the present state of the labor market in the United States, coal can be produced at exceedingly low prices, and if the Nova Scotia coal industries are not fostered they will be crushed out and the people so employed will go to swell the ranks of those engaged in building up that great country to the south of the line. Send your own people to populate the United States and what happens? When the coal industries of Nova Scotia are destroyed the Americans will raise the price of coal to the people of Ontario and they will have to pay it. And why is not coal a legitimate subject for taxation? Do you not tax cloth, hats, boots, and indeed everything that the poor man consumes? You are willing to tax sugar fifty per cent and impose heavy duties on tea and coffee. And where can you draw the line between fuel and the other necessaries of life?

My honorable friend the finance minister had reduced the duties on the necessaries of life by $400,000 a year. He has decreased the expenditure for the year by about $800,000, taking into account the sinking fund and interest on the additional debt that was required.

The honorable member for Centre Huron objected to the iron industry being fostered in the manner proposed. The honorable gentleman objects to coal being fostered in the same way. Does he not know that the history of the world

shows that every country that possessed coal and iron has risen to greatness just in proportion as it has developed those industries? This I know, that in England and Belgium, where coal and iron abound, the progress of those countries is indicated as by a barometer, and has risen just in proportion to the output of the coal and the development of the iron mines. The coal industries of the country will not only be benefitted by protection, but the very fact that these industries are promoted,—that there is an increased demand for the coal,—will lower its costs for consumption to every person who requires to use it. If a mine has a capacity for an output of 100,000 tons of coal and there is only a demand for 30,000, it will cost the miner $1.50 a ton to put that coal at its pit's mouth, whereas if there was a larger demand he could bring it out at a better profit for $1.25. So, looking at what nature has endowed this country with these deposits of coal and iron, I believe that a wiser and more judicious policy could not be contemplated than the policy under which these great industries are to have fair play, and to have the same consideration that all other industries are entitled to.

I did not intend to prolong these observations for two reasons, first, because it is not necessary, as the honorable gentleman, as I have already said, in his somewhat rambling speech managed to knock down all the men of straw he considered he had set up, and left little for me to demolish. But there is one thing I must refer to, and that is the denunciation of my honorable friend for allowing duties to be paid in anticipation of this tariff. Does he forget that he was so anxious to get money paid in, in anticipation of the duties of 1874, that he actually put it in the governor's speech?

Does not the honorable gentleman know that for three

long years we have been saying from these benches that the tariff would be reconstructed in this sense the moment we came into power? Does he not know that from one end of the country to the other we have openly put it before the country as a question of public policy from which there was no escape, that either this country must go to ruin, or that there must be a radical reconstruction of the tariff? But when there was no such expectation, when no man in this country dreamed of a deficit except himself—and he did not dream of it, because he had the evidence to the contrary before his eyes—the honorable gentleman knowing that, and having that knowledge within himself, put into the governor's speech the announcement that startled every man in this country, and drove them with a rush to the Custom-houses. And yet he had been denouncing my honorable friend of being guilty of a great moral turpitude, for declaring to this country that we intended to make this change in its fiscal affairs.

I have but one remark more to make and I sit down. I did not believe that any party necessity, that any feeling of jealousy of the gentleman who had gone before him or of the gentleman who came after him in the administration of the government, could have induced the honorable gentleman to invite the hostile action of the United States. I say the language the honorable gentleman used—the language that he unfairly, unpatriotically, and dishonestly used, because, sir, it is not true. I say that language was unworthy the mouth of any Canadian statesman. I say that declarations on the floor of the Parliament of Canada, going tomorrow morning down to New York and Washington, that we are at the feet of the Americans—the declarations that we are as clay in the hands of the potter, that we live by

their favor, that they have it in their power to adopt a policy that will crush us—I say that that was an unpatriotic statement, and I repeat that it is not true.

We have one half of this continent and not the worst half of it either. We have a country of divers resources of the most varied character. We have the great granary of the world, for a finer granary does not exist than the great northwest; and with this great and magnificent country and all its enormous resources, were we to assent to the view of the honorable gentleman, we should be unworthy the name of freemen, of the British origin of which we all pride ourselves—we should be unworthy of numbering among our people that great nationality descended from old France, having the same energy of character that has rendered France to-day one of the most prosperous countries—and under the protective system—that has ever been seen.

The honorable gentleman deplores the different nationalities and the different religions. Why, it is that which makes a country great. I say that this country is a greater country because there is a different race and a different language and a different religion. It has been found in all countries that nothing tends to stimulate the progress and prosperity of a country, and to develop all its institutions, whether civil or religious, more than a natural rivalry among freemen—that is to be found in such a country as this. Under these circumstances I trust never to hear from the mouth of any Canadian statesman in this House or out of it, the unpatriotic declaration that this great country of ours occupies so humiliating, so degrading a position as that which the language of the honorable gentleman indicated.

SEÑOR R. DA SILVA

LUIZ AUGUSTO REBELLO DA SILVA, a prominent Portuguese statesman and author, was born at Lisbon, Portugal, April 2, 1821, and died there Sept. 19, 1871. Educated at the University of Coimbra, he early adopted a literary career, contributing to various literary and political journals. In 1845, he was appointed secretary to the Council of State, and on his entry into the Cortes as deputy in 1848, his gifts as an orator gave him special prominence. In 1869 and 1870, he was Secretary of Marine and Colonial Affairs. He became a member of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences in 1854, and in 1858 received an appointment as professor of national and general history, and was a member of several learned societies. He published a number of popular works, among which are "The Youth of King John V" (1851–53); "A History of Portugal" (1861), besides contributing considerably to the literary and political press.

EULOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[The death of Abraham Lincoln was deeply felt throughout Europe; crowned heads and parliaments hastened to express their horror at the crime committed by Wilkes Booth. The Portuguese Parliament was not behind the other foreign parliaments, and in the Chamber of Peers the eloquent voice of Señor Rebello da Silva was raised, giving utterance to his noble sentiments respecting the sad catastrophe. The following eulogy was delivered in the Chamber of Peers at Lisbon, Aug. 12, 1865.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—I desire to offer to the chamber some observations on a subject I deem most grave for the purpose of introducing a motion which I intend to lay upon the table.

The chamber has been made aware by the official documents in the foreign journals that a flagrant outrage has recently covered with mourning a great nation beyond the Atlantic, the powerful republic of the United States. President Lincoln has been assassinated in the theatre, almost in the arms of his wife!

The perpetration of so foul a deed has caused the deepest

grief in America and throughout all the courts of Europe. Cabinets and parliaments have evinced the most universal sorrow at an event so grievous.

It belongs to civilized communities, it becomes almost a duty with all constituted political bodies, to accompany their manifestations with the sincere expression of horror at facts and crimes so infamous.

Through a fatality or a sublime disposition or unfathomable mystery of Providence—which is the more Christian interpretation of history—it often happens, not only in the life of nations but in that of individuals, when the loftiest heights have been reached, the boldest destinies fulfilled, even the last degrees of human greatness attained, when the way is suddenly made smooth, and the horizon casts off its clouds and shadows, and smiles flooded with light, that then an unseen hand is lifted in the darkness; that a power, secret and inexorable, is armed in silence, and waving the dagger of Brutus, pointing the cannon of Wellington, or offering the poisoned cup of Asiatic herbs, hurls the conqueror, crowned with laurels, from his height at the feet of Pompey's statue, like Cæsar; at the feet of fortune, weary with following him, like Napoleon; at the feet of the Colossus of irritated Rome, like Hannibal.

The mission of great men and heroes makes them seem to us almost like demigods; for they receive for a moment from on high the omnipotence which revolutionizes societies and transfigures nations; they pass like tempests in their car of fire to see themselves dashed at last in an instant against the eternal barriers of the impossible, barriers which no one can remove, where they all find the pride of their ephemeral power reduced to nought and humbled to the dust—for immutable and great alone is God.

Death overtakes them, or ruin reaches them in their apogee, to show to princes, to conquerors, and to people that their hour is one only and short, that their work is fragile as the work of man, so soon as the pillar of fire which guided them is extinguished and night falls upon their way; the new paths they had opened for themselves, and through which they thought to pass boldly and secure, become gulfs which open and swallow them, when, as instruments of the designs of the Most High, the days of their empire and their enterprise shall have been counted and finished.

Thus is seen a terrible example, a memorable lesson in the catastrophe of the most noted characters of history. So come to us to-day, stained with the illustrious blood of one of its most honored citizens, the recent pages of the annals of the powerful republic of the United States. Its President, when the first quadrennium was closed of a government, in which strife was his heritage, falls suddenly, struck down before his own triumph; and from his cold and powerless hands escape loosely the reins of an administration which the perseverance and energy of his will, the co-operation of his fellow citizens, and the loftiness and prestige of the great idea he symbolized and defended, have made immortal with a name proclaimed by millions of voices and votes on the fields of battle and in the assemblies of the people.

Reconducted, elevated a second time on the shields of popular favor to the supreme direction of affairs, at the moment when the heat of civil strife was appeased, when the union of that vast dilacerated body gave promise in its restoration to bind up the wounds through which for so many months flowed in torrents the generous blood of the free; almost in the arms of victory, surrounded by those who most loved him, in the bosom of his popular court, he suddenly encoun-

ters death, and the ball of an obscure fanatic closes and seals the golden book of his destinies at the moment, too, when every prosperity seemed to welcome him to length of days and festive favor.

It is not a king who disappears in the obscurity of the tomb, burying with him, like Henry IV, the future of vast plans; it is the chief of a glorious people, who leaves behind him as many successors as there are abettors of his idea, co-operators in his noble and well-aimed aspirations. The purple of a throne is not covered with mourning, the heart of a great empire is shrouded in grief. The cause of which he was the strenuous champion did not die with him; but all wept for his loss, through their horror of the deed and the occasion and through the hopes founded on his pure and benevolent motives.

Lincoln, martyr to the broad principle which he represented in power and struggle, belongs now to history and posterity. Like Washington, whose idea he continued, his name will be inseparable from the memorable epochs to which he is bound and which he expresses. If the Defender of Independence freed America, Lincoln unsheathed without hesitation the sword of the Republic, and with its point erased and tore out from the statutes of a free people, the anti-social stigma, the anti-humanitarian blasphemy, the sad, shameful, infamous codicil of old societies, the dark, repugnant abuse of slavery, which Jesus Christ first condemned from the top of the cross, proclaiming the equality of man before God, which nineteen centuries of civilization reared in the Gospel have proscribed and rejected as the opprobrium of our times.

At the moment when he was breaking the chains of a luckless race, when he was seeing in millions of rehabilitated

slaves millions of future citizens, when the bronze voice of Grant's victorious cannon was proclaiming the emancipation of the soul, of the conscience, and of toil, when the scourge was about to fall from the hands of the scourgers, when the ancient slave pen was about to be transformed, for the captive, into a domestic altar; at the moment when the stars of the Union, sparkling and resplendent with the golden fires of liberty were waving over the subdued walls of Petersburg and Richmond . . . the sepulchre opens and the strong, the powerful enters it. In the midst of triumphs and acclamations there appeared to him a spectre, like that of Caesar in the Ides of March, saying to him, "You have lived."

Far be it from me to approve or condemn the civil strife which divides and covers with blood two brother sections of the American people. I am neither their judge nor their censor. I honor the principle of liberty, wherever cherished and maintained; but I can also honor and admire another principle, not less sacred and glorious, that of independence. May the progressive virtue of our age reunite those whom discord has divided and reconcile ideas which are in the hearts and aspirations of all generous souls!

In this struggle which in magnitude exceeds all we have seen or heard of in Europe, the vanquished of to-day are worthy of the great race from which they sprang. Lee and Grant are two giants, whom history will keep inseparable. But the hour of peace is perchance about to strike. Lincoln desired it as the crown of his labors, the glorious result of so many sacrifices. After force, let there be forbearance; after the brave fury of battles, the fraternal embrace of citizens.

These were the motives which governed him, these the last virtuous desires he entertained; and it is at this moment (per-

chance a rare one) when a great soul is so potent for good, when a single mind is worth whole legions as a pacificator, that the hand of an assassin is raised in treachery and cuts the threads of plans and purposes so lofty and so noble.

If the American nation were not a people tried in the experiences and strifes of government, could any one perchance calculate the fatal consequences of this sudden blow? Who knows if the conflagration of civil war would not have spread to the remotest confines of these federal States in all the pomp of its horrors? Happily, it will not be so. While public opinion and the journals condemn the deed severely and justly, and their horror is excited against the fatal crime —sentiments which are those of all civilized Europe—they give honorable heed to ideas of peace and forbearance, as though the great man who advocated these ideas had not disappeared from the arena of the world. And I use the term advisedly, "great man," for he is truly great who rises to the loftiest heights from profound obscurity, relying solely on his own merits—as did Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln. For these arose to power and greatness, not through any favor or grace of a chance-cradle, or genealogy, but through the prestige of their own deeds, through the nobility which begins and ends with themselves—the sole offspring of their own works. He is more to be envied who makes himself great and famous through his genius and deeds, than he who is born with hereditary titles.

Lincoln was of this privileged class; he belonged to this aristocracy. In infancy, his energetic soul was nourished by poverty. In youth he learned through toil the love of liberty and respect for the rights of man. Even to the age of twenty-two, educated in adversity, his hands made callous by honorable labor, he rested from the fatigues of the field,

spelling out in the pages of the Bible, in the lessons of the Gospel, in the fugitive leaves of the daily journal, which the Aurora opens and the night disperses—the first rudiments of instruction which his solitary meditations ripened.

Little by little, light was infused into that spirit, the wings put forth and grew strong with which he flew. The chrysalis felt one day the ray of the sun, which called it to life, broke its involucrum, and launched forth fearlessly from the darkness of its humble cloister into the luminous spaces of its destiny. The farmer, day-laborer, shepherd, like Cincinnatus, left the ploughshare in the half-broken furrow, and legislator of his own State, and afterward of the great Republic, saw himself proclaimed in the tribunal the popular chief of many millions of people, the maintainer of the holy principle inaugurated by Wilberforce. What strife, what scenes of agitation, what a series of herculean labors and incalculable sacrifices, were not involved and represented, in the glory of their results, during these four years of war and government? Armies in the field, such as, since the remotest periods, there has been no example! Huge battles, which saw the sun rise and set twice or thrice without victory inclining to the one or the other side! Marches, in which thousands of victims, whole legions, piled with the dead, each fragment of the conquered earth! Assaults which, in audacity and slaughter, reduced to insignificance the exploits of Attila and the Huns.

What stupendous obsequies for the scourge of slavery! What a lesson, terrible and salutary from a great people, still rich and vigorous with youth, to the timid vacillations of old Europe, before a destiny contested by principles so sacred!

These were the monuments, the million marks of his

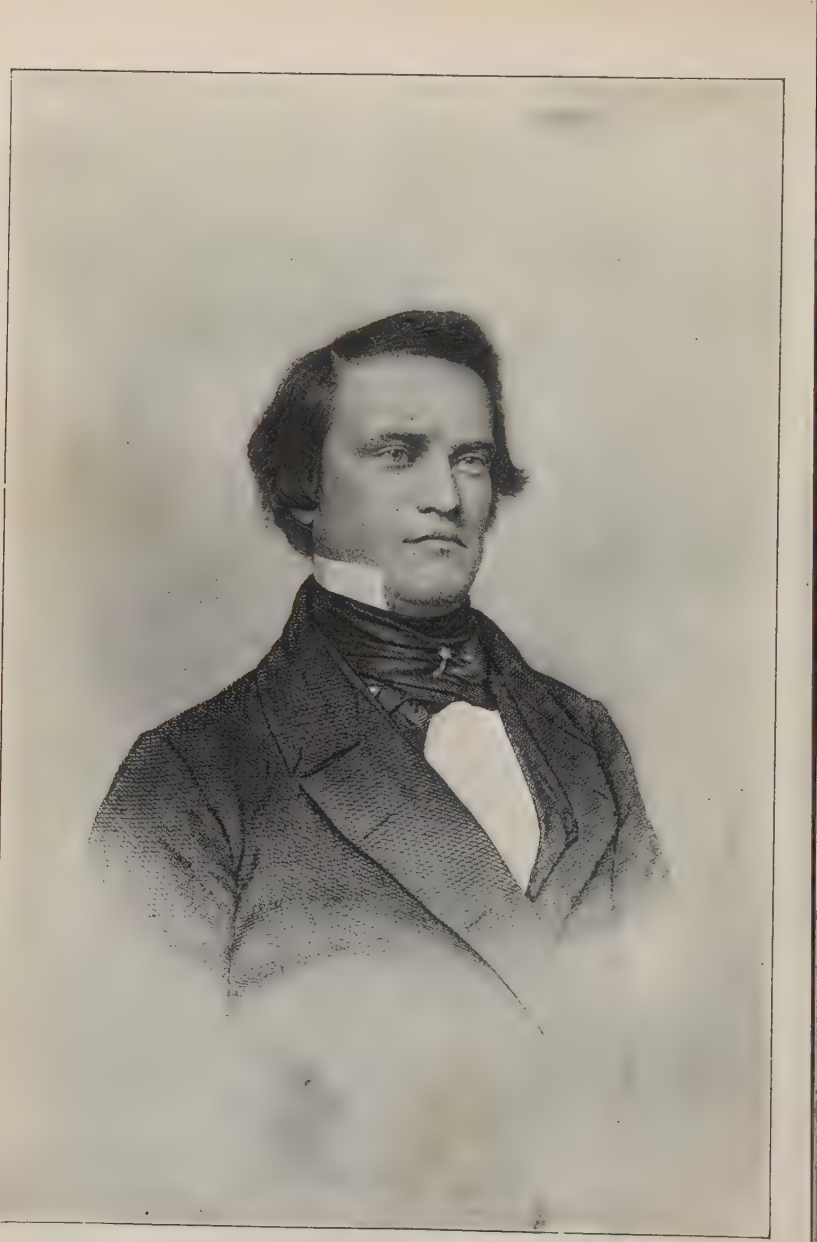
career. If the sword was in his hands the instrument, and liberty the inspiration and strength of his efforts, he was not unfaithful to them. Above the thorns in his path, through the tears and blood of so many holocausts he was able at last to see the promised land. It was not vouchsafed to him to plant therein, in expiation, the auspicious olive-tree of concord. When he was about to reunite the broken bond of the Union; when he was about to infuse anew the life-giving spirit of free institutions into the body of the country, its scattered and bloody members rejoined and recemented; when the standard of the Republic—the funeral clamors silenced and the agonies of pride and defeat consoled,—was about to be again raised, covering with its glorious folds all the children of the same common soil, purified from the indelible stain of slavery . . . the athlete reels and falls in the arena, showing that he, too, was but a mortal.

I deem this sketch sufficient. The chamber, through inclination, through a sense of duty, through its institution, not only conservative, but as the faithful guardian of traditions and principles, will not be, surely will not desire to be, backward in joining in the manifestations which the elective House has just voted, co-operating with the enlightened cabinets and parliaments of Europe. Silence in the presence of such outrages belongs only to Senates dumb and disinherited of all high sentiments and aspirations.

Voting this motion the Chamber of Peers associates itself in the grief of all civilized nations. The crime, which shortened the days of President Lincoln, martyr to the great principles in which our age most glories, is almost, is in essence, a regicide; and a monarchical country cannot refrain from detesting and condemning it.

The descendants of those who first revealed to the Europe

of the sixteenth century the new way, which, through the barriers of stormy and unknown seas, opened the gates of the kingdom of the Aurora, will not be the last to bend over the gravestone of a great magistrate, who was likewise the guide of his people through fearful tempests, and who succeeded in conducting them triumphantly to the overthrow of the last vestige of the citadel of slavery. To each epoch and each people, its task and its meed of glory; to each illustrious hero his crown of laurel, or his civic crown.



J. C. BRECKINRIDGE

GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE

JOHN CABELL BRECKENRIDGE or BRECKINRIDGE, an American politician and soldier, was born near Lexington, Ky., Jan. 21, 1821, and died there May 17, 1875. He was educated at Centre College, in his own State, and after studying law at Transylvania University established himself in practice at Lexington. During the Mexican War he held a major's commission and at its close entered the lower house of the State legislature. In 1851, he became Democratic representative in Congress, and after serving several terms was elected to the Vice-presidency in 1856. In 1860, he was the presidential candidate of the Anti-Douglas Democrats, receiving seventy-two electoral votes. In the latter year he was elected from Kentucky to the United States Senate, and after advocating there the cause of the South for a time during Lincoln's administration, he resigned his seat and joined the Confederacy in the autumn of 1861, soon receiving an appointment as major-general. From January, 1865, until the fall of the Confederacy, Breckinridge was Confederate secretary of war. After the surrender of Lee, in April, 1865, Breckinridge proceeded to Europe, but returned in 1868 and spent the remainder of his life in his native State. During the years 1862 and 1864, General Breckinridge saw considerable fighting on the Southern side.

ADDRESS PRECEDING THE REMOVAL OF THE SENATE

ON the 6th of December, 1819, the Senate assembled for the first time in this Chamber, which has been the theatre of their deliberations for more than thirty-nine years.

And now the strifes and uncertainties of the past are finished. We see around us on every side the proofs of stability and improvement. The Capitol is worthy of the Republic. Noble public buildings meet the view on every hand. Treasures of science and the arts begin to accumulate. As this flourishing city enlarges it testifies to the wisdom and forecast that dictated the plan of it. Future generations will not be disturbed with questions concerning the centre of population, or of territory, since the steamboat,

the railroad, and the telegraph have made communication almost instantaneous. The spot is sacred by a thousand memories, which are so many pledges that the city of Washington, founded by him and bearing his revered name, with its beautiful site, bounded by picturesque eminences, and the broad Potomac, and lying within view of his home and his tomb, shall remain forever the political capital of the United States.

It would be interesting to note the gradual changes which have occurred in the practical working of the government since the adoption of the constitution; and it may be appropriate to this occasion to remark one of the most striking of them.

At the origin of the government the Senate seemed to be regarded chiefly as an executive council. The President often visited the chamber and conferred personally with this body; most of its business was transacted with closed doors, and it took comparatively little part in the legislative debates. The rising and vigorous intellects of the country sought the arena of the House of Representatives as the appropriate theatre for the display of their powers. Mr. Madison observed, on some occasion, that being a young man and desiring to increase his reputation, he could not afford to enter the Senate; and it will be remembered that so late as 1812 the great debates which preceded the war and aroused the country to the assertion of its rights took place in the other branch of Congress. To such an extent was the idea of seclusion carried that when this chamber was completed no seats were prepared for the accommodation of the public; and it was not until many years afterward that the semicircular gallery was erected which admits the people to be witnesses of your proceedings. But now, the Senate, be-

sides its peculiar relations to the executive department of the government, assumes its full share of duty as a co-equal branch of the legislature; indeed from the limited number of its members and for other obvious reasons the most important questions, especially of foreign policy, are apt to pass first under discussion in this body,—and to be a member of it is justly regarded as one of the highest honors which can be conferred on an American statesman.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the causes of this change, or to say that it is a concession both to the importance and to the individuality of the States, and to the free and open character of the government.

In connection with this easy but thorough transition, it is worthy of remark that it has been effected without a charge from any quarter that the Senate has transcended its constitutional sphere—a tribute at once to the moderation of the Senate, and another proof to thoughtful men of the comprehensive wisdom with which the framers of the constitution secured essential principles without inconveniently embarrassing the action of the government.

The progress of this popular movement in one aspect of it, has been steady and marked. As the origin of the government, no arrangements in the Senate were made for spectators; in this chamber about one third of the space is allotted to the public; and in the new apartment the galleries cover two thirds of its area. In all free countries the admission of the people to witness legislative proceedings is an essential element of public confidence; and it is not to be anticipated that this wholesome principle will ever be abused by the substitution of partial and interested demonstrations for the expression of a matured and enlightened public opinion. Yet it should never be forgotten that not France,

but the turbulent spectators within the hall, awed and controlled the French assembly. With this lesson and its consequences before us, the time will never come when the deliberations of the Senate shall be swayed by the blandishments or the thunders of the galleries.

It is impossible to disconnect from an occasion like this a crowd of reflections on our past history and of speculations on the future. The most meagre account of the Senate involves a summary of the progress of our country. From year to year you have seen your representation enlarge; again and again you have proudly welcomed a new sister into the confederacy; and the occurrences of this day are a material and impressive proof of the growth and prosperity of the United States. Three periods in the history of the Senate mark in striking contrast three epochs in the history of the Union.

On the 3d of March, 1789, when the government was organized under the constitution, the Senate was composed of the representatives of eleven States containing three millions of people.

On the 6th of December, 1819, when the Senate met for the first time in this room it was composed of the representatives of twenty-one States containing nine millions of people.

To-day it is composed of the representatives of thirty-two States containing more than twenty-eight millions of people, prosperous, happy, and still devoted to constitutional liberty. Let these great facts speak for themselves to all the world.

The career of the United States cannot be measured by that of any other people of whom history gives account; and the mind is almost appalled at the contemplation of the prodigious force which has marked their progress. Sixty-nine years ago thirteen States, containing three millions of in-

habitants, burdened with debt, and exhausted by the long war of independence, established for their common good a free constitution on principles new to mankind, and began their experiment with the good wishes of a few doubting friends and the derision of the world. Look at the result to-day; twenty-eight millions of people, in every way happier than an equal number in any other part of the globe! the centre of population and political power descending the western slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, and the original thirteen States forming but the eastern margin on the map of our vast possessions.

See besides, Christianity, civilization, and the arts given to a continent; the despised colonies grown into a power of the first class, representing and protecting ideas that involve the progress of the human race; a commerce greater than that of any other nation; free interchange between States; every variety of climate, soil, and production, to make a people powerful and happy—in a word, behold present greatness, and in the future an empire to which the ancient mistress of the world in the height of her glory could not be compared. Such is our country; aye, and more—far more than my mind could conceive or my tongue could utter. Is there an American who regrets the past? Is there one who will deride his country's laws, pervert her constitution, or alienate her people? If there be such a man, let his memory descend to prosperity laden with the execrations of all mankind.

So happy is the political and social condition of the United States, and so accustomed are we to the secure enjoyment of a freedom elsewhere unknown, that we are apt to undervalue the treasures we possess, and to lose in some degree the sense of obligation to our forefathers. But when the

strifes of faction shake the government and even threaten it we may pause with advantage long enough to remember that we are reaping the reward of other men's labors. This liberty we inherit; this admirable constitution, which has survived peace and war, prosperity and adversity, this double scheme of government, State and Federal, so peculiar and so little understood by other powers, yet which protects the earnings of industry and makes the largest personal freedom compatible with public order; these great results were not achieved without wisdom and toil and blood—the touching and heroic record is before the world. But to all this we were born, and, like heirs upon whom has been cast a great inheritance, have only the high duty to preserve, to extend, and to adorn it. The grand productions of the era in which the foundations of this government were laid, reveal the deep sense its founders had of their obligations to the whole family of man. Let us never forget that the responsibilities imposed on this generation are by so much the greater than those which rested on our revolutionary ancestors, as the population, extent, and power of our country surpass the dawning promise of its origin.

It would be a pleasing task to pursue many trains of thought, not wholly foreign to this occasion, but the temptation to enter the wide field must be rigorously curbed; yet I may be pardoned, perhaps, for one or two additional reflections.

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter the American and the stranger, as they

wander through the Capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and the good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and, chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three, whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men, who in their generation sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion—for they were of that higher class of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, the senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions; seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it—a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of his rigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was every inch a senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself; and scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his senatorial demeanor. Type of his northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock, repelling a New England wave. As a writer, his productions will be cherished by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue is spoken. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historically associated with this chamber, whose very air seems to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and his weighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which in any age would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man!—orator, patriot, philanthropist—whose light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world; and whose declining sun as it hastened down the west threw back its level beams in hues of mellowed splendor, to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well. . . .

And now, senators, we leave this memorable chamber, bearing with us unimpaired the constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgments to the Divine Power who controls the destinies of empires and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble walls must molder into ruin; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this constitution vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the representatives of American States still united, prosperous, and free.

REV. DR. STORRS

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, eminent American clergyman and notable pulpit orator, was born at Braintree, Mass., Aug. 21, 1821, and died at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5, 1900. He was the son of a Congregationalist minister, for sixty-two years pastor at Braintree. Educated at Amherst College, and after studying law for a short time with Rufus Choate relinquished it for the study of theology, which he pursued at Andover Theological Seminary, receiving his degree in 1845. After a year's pastorate at Brookline, Mass., he accepted a call to the newly organized Church of the Pilgrims at Brooklyn, N. Y., of which he was pastor for over fifty years. As a pulpit orator he was known far beyond the limits of his own denomination, and as a speaker on public occasions attained great popularity, his influence, both as clergyman and layman, having been of the most salutary and inspiring character. His sermons and addresses, which are noted for their thought and finish, were delivered without notes. His writings include: "The Constitution of the Human Soul" (1856); "Conditions of Success in Preaching without Notes" (1875); "Early American Spirit and the Genesis of It" (1875); "John Wycliffe and the First English Bible" (1880); "Recognition of the Supernatural in Letters and Life" (1881); "Manliness in the Scholar" (1883); "Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by Its Historical Effects" (1884); "The Prospective Advance of Christian Missions" (1885); "Bernard of Clairvaux" (1892); "Forty Years of Pastoral Life"; and "Foundation Truths of American Missions" (1897). Dr. Storrs was one of the founders of the N. Y. "Independent."

THE RISE OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY

CENTENNIAL ORATION DELIVERED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1876

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW CITIZENS,— The long-expected day has come, and passing peacefully the impalpable line which separates ages, the Republic completes its hundredth year. The predictions in which affectionate hope gave inspiration to political prudence are fulfilled. The fears of the timid, and the hopes of those to whom our national existence is a menace, are alike disappointed. The fable of the physical world becomes the fact of the political; and after alternate sunshine and storm. after heavings of the earth which only

deepened its roots, and ineffectual blasts of lightning whose lurid threat died in the air, under a sky now raining on it benignant influence, the century-plant of American independence and popular government bursts into this magnificent blossom of a joyful celebration illuminating the land!

With what desiring though doubtful expectation those whose action we commemorate looked for the possible coming of this day, we know from the records which they have left. With what anxious solicitude the statesmen and the soldiers of the following generation anticipated the changes which might take place before this centennial year should be reached, we have heard ourselves, in their great and fervent admonitory words. How dim and drear the prospect seemed to our own hearts fifteen years since, when, on the Fourth of July, 1861, the thirty-seventh Congress met at Washington with no representative in either House from any State south of Tennessee and western Virginia, and when a determined and numerous army, under skilful commanders, approached and menaced the capital and the government — this we surely have not forgotten; nor how, in the terrible years which followed, the blood and fire, and vapor of smoke, seemed oftentimes to swim as a sea, or to rise as a wall, between our eyes and this anniversary.

"It cannot outlast the second generation from those who founded it," was the exulting conviction of the many who loved the traditions and state of monarchy, and who felt them insecure before the widening fame in the world of our prosperous Republic. "It may not reach its hundredth year," was the deep and sometimes the sharp apprehension of those who felt, as all of us felt, that their own liberty, welfare, hope, with the brightest political promise of the world, were bound up with the unity and the life of our

nation. Never was solicitude more intense, never was prayer to Almighty God more fervent and constant — not in the earliest beginnings of our history, when Indian ferocity threatened that history with a swift termination; not in the days of supremest trial amid the Revolution — than in those years when the nation seemed suddenly split asunder, and forces which had been combined for its creation were clinched and rocking back and forth in bloody grapple on the question of its maintenance.

The prayer was heard. The effort and the sacrifice have come to their fruitage, and to-day the nation — still one, as at the start, though now expanded over such immense spaces, absorbing such incessant and diverse elements from other lands, developing within it opinions so conflicting, interests so various, and forms of occupation so novel and manifold — to-day the nation, emerging from the toil and the turbulent strife, with the earlier and the later clouds alike swept out of its resplendent stellar arch, pauses from its work to remember and rejoice; with exhilarated spirit to anticipate its future, with reverent heart to offer to God its great *Te Deum*.

Not here alone, in this great city, whose lines have gone out into all the earth, and whose superb progress in wealth, in culture, and in civic renown is itself the most illustrious token of the power and beneficence of that frame of government under which it has been realized; not alone in yonder — I had almost said adjoining — city, whence issued the paper that first announced our national existence, and where now rises the magnificent exposition, testifying for all progressive States to their respect and kindness toward us, the radiant clasp of diamond and opal on the girdle of the sympathies which interweave their peoples with ours; not alone in Boston, the historic town, first in resistance to

British aggression and foremost in plans for the new and popular organization, one of whose citizens wrote his name, as if cutting it with a plowshare, at the head of all on our great charter, another of whose citizens was its intrepid and powerful champion, aiding its passage through the Congress; not there alone, nor yet in other great cities of the land, but in smaller towns, in villages and hamlets, this day will be kept, a secular Sabbath, sacred alike to memory and to hope.

Not only, indeed, where men are assembled, as we are here, will it be honored. The lonely and remote will have their parts in this commemoration. Where the boatman follows the winding stream or the woodman explores the forest shades; where the miner lays down his eager drill beside rocks which guard the precious veins, or where the herdsman, along the sierras, looks forth on the seas which now reflect the rising day, which at our midnight shall be gleaming like gold in the setting sun; there also will the day be regarded as a day of memorial. The sailor on the sea will note it, and dress his ship in its brightest array of flags and bunting. Americans dwelling in foreign lands will note and keep it.

London itself will to-day be more festive because of the event which a century ago shadowed its streets, incensed its Parliament, and tore from the crown of its obstinate King the chiefest jewel. On the boulevards of Paris, in the streets of Berlin, and along the levelled bastions of Vienna, at Marseilles, and at Florence, upon the silent liquid ways of stately Venice, in the passes of the Alps, under the shadow of church and obelisk, palace and ruin, which still prolong the majesty of Rome; yet, farther east, on the Bosphorus and in Syria; in Egypt which writes on the front of its compartment in the great exhibition: "The oldest people

of the world sends its morning greeting to the youngest nation;" along the heights behind Bombay, in the foreign hongs of Canton, in the "Islands of the Morning," which found the dawn of their new age in the startling sight of an American squadron entering their bays — everywhere will be those who have thought of this day, and who join with us to greet its coming.

No other such anniversary, probably, has attracted hitherto such general notice. You have seen Rome, perhaps, on one of those shining April days when the traditional anniversary of the founding of the city fills its streets with civic processions, with military display, and the most elaborate fireworks in Europe; you may have seen Holland in 1872, when the whole country bloomed with orange on the three hundredth anniversary of the capture by the sea-beggars of the City of Briel, and of the revolt against Spanish domination which thereupon flashed on different sides into sudden explosion. But these celebrations, and others like them, have been chiefly local. The world outside has taken no wide impression from them. This of ours is the first of which many lands, in different tongues, will have had report. . . .

It cannot certainly be affirmed that we in America, any more than persons or peoples elsewhere, have reached as yet the ideal state of private liberty combined with a perfect public order, or of culture complete and a supreme character. The political world, as well as the religious, since Christ was on earth, looks forward, not backward, for its millennium. That golden age is still to come which is to shine in the perfect splendor reflected from him who is ascended; and no proph-

ecy tells us how long before the advancing race shall reach and cross its glowing marge, or what long effort, or what tumults of battle, are still to precede.

In this country, too, there have been immense special impediments to hinder wide popular progress in things which are highest. Our people have had a continent to subdue. They have been from the start in constant migration. Westward, from the counties of the Hudson and the Mohawk, around the lakes, over the prairies, across the great river, westward still, over alkali plains, across terrible cañons, up gorges of the mountains where hardly the wild goat could find footing; westward always, till the Golden Gate opened out on the sea which has been made 10,000 miles wide, as if nothing less could stop the march — this has been the popular movement from almost the day of the great Declaration. To-morrow's tents have been pitched in new fields, and last year's houses await new possessors.

With such constant change, such wide dislocation of the mass of the people from early and settled home associations, and with the incessant occupation of the thoughts by the great physical problems presented — not so much by any struggle for existence as by harvests for which the prairies waited, by mills for which the rivers clamored, by the coal and the gold which offered themselves to the grasp of the miner — it would not have been strange if a great and dangerous decadence had occurred in that domestic and private virtue of which home is the nursery, in that generous and reverent public spirit which is but the effluence of its combined rays. It would have been wholly too much to expect that, under such influences, the highest progress should have been realized in speculative thought, in artistic culture, or in the researches of pure science.

Accordingly, we find that in these departments not enough has been accomplished to make our progress signal in them, though here and there the eminent souls, "that are like stars and dwell apart," have illumined themes highest with their high interpretations. But history has been cultivated among us with an enthusiasm, to an extent hardly I think to have been anticipated among a people so recent and expectant; and Prescott, Motley, Irving, Ticknor, with him upon whose splendid page all American history has been amply illustrated, are known as familiarly and honored as highly in Europe as here. We have had, as well, distinguished poets, and have them now, to whom the nation has been responsive, through whom the noblest poems of the Old World have come into the English tongue, rendered in fit and perfect music, and some of whose minds, blossoming long ago in the solemn and beautiful fancies of youth, with perennial energy still ripen to new fruit as they near or cross their four score years. In medicine and law, as well as in theology, in fiction, biography, and the vivid narrative of exploration and discovery, the people whose birthday we commemorate has added something to the possession of men. Its sculptors and painters have won high places in the brilliant realm of modern art. Publicists like Wheaton, jurists like Kent, have gained a celebrity reflecting honor on the land; and if no orator so vast in knowledge, so profound and discursive in philosophical thought, so affluent in imagery, and so glorious in diction as Edmund Burke has yet appeared, we must remember that centuries were needed to produce him elsewhere, and that any of the great parliamentary debaters, aside from him, have been matched or surpassed in the hearing of those who have hung with rapt sympathetic attention on the lips of Clay or of Rufus Choate, or have felt themselves listening to the

mightiest mind which ever touched theirs when they stood beneath the imperial voice in which Webster spoke.

In applied science there has been much done in the country, for which the world admits itself our grateful debtor. I need not multiply illustrations of this from locomotives, printing presses, sewing machines, revolvers, steam reapers, bank locks. One instance suffices, most signal of all. When Morse, from Washington, thirty-two years ago, sent over the wires his word to Baltimore, "What hath God wrought," he had given to all the nations of mankind an instrument the most sensitive, expansive, quickening, which the world yet possesses. He had bound the earth in electric network.

England touches India to-day, and France, Algeria, while we are in contact with all the continents upon these scarcely perceptible nerves. The great strategist like Von Moltke, with these in his hands, from the silence of his office directs campaigns, dictates marches, wins victories; the statesman in the Cabinet inspires and regulates the distant diplomacies; while the traveller in any port or mart is by the same marvel of mechanism in instant communication with all centres of commerce. It is certainly not too much to say that no other invention of the world in this century has so richly deserved the medals, crosses, and diamond decorations, the applause of Senates, the gifts of Kings, which have been showered upon its author, as did this invention, which finally taught and utilized the lightnings whose nature a signer of the great Declaration had made apparent.

But after all it is not so much in special inventions, or in eminent attainments made by individuals, that we are to find the answer to the question, "What did that day, a hundred years since, accomplish for us?" Still less is it found in the progress we have made in outward wealth and mate-

rial success. This might have been made, approximately at least, if the British supremacy had here continued. The prairies would have been as productive as now, the mines of copper and silver and gold as rich and extensive, the coal-beds as vast, and the cotton-fields as fertile, if we had been born the subjects of the Georges or of Victoria. Steam would have kept its propulsive force, and sea and land have been theatres of its triumph. The river would have been as smooth a highway for the commerce which seeks it; and the leap of every mountain stream would have given as swift and constant a push to the wheels that set spindles and saws in motion. Electricity itself would have lost no property, and might have become as completely as now the fire-winged messenger of the thought of mankind.

But what we have now, and should not have had except for that paper which the Congress adopted, is the general and increasing popular advancement in knowledge, vigor, as I believe in moral culture, of which our country has been the arena, and in which lies its hope for the future. The independence of the nation has acted with sympathetic force on the personal life which the nation includes. It has made men more resolute, aspiring, confident, and more susceptible to whatever exalts. The doctrine that all by creation are equal — not in respect of physical force or of mental endowment, of means for culture or inherited privilege, but in respect of immortal faculty, of duty to each other, of right to protection, and to personal development — this has given manliness to the poor, enterprise to the weak, a kindling hope to the most obscure. It has made the individuals of whom the nation is composed more alive to the forces which educate and exalt.

There has been incessant motive, too, for the wide and

constant employment of these forces. It has been felt that, as the people is sovereign here, that people must be tuned in mind and spirit for its august and sovereign function. The establishment of common schools for a needful primary secular training has been an instinct of society, only recognized and repeated in provisions of statutes. The establishment of higher schools, classical and general, of colleges, scientific and professional seminaries, has been as well the impulse of the nation, and the furtherance of them a care of government. The immense expansion of the press in this country has been based fundamentally upon the same impulse; and has wrought with beneficent general force in the same direction. Religious instruction has gone as widely as this distribution of secular knowledge.

It used to be thought that a Church dissevered from the State must be feeble. Wanting wealth of endowments and dignity of titles — its clergy entitled to no place among the peers, its revenues assured by no legal enactments — it must remain obscure and poor, while the absence of any external limitations, of parliamentary rubrics and a legal creed, must leave it liable to endless division, and tend to its speedy disintegration into sects and schisms. It seemed as hopeless to look for strength, wealth, beneficence, for extensive educational and missionary work, to such churches as these, as to look for aggressive military organization to a company of farmers, or for the volume and thunder of Niagara to a thousand sinking and separate rills.

But the work which was given to be done in this country was so great and momentous, and has been so constant that matching itself against that work the Church, under whatever name, has realized a strength, and developed an activity, wholly fresh in the world in modern times. It has not

been antagonized by that instinct of liberty which always awakens against its work, where religion is required by law. It has seized the opportunity. Its ministers and members have had their own standards, leaders, laws, and sometimes have quarrelled, fiercely enough, as to which were the better. But in the work which was set them to do, to give to the sovereign American people the knowledge of God in the Gospel of his Son, their only strife has been one of emulation — to go the farthest, to give the most, and to bless most largely the land and its future. The spiritual incentive has of course been supreme; but patriotism has added its impulse to the work. It has been felt that Christianity is the basis of republican empire, its bond of cohesion, its life-giving law; that the ancient manuscript copies of the Gospels sent by Gregory to Augustine at Canterbury, and still preserved on sixth century parchments at Oxford and Cambridge — more than Magna Charta itself these are the roots of English liberty; that Magna Charta and the Petition of Right with our completing Declaration, were possible only because these had been before them. And so in the work of keeping Christianity prevalent in the land, all Christian churches have eagerly striven. Their preachers have been heard where the pioneer's fire scarce was kindled. Their schools have been gathered in the temporary camp, not less than in the hamlet or town. They have sent their books with lavish distribution, they have scattered their Bibles like leaves of Autumn, where settlements were hardly more than prophesied. In all languages of the land they have told the old story of the law and the cross, a present redemption and a coming tribunal. The highest truths, most solemn and inspiring, have been the truths most constantly in hand. It has been felt that, in the best sense, a muscular Christianity was indispensable where

men lifted up axes upon the thick trees. The delicate speculations of the closet and the schools were too dainty for the work; and the old confessions of councils and reformers, whose undecaying and sovereign energy no use exhausts, have been those always most familiar where the trapper on his stream or the miner in his gulch has found priest or minister on his track.

Of course not all the work has been fruitful. Not all God's acorns come to oaks, but here and there one. Not all the seeds of flowers germinate, but enough to make some radiant gardens. And out of all this work and gift has come a mental and moral training to the nation at large such as it certainly would not have had except for this effort, the effort for which would not have been made on a scale so immense except for the incessant aim to fit the nation for its great experiment of self-regulation. The Declaration of Independence has been the great charter of public education; has given impulse and scope to this prodigious missionary work.

The result of the whole is evident enough. I am not here as the eulogist of our people beyond what facts justify. I admit, with regret, that American manners sometimes are coarse, and American culture very imperfect; that the noblest examples of a consummate training imply a leisure which we have not had, and are perhaps most easily produced where social advantages are more permanent than here, and the law of heredity has a wider recognition. We all know too well how much of even vice and shame there has been in our national life; how corruption has entered high places in the government, and the blister of its touch has been upon laws, as well as on the acts of prominent officials. And we know the reckless greed and ambition, the fierce party spirit, the personal wrangles and jealous animosities, with which our

Congress has been often dishonored; at which the nation — sadder still — has sometimes laughed in idiotic unreason.

But knowing all this, and with the impression of it full on our thoughts, we may exult in the real, steady, and prophesying growth of a better spirit toward dominance in the land. I scout the thought that we, as a people, are worse than our fathers! John Adams, at the head of the War Department, in 1776, wrote bitter laments of the corruption which existed in even that infant age of the Republic, and of the spirit of venality, rapacious and insatiable, which was then the most alarming enemy of America. He declared himself ashamed of the age he lived in! In Jefferson's day all Federalists expected the universal dominion of French infidelity. In Jackson's day all Whigs thought the country gone to ruin already, as if Mr. Biddle had had the entire public hope locked up in the vaults of his terminated bank. In Polk's day the excitements of the Mexican War gave life and germination to all seeds of rascality. There has never been a time — not here alone but in any country — when the fierce light of incessant inquiry blazing on men in public life would not have brought out such forces of evil as we have seen, or when the condemnation which followed the discovery would have been sharper. And it is among my deepest convictions that, with all which has happened to debase and debauch it, the nation at large was never before more mentally vigorous or morally sound than it is to-day.

Gentlemen, the demonstration is around us. This city, if any place on the continent, should have been the one where a reckless wickedness should have had sure prevalence, and reforming virtue the least chance of success. Starting in 1790 with a white population of less than 30,000 — growing steadily for forty years, till that population has multiplied

sixfold — taking into itself from that time on such multitudes of emigrants from all parts of the earth that the dictionaries of the languages spoken in its streets would make a library — all forms of luxury coming with wealth, and all means and facilities for every vice — the primary elections being always the seed-bed out of which springs its choice of rulers, with the influence which it sends to the public councils — its citizens so absorbed in their pursuits that oftentimes, for years together, large numbers of them have left its affairs in hands the most of all unsuited to so supreme and delicate a trust — it might well have been expected that while its docks were echoing with a commerce which encompassed the globe, while its streets were thronged with the eminent and the gay from all parts of the land, while its homes had in them uncounted thousands of noble men and cultured women, while its stately squares swept out year by year across new space, while it founded great institutions of beneficence and shot new spires upward toward heaven, and turned the rocky waste to a pleasure-ground famous in the earth, its government would decay, and its recklessness of moral ideas, if not as well of political principles, would become apparent.

Men have prophesied this, from the outset till now. The fear of it began with the first great advance of the wealth, population, and fame of the city; and there have not been wanting facts in its history which served to renew if not to justify the fear.

But when the war of 1861 broke on the land, and shadowed every home within it, this city — which had voted by immense majorities against the existing administration, and which was linked by a million ties with the great communities that were rushing to assail it — flung out its banners from

window and spire, from City Hall and newspaper office, and poured its wealth and life into the service of sustaining the government, with a swiftness and strength and a vehement energy that were never surpassed. When, afterward, greedy and treacherous men, capable and shrewd, deceiving the unwary, hiring the skilful, and molding the very law to their uses, had concentrated in their hands the government of the city, and had bound it in seemingly invincible chains while they plundered its treasury — it rose upon them, when advised of the facts, as Samson rose upon the Philistines; and the two new cords that were upon his hands no more suddenly became as flax that was burned than did those manacles imposed upon the city by the craft of the Ring.

Its leaders of opinion to-day are the men — like him who presides in our assembly — whom virtue exalts and character crowns. It rejoices in a chief magistrate as upright and intrepid in a virtuous cause as any of those whom he succeeds. It is part of a State whose present position, in laws, and officers, and the spirit of its people does no discredit to the noblest of its memories. And from these heights between the rivers, looking over the land, looking out on the earth to which its daily embassies go, it sees nowhere beneath the sun a city more ample in its moral securities, a city more dear to those who possess it, a city more splendid in promise and in hope.

What is true of the city is true, in effect, of all the land. Two things, at least, have been established by our national history, the impression of which the world will not lose. The one is, that institutions like ours, when sustained by a prevalent moral life throughout the nation, are naturally permanent. The other is, that they tend to peaceful relations with other states. They do this in fulfilment of an organic tend-

ency, and not through any accident of location. The same tendency will inhere in them, whosoever established.

In this age of the world, and in all the states which Christianity quickens, the allowance of free movement to the popular mind is essential to the stability of public institutions. There may be restraint enough to guide and keep such movement from premature exhibition. But there cannot be force enough used to resist it, and to reverse its gathering current. If there is, the government is swiftly overthrown, as in France so often, or is left on one side, as Austria has been by the advancing German people; like the Castle of Heidelberg, at once palace and fortress, high-placed and superb, but only the stateliest ruin in Europe, when the rail train thunders through the tunnel beneath it, and the Neckar sings along its near channel as if tower and tournament never had been. Revolution, transformation, organic change, have thus all the time for this hundred years been proceeding in Europe; sometimes silent, but oftener amid thunders of stricken fields; sometimes pacific, but oftener with garments rolled in blood.

In England the progress has been peaceful, the popular demands being ratified by law whenever the need became apparent. It has been vast as well as peaceful in the extension of suffrage, in the ever-increasing power of the Commons, in popular education. Chatham himself would hardly know his own England if he should return to it. The throne continues, illustrated by the virtues of her who fills it, and the ancient forms still obtain in Parliament. But it could not have occurred to him or to Burke that a century after the ministry of Grenville the embarkation of the Pilgrims would be one of the prominent historical pictures on the panels of the lobby of the House of Lords, or that the name of Oliver Cromwell, and of Bradshaw, president of the high court of

justice, would be cut in the stone in Westminster Abbey, over the places in which they were buried, and whence their decaying bodies were dragged to the ditch and the gibbet. England is now, as has been well said, "an aristocratic Republic, with a permanent executive." Its only perils lie in the fact of that aristocracy, which, however, is flexible enough to endure, of that permanence in the executive which would hardly outlive one vicious prince.

What changes have taken place in France I need not remind you, nor how uncertain is still its future. You know how the swift, untiring wheels of advance or reaction have rolled this way and that in Italy and in Spain; how Germany has had to be reconstructed; how Hungary has had to fight and suffer for that just place in the Austrian councils which only imperial defeat surrendered. You know how precarious the equilibrium now is in many states between popular rights and princely prerogative; what armies are maintained to fortify governments: what fear of sudden and violent change, like an avalanche tumbling at the touch of a foot, perplexes nations. The records of change make the history of Europe. The expectation of change is almost as wide as the continent itself.

Meantime, how permanent has been the Republic, which seemed at the outset to foreign spectators a mere sudden insurrection, a mere organized riot! Its organic law, adopted after exciting debate, but arousing no battle, and enforced by no army, has been interpreted and peacefully administered, with one great exception, from the beginning. It has once been assailed with passion and skill, with splendid daring and unbounded self-sacrifice, by those who sought a sectional advantage through its destruction. No monarchy of the world could have stood that assault. It seemed as if

the last fatal Apocalypse had come, to drench the land with plague and flood, and wrap it in a fiery gloom. The Republic

> ——" pouring, like the tide into a breach,
> With ample and brim fulness of its force,"

subdued the Rebellion, restored the dominion of the old constitution, amended its provisions in the contrary direction from that which had been so fiercely sought, gave it guarantees of endurance while the continent lasts, and made its ensigns more eminent than ever in the regions from which they had been expelled. The very portions of the people which then sought its overthrow are now again its applauding adherents — the great and constant reconciling force, the tranquillizing irenarch, being the freedom which it leaves in their hands.

It has kept its place, this Republic of ours, in spite of the rapid expansion of the nation over territory so wide that the scanty strip of the original state is only as a fringe on its immense mantle. It has kept its place, while vehement debates, involving the profoundest ethical principles, have stirred to its depths the whole public mind. It has kept its place, while the tribes of mankind have been pouring upon it, seeking the shelter and freedom which it gave. It saw an illustrious President murdered by the bullet of an assassin. It saw his place occupied as quietly by another as if nothing unforeseen or alarming had occurred. It saw prodigious armies assembled for its defence. It saw those armies at the end of the war marching in swift and long procession up the streets of the capital, and then dispersing into their former peaceful citizenship, as if they had had no arms in their hands. The general before whose skill and will those armies had been shot upon the forces which opposed them, and

whose word had been their military law, remained for three years an appointed officer of the government he had saved. Elected then to be the head of that government, and again re-elected by the ballots of his countrymen, in a few months more he will have retired, to be thenceforth a citizen like the rest, eligible to office, and entitled to vote, but with no thought of any prerogative descending to him or to his children from his great service and military fame. The Republic, whose triumphing armies he led, will remember his name and be grateful for his work; but neither to him nor to any one else will it ever give sovereignty over itself.

From the Lakes to the Gulf its will is the law, its dominion complete. Its centripetal and centrifugal forces are balanced, almost as in the astronomy of the heavens. Decentralizing authority, it puts his own part of it into the hand of every citizen. Giving free scope to private enterprise, allowing not only but accepting and encouraging each movement of the public reason which is its only terrestrial rule, there is no threat, in all its sky, of division or downfall. It cannot be successfully assailed from without, with a blow at its life, while other nations continue sane.

It has been sometimes compared to a pyramid, broad-based and secure, not liable to overthrow, as is obelisk or column, by storm or age. The comparison is just, but it is not sufficient. It should rather be compared to one of the permanent features of nature, and not to any artificial construction — to the river, which flows like our own Hudson, along the courses that nature opens, forever in motion, but forever the same; to the lake, which lies on common days level and bright in placid stillness, while it gathers its fulness from many lands, and lifts its waves in stormy strength when winds assail it; to the mountain, which is not artisti-

cally shaped, and which only rarely, in some supreme sunburst, flushes with color, but whose roots the very earthquake cannot shake, and on whose brow the storms fall hurtless, while under its shelter the cottage nestles, and up its sides the gardens climb.

So stands the Republic:

> "Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
> As broad and general as the casing air."

What has been the fact? Lay out of sight that late evil war which could not be averted when once it had been threatened, except by the sacrifice of the government itself and a wholly unparalleled public suicide, and how much of war with foreign powers has the century seen? There has been a frequent crackle of musketry along the frontiers, as Indian tribes which refused to be civilized have slowly and fiercely retreated toward the West. There was one war declared against Tripoli, in 1801, when the Republic took by the throat the African pirates to whom Europe paid tribute, and when the gallantry of Preble and Decatur gave early distinction to our Navy. There was a war declared against England, in 1812, when our seamen had been taken from under our flag, from the decks, indeed, of our national ships, and our commerce had been practically swept from the seas. There was a war affirmed already to exist in Mexico in 1846, entered into by surprise, never formally declared, against which the moral sentiment of the nation rose widely in revolt, but which in its result added largely to our territory, opened to us Californian treasures, and wrote the names of Buena Vista and Monterey on our short annals.

That has been our military history: and if a people, as powerful and as proud, has anywhere been more peaceable also in the last 100 years, the strictest research fails to find it.

Smarting with the injury done us by England during the crisis of our national peril, in spite of the remonstrances presented through that distinguished citizen who should have been your orator to-day; while hostile taunts had incensed our people; while burning ships had exasperated commerce, and while what looked like artful evasions had made statesmen indignant — with a half million men who hardly yet laid down their arms, with a navy never before so vast or so fitted for service — when a war with England would have had the force of passion behind it, and would, at any rate, have shown to the world that the nation respects its starry flag and means to have it secure on the seas — we referred all differences to arbitration, appointed commissioners, tried the cause at Geneva with advocates, not with armies, and got a prompt and ample verdict. If Canada now lay next to Yorkville, it would not be safer from armed incursion than it is when divided by only a custom house from all the strength of this Republic.

The fact is apparent, and the reason not less so. A monarchy, just as it is despotic, finds incitement to war — for preoccupation of the popular mind; to gratify nobles, officers, the army; for historic renown. An intelligent republic hates war, and shuns it. It counts standing armies a curse only second to an annual pestilence. It wants no glory, but from growth. It delights itself in arts of peace, seeks social enjoyment and increase of possessions, and feels instinctively that, like Israel of old, "its strength is to sit still." It cannot bear to miss the husbandman from the fields, the citizen from the town, the house-father from the home, the worshipper from the church. To change or shape other people's institutions is no part of its business. To force them to accept its forms of government would simply contradict and

nullify its charter. Except, then, when it is startled into passion, by the cry of a suffering under oppression which stirs its pulses into tumult, or when it is assailed in its own rights, citizens, property, it will not go to war, nor even then if diplomacy can find a remedy for the wrong. "Millions for defence," said Cotesworth Pinckney to the French directory, when Talleyrand in their name had threatened him with war, "but not a cent for tribute." He might have added, "and not a dollar for aggressive strife."

It will never be safe to insult such a nation, or to oppress its citizens, for the reddest blood is in its veins, and some Captain Ingraham may always appear to lay his little sloop-of-war alongside the offending frigate, with shotted guns and a peremptory summons. There is a way to make powder inexplosive; but, treat it chemically how you will, the dynamite will not stand many blows of the hammer. The detonating tendency is too permanent in it. But if left to itself, such a people will be peaceful, as ours has been. It will foster peace among the nations. It will tend to dissolve great permanent armaments, as the light conquers ice, and Summer sunshine breaks the glacier which a hundred trip-hammers could only scar. The longer it continues the more widely and effectively its influence spreads, the more will its benign example hasten the day, so long foretold, so surely coming, when

> "The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

It will not be forgotten, in the land or in the earth, until the stars have fallen from their poise, or until our vivid morning star of republican liberty, not losing its lustre, has seen its special brightness fade in the ampler effulgence of a freedom universal!

But while we rejoice in that which is past, and gladly recognize the vast organic mystery of life which was in the Declaration, the plans of Providence which slowly and silently, but with ceaseless progression, had led the way to it, the immense and enduring results of good which from it have flown, let us not forget the duty which always equals privilege, and that of peoples, as well as of persons, to whomsoever much is given shall only therefore the more be required. Let us consecrate ourselves, each one of us, here, to the further duties which wait to be fulfilled, to the work which shall consummate the great work of the fathers!

Mr. President, fellow citizens, to an extent too great for your patience, but with a rapid incompleteness that is only too evident as we match it with the theme, I have outlined before you a few of the reasons why we have the right to commemorate the day whose hundredth anniversary has brought us together, and why the paper then adopted has interest and importance not only for us, but for all the advancing sons of men. Thank God that he who framed the Declaration, and he who was its foremost champion, both lived to see the nation they had shaped growing to greatness, and to die together, in that marvellous coincidence, on its semi-centennial! The fifty years which have passed since then have only still further honored their work. Mr. Adams was mistaken in the day which he named as the one to be most fondly remembered. It was not that on which independence of the Empire of Great Britain was formally resolved. It was that on which the reasons were given which justified the act, and the principles were announced which made it of general significance to mankind. But he would have been absolutely right in saying of the fourth day what he did say of the second: it "will be the most remarkable epoch in the

history of America: to be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God, from one end of the continent to the other."

From barren soils come richest grapes, and on severe and rocky slopes the trees are often of toughest fibre. The wines of Rüdesheim and Johannisberg cannot be grown in the fatness of the gardens, and the cedars of Lebanon disdain the levels of marsh and meadow. So a heroism is sometimes native to penury which luxury enervates, and the great resolution which sprang up in the blast and blossomed under inclement skies, may lose its shapely and steadfast strength when the air is all of summer softness. In exuberant resources is to be the coming American peril — in a swiftly-increasing luxury of life. The old humility, hardihood, patience, are too likely to be lost when material success again opens, as it will, all avenues to wealth, and when its brilliant prizes solicit, as again they will, the national spirit.

Be it ours to endeavor that that temper of the fathers which was nobler than their work shall live in the children, and exalt to its tone their coming career; that political intelligence, patriotic devotion, a reverent spirit toward him who is above, an exulting expectation of the future of the world, and a sense of our relation to it, shall be as of old, essential forces in our public life, that education and religion shall keep step all the time with the nation's advance, and be forever instantly at home wherever its flag shakes out its folds.

In a spirit worthy of the memories of the past let us set ourselves to accomplish the tasks which in the sphere of national politics still await completion. We burn the sunshine of other years when we ignite the wood or coal upon

our hearths. We enter a privilege which ages have secured in our daily enjoyment of political freedom. While the kindling glow irradiates our homes, let it shed its lustre on our spirit and quicken it for its further work. Let us fight against the tendency of educated men to reserve themselves from politics, remembering that no other form of activity is so grand or effective as that which affects, first the character, and then the revelation of character in the government, of a great and free people. Let us make religious dissensions here, as a force in politics, as absurd as witchcraft. Let party names be nothing to us, in comparison with that costly and proud inheritance of liberty and of law which parties exist to conserve and enlarge, which any party will have here to maintain if it would not be buried at the next cross-roads, with a stake throught its breast. Let us seek the unity of all sections of the Republic through the prevalence in all of mutual respect, through the assurance in all of local freedom, through the mastery in all of that supreme spirit which flashed from the lips of Patrick Henry when he said, in the first Continental Congress, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Let us take care that labor maintains its ancient place of privilege and honor, and that industry has no fetters imposed of legal restraint or of social discredit to hinder its work or to lessen its wage. Let us turn and overturn in public discussion, in political change, till we secure a civil service, honorable, intelligent, and worthy of the land, in which capable integrity, not partisan zeal, shall be the condition of each public trust; and let us resolve that it shall come to pass that wherever American labor toils, wherever American enterprise plans, wherever American commerce reaches, thither again shall go as of old the country's coin—the American eagle, with the encircling stars and golden plumes!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD, D. C. L., a distinguished English essayist and poet, was born at Laleham, near Staines, Jan. 24, 1822, and died at Liverpool, April 18, 1888. The eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, he was educated at Winchester, Rugby (where he won the Rugby prize poem), and Balliol College, Oxford (where he won the Newdigate prize). He graduated with distinguished honors in 1844, and was elected a fellow of Oriel. For four years he acted as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and in 1851 was appointed inspector of schools, a post under the Education Department he admirably though thanklessly filled for thirty-five years. He was on several occasions sent by his government to inquire into the state of education in France, Holland, and Germany, and his reports, full of keen observations, pregnant suggestions, and trenchant criticisms, attracted wide attention. In 1857, he was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford, and his lectures on the translation of Homer and other topics are among the classics of literary criticism. He held his Oxford professorship for ten years. In 1883, a pension of £250 was conferred on him, and he came to America to lecture. In manner somewhat cold and formal, he is shown by his letters and the testimony of his friends to have been one of the most gentle and lovable of men. He was animated by noble ideals and faithful to the guiding light of a broad and liberal religious philosophy. As a poet he is recognized as one of the most cultured and thoughtful of the Victorian era. As a critic he has been called "the Sainte-Beuve of English letters" and many of his felicitous phrases have, among men of letters, become current coin. His works comprise: "Essays in Criticism" in two series, "On the Study of Celtic Literature," "Culture and Anarchy," "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Mixed Essays," "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," "Discourses in America," and three volumes of "Poetical Works." See the monograph, "Matthew Arnold," by George Saintsbury, and "Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848–88," collected and arranged by G. W. E. Russell.

LECTURE ON EMERSON

FORTY years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him forever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criti-

cism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music,— subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: "After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state,— at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore, that dreary village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there,— a mean house such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent-making at Ephesus, a church plain and thinly sown with worshippers,— who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church fellowship, and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings of a generation which had well-nigh forgotten them? Again I seem to hear him: "The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and

worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by their profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity, and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realize that awful day, when they shall see him face to face whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then."

Somewhere or other I have spoken of those "last enchantments of the Middle Age" which Oxford sheds around us, and here they were! But there were other voices sounding in our ear besides Newman's. There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used, and mis-used since, but then fresh, comparatively sound, and reaching our hearts with true, pathetic eloquence. Who can forget the emotion of receiving in its first freshness such a sentence as that sentence of Carlyle upon Edward Irving, then just dead: "Scotland sent him forth a herculean man, our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines,— and it took her twelve years!" A greater voice still,— the greatest voice of the century,— came to us in those youthful years through Carlyle: the voice of Goethe. To this day,— such is the force of youthful associations,— I read the "Wilhelm Meister" with more pleasure in Carlyle's translation than in the original. The large, liberal view of human life in "Wilhelm Meister," how novel it was to the Englishman in those days! and it was salutary, too, and educative for him, doubtless, as well as novel. But what moved us most in "Wilhelm Meister" was that which, after all, will always move the young most,— the poetry, the eloquence. Never,

surely, was Carlyle's prose so beautiful and pure as in his rendering of the Youths' dirge over Mignon! — "Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here sleeps it in the marble, undecaying; in your hearts, also, it lives, it works. Travel, travel, back into life! Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity." Here we had the voice of the great Goethe; — not the stiff, and hindered, and frigid, and factitious Goethe who speaks to us too often from those sixty volumes of his, but of the great Goethe, and the true one.

And besides those voices, there came to us in that old Oxford time a voice also from this side of the Atlantic,— a clear and pure voice, which for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new, and moving, and unforgetable, as the strain of Newman, or Carlyle, or Goethe. Mr. Lowell has well described the apparition of Emerson to your young generation here, in that distant time of which I am speaking, and of his workings upon them. He was your Newman, your man of soul and genius visible to you in the flesh, speaking to your bodily ears, a present object for your heart and imagination. That is surely the most potent of all influences! nothing can come up to it. To us at Oxford Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke, that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and of Weimar; and snatches of Emerson's strain fixed themselves in my mind as imperishably as any of the eloquent words which I have been just now quoting. "Then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men." "What Plato has thought, he may think: what a saint has

felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand." "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age; betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!" These lofty sentences of Emerson, and a hundred others of like strain, I never have lost out of my memory; I never can lose them.

At last I find myself in Emerson's own country, and looking upon Boston Bay. Naturally I revert to the friend of my youth. It is not always pleasant to ask oneself questions about the friends of one's youth; they cannot always well support it. Carylye, for instance, in my judgment, cannot well support such a return upon him. Yet we should make the return; we should part with our illusions, we should know the truth. When I come to this country, where Emerson now counts for so much, and where such high claims are made for him, I pull myself together, and ask myself what the truth about this object of my youthful admiration really is. Improper elements often come into our estimate of men. We have lately see a German critic make Goethe the greatest of all poets, because Germany is now the greatest of military powers, and wants a poet to match. Then, too, America is a young country; and young countries, like young persons, are

apt sometimes to evince in their literary judgments a want of scale and measure. I set myself, therefore, resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence. That is the safer course. Time has no indulgence; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it Time is sure to strip away.

I was reading the other day a notice of Emerson by a serious and interesting American critic. Fifty or sixty passages in Emerson's poems, says this critic,— who had doubtless himself been nourished on Emerson's writings, and held them justly dear,— fifty or sixty passages from Emerson's poems have already entered into English speech as matter of familiar and universally current quotation. Here is a specimen of that personal sort of estimate which, for my part, even in speaking of authors dear to me, I would try to avoid. What is the kind of phrase of which we may fairly say that it has entered into English speech as matter of familiar quotation? Such a phrase, surely, as the "Patience on a monument" of Shakespeare; as the "Darkness visible" of Milton; as the "Where ignorance is bliss" of Gray. Of not one single passage in Emerson's poetry can it be truly said that it has become a familiar quotation like phrases of this kind. It is not enough that it should be familiar to his admirers, familiar in New England, familiar even throughout the United States; it must be familiar to all readers and lovers of English poetry. Of not more than one or two passages in Emerson's poetry can it, I think, be truly said, that they stand ever present in the memory of even many lovers of English poetry. A great number of passages from his poetry are no doubt perfectly familiar to the mind and lips of the critic whom I have mentioned, and perhaps a wide circle of American readers.

But this is a very different thing from being matter of universal quotation, like the phrases of the legitimate poets.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish, too, is to say of him what is favorable. But I regard myself, not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself; but rather, I repeat, as communing with time and nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit, and as resigning what of him is by their unalterable decree touched with caducity, in order the better to mark and secure that in him which is immortal.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness; it lacks concreteness; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed; in particular, the want of clearly-marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the "Fourth of July Ode" or the "Boston Hymn" is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us a slight shock of surprise, so little has Emerson

accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages:

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, Thou must,
> The youth replies, I can."

Or again this:

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply:
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die.'"

Excellent! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown so clearly and firmly! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty:

> "And ever, when the happy child
> In May beholds the blooming wild,
> And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
> 'Onward,' he cries, 'your baskets bring!
> In the next field is air more mild,
> And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier spring.'"

In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his poems; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction: he holds it, above all, by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the "Ode to Evening," is purer than Gray's; but then the "Ode to Evening" is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's "Mayday," from which I just now quoted, has no real evo-

lution at all; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his "Titmouse." Here he has an excellent subject; and his observation of nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough,— in other words, not poet enough,— to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, in spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like "The Bridge" of Longfellow, or the "School Days" of Mr. Whittier, is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson.

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire,— writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends and of the "Dial" so continually,— the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his "Essay on Love:" "Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal

feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances." Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations, like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly marked form. Arthur Stanley used to relate that about the year 1840, being in conversation with some Americans in quarantine at Malta, and thinking to please them, he declared his warm admiration for Emerson's "Essays," then recently published. However, the Americans shook their heads, and told him that for home taste Emerson was decidedly too "greeny." We will hope, for their sakes, that the sort of thing they had in their heads was such writing as I have just quoted. Unsound it is, indeed, and in a style almost impossible to a born man of letters.

It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer; his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue. Even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, a great writer. He has surpassingly powerful qualities of expression, far more powerful than Emerson's, and reminding one of the gifts of expression of the great poets,— of even Shakespeare himself.

What Emerson so admirably says of Carlyle's "devouring eyes and portraying hand," "those thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal perceptions," is thoroughly true. What a description is Carlyle's of the first publisher of "Sartor Resartus," "to whom the idea of a new edition of Sartor is frightful, or rather ludicrous, unimaginable;" of this poor Fraser, in whose "wonderful world of Tory pamphleteers, Conservative Younger-brothers, Regent Street loungers, Crockford gamblers, Irish Jesuits, drunken reporters, and miscellaneous unclean persons (whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean), not a soul has expressed the smallest wish that way!" What a portrait, again, of the well-beloved John Sterling! "One, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of infidelity (lighted up by some glare of radicalism only, now growing dim too), and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgian shovel-hattedness." What touches in the invitation of Emerson to London! "You shall see blockheads by the million; Pickwick himself shall be visible,— innocent young Dickens, reserved for a questionable fate. The great Wordsworth shall talk till you yourself pronounce him to be a bore. Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, man of genius in the shape of a cockney, is my near neighbor, with good humor and no common sense; old Rogers with his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, with those large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and that sardonic shelf chin." How inimitable it all is! And finally, for one must not go on forever, this version of a London Sunday, with the public-houses closed during the hours of divine service! "It is silent Sunday; the populace not

yet admitted to their beer shops, till the respectabilities conclude their rubric mummeries,— a much more audacious feat than beer." Yet even Carlyle is not, in my judgment, to be called a great writer; one cannot think of ranking him with men like Cicero and Plato and Swift and Voltaire. Emerson freely promises to Carlyle immortality for his histories. They will not have it. Why? Because the materials furnished to him by that devouring eye of his, and that portraying hand, were not wrought in and subdued by him to what his work, regarded as a composition for literary purposes, required. Occurring in conversation, breaking out in familiar correspondence, they are magnificent, inimitable; nothing more is required of them; thus thrown out anyhow, they serve their turn and fulfil their function. And, therefore, I should not wonder if really Carlyle lived, in the long run, by such an invaluable record as that correspondence between him and Emerson, of which we owe the publication to Mr. Charles Norton,— by this and not by his works, as Johnson lives in Boswell, not by his works. For Carlyle's sallies, as the staple of a literary work, become wearisome; and as time more and more applies to Carlyle's works its stringent test, this will be felt more and more. Shakespeare, Molière, Swift,— they, too, had, like Carlyle, the devouring eye and the portraying hand. But they are great literary masters, they are supreme writers, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect. Carlyle is too wilful for this, too turbid, too vehement.

You will think I deal in nothing but negatives. I have been saying that Emerson is not one of the great poets, the great writers. He has not their quality of style. He is, however, the propounder of a philosophy. The Platonic dia-

logues afford us the example of exquisite literary form and treatment given to philosophical ideas. Plato is at once a great literary man and a great philosopher. If we speak carefully, we cannot call Aristotle or Spinoza or Kant great literary men, or their productions great literary works. But their work is arranged with such constructive power that they build a philosophy, and are justly called great philosophical writers. Emerson cannot, I think, be called with justice a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of the "Dial:" "For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy." And, speaking of Emerson's orations, he says: "I long to see some concrete thing, some event, man's life, American forest, or piece of creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well 'Emersonized,' — depictured by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them." Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his "formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders." "Here I sit and read and write," he says again, "with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs

incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise.

Some people will tell you that Emerson's poetry, indeed, is too abstract, and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his "English Traits." The "English Traits" are beyond question very pleasant reading. It is easy to praise them, easy to commend the author of them. But I insist on always trying Emerson's work by the highest standards. I esteem him too much to try his work by any other. Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life,—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison,—the "English Traits" will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in "Our Old Home" is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced,— finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet "Our Old Home" is not a masterpiece any more than "English Traits." In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his "persistent optimism;" and his persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and the

source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the "English Traits" and in "Our Old Home" is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne's chagrin. Consequently, neither "English Traits" nor "Our Old Home" is a work of perfection in its kind.

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of various kinds, when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. It is hard not to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and shortcomings; and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him that he had his moments of despondency. "Alas, my friend," he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work,—"Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature,—the reporters; suburban men." He deprecated his friend's praise; praise "generous to a fault," he calls it; praise "generous to the shaming of me,—cold, fastidious, ebbing person that I am. Already in a former letter you had said too much good of my poor little arid book, which is as sand to my eyes. I can only say that I heartily wish the book were better; and I must try and deserve so much favor from the kind gods by a bolder and truer living in the months to come,—such as may perchance one day release and invigorate this cramp hand of mine. When I see how much work is to be done;

what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America,—I lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue." Again, as late as 1870, he writes to Carlyle; "There is no example of constancy like yours, and it always stings my stupor into temporary recovery and wonderful resolution to accept the noble challenge. But 'the strong hours conquer us;' and I am the victim of miscellany,—miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination." The forlorn note belonging to the phrase, "vast debility," recalls that saddest and most discouraged of writers, the author of "Obermann," Senancour, with whom Emerson has in truth a certain kinship. He has, in common with Senancour, his pureness, his passion for nature, his single eye; and here we find him confessing, like Senancour, a sense in himself of sterility and impotence.

And now I think I have cleared the ground. I have given up to envious time as much of Emerson as time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the

talent so to systematize them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand;—like "boulders," as he says;—in "paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory.

We all know them. First and foremost, character. Character is everything. "That which all things tend to educe,—which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver,—is character." Character and self-reliance. "Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string." And yet we have our being in a not ourselves. "There is a power above and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications." But our lives must be pitched higher. "Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes." The good we need is forever close to us, though we attain it not. "On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are miserably dying." This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties,—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well,—treat them as if they were real; perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labor. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut

River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here." Furthermore, the good is close to us all. "I resist the scepticism of our education and of our educated men. I do not believe that the differences of opinion and character in men are organic. I do not recognize, besides the class of the good and the wise, a permanent class of sceptics, or a class of conservatives, or of malignants, or of materialists. I do not believe in the classes. Every man has a call of the power to do something unique." Exclusiveness is deadly. "The exclusive in social life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart you shall lose your own. The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit." A sound nature will be inclined to refuse ease and self-indulgence. "To live with some rigor of temperance, or some extreme of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men." Compensation, finally, is the great law of life; it is everywhere, it is sure, and there is no escape from it. This is that "law alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails itself of our success when we obey it, and of our ruin when we contravene it. We are all secret believers in it. It rewards actions after their nature. The reward of a thing well done is to have

done it. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself. You must pay at last your own debt."

This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want; that Emerson's optimism, self-reliance, and indifference to favorable conditions for our life and growth have in them something of danger. "Trust thyself;" "what attracts my attention shall have it;" "though thou shouldst walk the world over thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble;" "what we call vulgar society is that society whose poetry is not yet written, but which you shall presently make as enviable and renowned as any." With maxims like these, we surely, it may be said, run some risk of being made too well satisfied with our own actual self and state, however crude and imperfect they may be. "Trust thyself?" It may be said that the common American or Englishman is more than enough disposed already to trust himself. I often reply, when our sectarians are praised for following conscience: Our people are very good in following their conscience; where they are not so good is in ascertaining whether their conscience tells them right. "What attracts my attention shall have it?" Well, that is our people's plea when they run after the Salvation Army, and desire Messrs. Moody and Sankey. "Thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble?" But think of the turn of the good people of our race for producing a life of hideousness and immense *ennui;* think of that specimen of your own New England life which Mr. Howells gives us in one of his charming stories which I was reading lately; think of the life of that rugged New England farm in "The Lady of the Aroostook;" think of Deacon Blood, and Aunt Maria, and the straight-backed chairs with black horse-hair seats, and Ezra

Perkins with perfect self-reliance depositing his travellers in the snow! I can truly say that in the little which I have seen of the life of New England, I am more struck with what has been achieved than with the crudeness and failure. But no doubt there is still a great deal of crudeness also. Your own novelists say there is, and I suppose they say true. In the new England, as in the old, our people have to learn, I suppose, not that their modes of life are beautiful and excellent already; they have rather to learn that they must transform them.

To adopt this line of objection to Emerson's deliverances would, however, be unjust. In the first place, Emerson's points are in themselves true, if understood in a certain high sense; they are true and fruitful. And the right work to be done, at the hour when he appeared, was to affirm them generally and absolutely. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas. Had he attempted developments which may now strike us as expedient, he would have excited fierce antagonism, and probably effected little or nothing. The time might come for doing other work later, but the work which Emerson did was the right work to be done then.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. When he sees "the meanness," as he calls it, "of American politics," he congratulates Washington on being "long already happily dead," on being "wrapt in his shroud and forever safe." With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two

great political parties of forty years ago! The Democrats, he says, "have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless; it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation." Then with what subtle though kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organizations,—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like,—follows it in all its "dissidence of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore! "Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousandfold relief societies, —though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." "Our Sunday schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive." "Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and

wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the temperance meeting, or the transcendental club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: 'So hot, my little sir?'"

Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not even in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. He says himself: "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth." If this be so, how wise is Emerson! for never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature, and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds: "Yet, as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue." In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same. "A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw." His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the power by which it lives?"

One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding

fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's "Essays" are, I think, the most important work done in prose. His work is more important than Carlyle's. Let us be just to Carlyle, provoking though he often is. Not only has he that genius of his which makes Emerson say truly of his letters, that "they savor always of eternity." More than this may be said of him. The scope and upshot of his teaching are true; "his guiding genius," to quote Emerson again, is really "his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice." But consider Carlyle's temper, as we have been considering Emerson's! Take his own account of it! "Perhaps London is the proper place for me after all, seeing all places are improper: who knows? Meanwhile, I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consuming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strength is left in me for writing, which is the only use I can see in myself,— too rare a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as death; too black, when all void too; but at times there paint themselves on it pictures of gold, and rainbow, and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal, I am very much of a fool."— No, not a fool, but turbid and morbid, wilful and perverse. "We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope."

Carlyle's perverse attitude towards happiness cuts him off from hope. He fiercely attacks the desire for happiness; his grand point in "Sartor," his secret in which the soul may find rest, is that one shall cease to desire happiness, that one should learn to say to one self: "What if thou wert born and

predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" He is wrong; Saint Augustine is the better philosopher, who says: "Act we must in pursuance of what gives us most delight." Epictetus and Augustine can be severe moralists enough; but both of them know and frankly say that the desire for happiness is the root and ground of man's being. Tell him and show him that he places his happiness wrong, that he seeks for delight where delight will never be really found; then you illumine and further him. But you only confuse him by telling him to cease to desire happiness: and you will not tell him this unless you are already confused yourself.

Carlyle preached the dignity of labor, the necèssity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams. He is said by many people to be a great teacher, a great helper for us, because he does so. But what is the due and eternal result of labor, righteousness, veracity? — Happiness. And how are we drawn to them by one who, instead of making us feel that with them is happiness, tells us that perhaps we were predestined not to be happy but to be unhappy?

You will find, in especial, many earnest preachers of our popular religion to be fervent in their praise and admiration of Carlyle. His insistence on labor, righteousness, and veracity, pleases them; his contempt for happiness pleases them too. I read the other day a tract against smoking, although I do not happen to be a smoker myself. "Smoking," said the tract, "is liked because it gives agreeable sensations. Now it is a positive objection to a thing that it gives agreeable sensations. An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." Shortly afterwards I was inspecting a school, and I found the children reading a piece of poetry on the common theme that we are here to-day and

gone to-morrow. I shall soon be gone, the speaker in this poem was made to say,—

> "And I shall be glad to go,
> For the world at best is a dreary place,
> And my life is getting low."

How usual a language of popular religion that is, on our side of the Atlantic at any rate! But then our popular religion, in disparaging happiness here below, knows very well what it is after. It has its eye on a happiness in a future life above the clouds, in the New Jerusalem, to be won by disliking and rejecting happiness here on earth. And so long as this ideal stands fast, it is very well. But for very many it now stands fast no longer; for Carlyle, at any rate, it had failed and vanished. Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity,— in the life of the spirit,— here was a gospel still for Carlyle to preach, and to help others by preaching. But he baffled them and himself by preferring the paradox that we are not born for happiness at all.

Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope; — that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness,— by this conviction and hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right

in them. In this country it is difficult, as I said, not to be sanguine. Very many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. The two men are Franklin and Emerson.[1] These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honorably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope; they know that hope is, as Wordsworth well says,—

> "The paramount duty which Heaven lays,
> For its own honor, on man's suffering heart."

But the very word "duty" points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty, and economy will crown the life of this work-day world, is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over, when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You

[1] I found with pleasure that this conjunction of Emerson's name with Franklin's had already occurred to an accomplished writer and delightful man, a friend of Emerson, left almost the sole survivor, alas! of the famous literary generation of Boston,—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has kindly allowed me to print here the ingenious and interesting lines, hitherto unpublished, in which he speaks of Emerson thus:

> "Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
> Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?
> He seems a wingéd Franklin, sweetly wise,
> Born to unlock the secret of the skies;
> And which the nobler calling—if 'tis fair
> Terrestrial with celestial to compare—
> To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
> Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came
> Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
> And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre?"

cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature, with one hand stretched out towards the east, to our laden and laboring England; the other towards the ever-growing west, to his own dearly-loved America,—"great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation.

EDWARD E. HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, distinguished American author and Unitarian clergyman, was born at Boston, Mass., April 3, 1822, and educated at Harvard University. While preparing himself to enter the Unitarian ministry, he taught for two years in the Boston Latin School and in 1842 was licensed to preach. From 1846 to 1856 he was pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass., and pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Boston, from 1856 to 1900. Throughout his entire career he has been active in philanthropic and educational movements. He edited "Old and New," a monthly magazine, 1869–75, and from 1886 to the present has edited "Lend a Hand," a journal of organized charity. In 1870, he published "Ten Times One is Ten," a story which led to the formation of many charitable clubs throughout the United States. As a writer of short stories he has gained an extended reputation, the most noted of these being "The Man Without a Country," which at the time of its issue, in 1863, did much to stimulate a feeling of patriotism; "In His Name," "My Double and how He Undid Me." He has been a voluminous as well as versatile writer: among his many books are "The Ingham Papers" (1869); "His Level Best and Other Stories" (1870); "Ups and Downs," a novel (1871); "Philip Nolan's Friends" (1876); "Franklin in France" (1887); "Life of Washington" (1887); "For Fifty Years," a collection of verse (1893); "A New England Boyhood," autobiographic in its nature (1893); "Lowell and His Friends" (1899). His collected writings are issued in twelve volumes.

NEW ENGLAND CULTURE

ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY, DECEMBER 22, 1876

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,— You seem to have a very frank way of talking about each other among yourselves here. I observe that I am the first stranger who has crossed the river, which, I recollect Edward Winslow says, divides the continent of New England from the continent of America, and, as a stranger, it is my pleasure and duty at once to express the thanks and congratulations of the invited guests here for the distinguished

care which has been taken on this occasion outdoors to make us feel entirely at home. As I came down in the snow-storm, I could not help feeling that Elder Brewster, and William Bradford, and Carver, and Winslow, could not have done better than this in Plymouth; and, indeed, as I ate my pork and beans just now, I felt that the gospel of New England is extending beyond the Connecticut to other nations, and that what is good to eat and drink in Boston is good to eat and drink even here on this benighted point at Delmonico's.

When you talk to us about "culture," that is rather a dangerous word. I am always a little afraid of the word "culture." I recollect the very brightest squib that I read in the late election campaign — and, as the President says, gentlemen, I am going to respect the proprieties of the occasion. It was sent to one of the journals from the western reserve, and the writer, who, if I have rightly guessed his name, is one of the most brilliant of our younger poets, was descanting on the Chinook vocabulary, in which a Chinook calls an Englishman a Chinchog to this day, in memory of King George. And this writer says that when they have a young chief whose war-paint is very perfect, whose blanket is thoroughly embroidered, whose leggins are tied up with exactly the right colors, and who has the right kind of a star upon his forehead and cheeks, but who never took a scalp, never fired an arrow, and never smelled powder, but was always found at home in the lodges whenever there was anything that scented of war — he says the Chinooks called that man by the name of "Boston Cultus."

Well, now, gentlemen, what are you laughing at? Why do you laugh? Some of you had Boston fathers, and more of you had Boston mothers. Why do you laugh? Ah! you

have seen these people, as I have seen them, as everybody has seen them — people who sat in Parker's and discussed every movement of the campaign in the late war, and told us that it was all wrong, that we were going to the bad, but who never shouldered a musket. They are people who tell us that the emigration, that the Pope of Rome, or the German element, or the Irish element, is going to play the dogs with our social system, and yet they never met an emigrant on the wharf or had a word of comfort to say to a foreigner. We have those people in Boston. You may not have them in New York, and I am very glad if you have not; but if you are so fortunate, it is the only place on God's earth where I have not found such people. But there is another kind of culture which began even before there was any Boston — for there was such a day as that. There were ten years in the history of this world, ten long years, too, before Boston existed, and those are the years between Plymouth Rock and the day when some unfortunate men, not able to get to Plymouth Rock, stopped and founded that city. This earlier culture is a culture not of the schoolhouse, or of the tract, but a culture as well of the church, of history, of the town meeting, as John Adams says; that nobler culture to which my friend on the right has alluded when he says that it is born of the Spirit of God — the culture which has made New England, which is born of God, and which it is our mission to carry over the world.

In the very heart of that culture — representing it, as I think, in a very striking way, half way back to the day we celebrate — Ezra Styles, one of the old Connecticut men, published a semi-centennial address. It seems strange that they should have centennials then, but they had. He published a semi-centennial address in the middle of the last

century, on the condition of New England, and the prospects before her. He prophesied what New England was to be in the year 1852. He calculated the population descending from the twenty thousand men who emigrated in the beginning, and he calculated it with great accuracy.

He said: "There will be seven million men, women and children, descended from the men who came over with Winslow and with Winthrop," and it proved that he was perfectly right. He went on to sketch the future of New England when these seven million should crowd her hillsides, her valleys, her farms, and her shops all over the four States of New England. For it didn't occur to him, as he looked forward, that one man of them all would ever go west of Connecticut, or west of Massachusetts.

He cast his horoscope for a population of seven million people living in the old New England States, in the midst of this century. He did not read, as my friend here does, the missionary spirit of New England. He did not know that they would be willing to go across the arm of the ocean which separated the continent of New England from the continent of America. All the same, gentlemen, seven million people are somewhere, and they have not forgotten the true lessons which make New England what she is. They tell me there are more men of New England descent in San Francisco than in Boston to-day. All of those carried with them their mothers' lessons, and they mean their mothers' lessons shall bear fruit away out in Oregon, in California, in South Carolina, in Louisiana.

They have those mothers' lessons to teach them to do something of what we are trying to do at home in this matter. We have been so fortunate in New England in this centennial year that we are able to dedicate a noble monument of the

past to the eternal memory of the Pilgrim principle. We have been so fortunate that we are able to consecrate the old South Meeting House in Boston to the cause of fostering this Pilgrim principle, that it may be from this time forward a monument, not of one branch of the Christian religion, not of one sect or another, but of that universal religion, that universal patriotism, which has made America and which shall maintain America.

For myself, I count it providential that in this centennial year of years this venerable monument, that monument whose bricks and rafters are all eloquent of religion and liberty, that that monument has passed from the possession of one sect and one State to belong to the whole nation, to be consecrated to American liberty, and to nothing but American liberty.

I need not say — for it is taken for granted when such things are spoken of — that when it was necessary for New England to act at once for the security of this great monument, we had the active aid and hearty assistance of the people of New York, who came to us and helped us and carried that thing right through. I am surrounded here with the people who had to do with the preservation of that great monument for the benefit of the history of this country forever.

Let me say, in one word, what purposes it is proposed this great monument shall serve, for I think they are entirely in line with what we are to consider to-night. We propose to establish here what I might fairly call a university for the study of the true history of this country. And we propose, in the first place, to make that monument of the past a great Santa Croce, containing the statues and portraits of the men who have made this country what it is. Then we

propose to establish an institute for the people of America, from Maine to San Francisco, the people of every nationality and every name; and we hope that such societies as this, and all others interested in the progress and preservation of the interests of our country, will aid us in the work.

For we believe that the great necessity of this hour is that higher education in which this people shall know God's work with man. We hope that the Forefathers' societies, the Sam Adams' clubs, the Centennial clubs over the land, shall make the State more proud of its fathers, and more sure of the lessons which they lived. We mean by the spoken voice and by the most popular printed word, circulated everywhere, to instil into this land that old lesson of New England culture. We stand by the side of those of you who believe in compulsory education. We desire, in looking to the future, that the determination shall be made here by us, as it has been in England, that every child born on American soil shall learn to read and write.

But there is a great deal more to be taught than that. There is a great deal which the common school does not teach and cannot teach, when it teaches men to read. We not only want to teach them to read, but we want to teach them what is worth reading. And we want to instil the principles by which the nation lives. We have got to create in those who came from the other side of the water the same loyalty to the whole of American principles that each man feels to his native country.

What is this constitution for which we have been fighting, and which must be preserved? It is a most delicate mutual adjustment of the powers and rights of a nation, among and because of the powers and rights of thirty or

forty States. It exists because they exist. That it may stand, you need all their mutual rivalries, you need every sentiment of local pride, you need every symbol and laurel of their old victories and honors. You need just this homestead feeling which to-night we are cherishing.

But that balance is lost, that whole system is thrown out of gear, if the seven million people of foreign parentage here are indifferent to the record of New York as they are to that of Illinois, to that of Illinois as to that of Louisiana, to that of Louisiana as to that of Maine; if they have no local pride; if to them the names of Montgomery, of John Hancock, of Samuel Adams, have no meaning, no association with the past. Unless they also acquire this local feeling, unless they share the pride and reverence of the native American for the State in which he is born, for the history which is his glory, all these delicate balances and combinations are worthless, all your revolving planets fall into your sun! It is the national education in the patriotism of the Fathers, an education addressing itself to every man, woman and child, from Katahdin to the Golden Gate — it is this, and only this, which will insure the perpetuity of your Republic.

Now, gentlemen, if you would like to try an experiment in this matter, go into one of your public schools, next week, and ask what Saratoga was, and you will be told it is a great watering place, where people go to spend money. You will find there is not one in ten who will be able to tell you that there the Hessian was crushed, and foreign bayonets forever driven from the soil of New York. Ask about Brandywine, the place where La Fayette shed his young blood, where a little handful of American troops were defeated, yet, although they were defeated, broke the force of the English

army for one critical year. Put the word Brandywine in one of your public schools, and you will see that the pupils laugh at the funny conjunction of the words "brandy" and "wine," but they can tell you nothing about the history which made the name famous. It seems to me it is dangerous to have your children growing up in such ignorance of the past.

How much did they know here about the day when, a short time since, you celebrated the battle of Haarlem Heights, where the British were shown that to land on American soil was not everything? Is it quite safe for your children to grow up in ignorance of your past, while you are looking down upon the century of the future? The great institution we are hoping for in the future is to carry this New England culture above the mere mathematics of life, and to incorporate into all education that nobler culture which made the men who made the revolution, which made the men who have sustained this country.

We shall ask for the solid assistance of all the Forefathers' stock in the country to carry out this great work of national education, and I am quite sure, from what I have seen here to-night, that we shall not ask in vain.

I ought to apologize for speaking so long. I am conscious of the fact that I am a fraud, and I am nothing but a fraud. The truth is, gentlemen (I say this as I am sitting down), I have no business to be here at all. I am not a Pilgrim, nor the son of a Pilgrim, nor the grandson of a Pilgrim; there is not one drop of Pilgrim blood in my veins. I am a "forefather" myself (for I have six children), but I am not the son of a forefather. I had one father; most men have; I have two grandfathers, I have four great-grandfathers, but I have not four fathers. I want to explain,

now, how all this happened, because something is due to me before you put me out of the room. Like most men, I had eight great-great-grandfathers — so have you; so have you. If you run it up, I have got sixty-four great-grandfathers of the grandfathers of my grandfathers, and I have sixty-four great-grandmothers of the grandmothers of my grandmothers. There were one hundred and twenty-eight of these people the day the "Mayflower" sailed. There were one hundred and twenty-eight of them in England eager to come over here, looking forward to this moment, gentlemen, when we meet here at Delmonico's, and they were hoping and praying, every man of them and every woman of them, that I might be here at this table to-night, and they meant me to be; and every one of them would have come here in the "Mayflower" but for Miles Standish, as I will explain. The "Mayflower," you know, started from Holland. They had to go to Holland first to learn the Dutch language. They started from Holland, and they came along the English Channel and stopped at Plymouth in England. They stopped there to get the last edition of the London "Times" for that day, in order that they might bring over early copies to the New York "Tribune" and New York "World."

These ancestors of mine, the legend says, were all on the dock at Plymouth waiting for them. It was a bad night, a very bad night. It fogged as it can only fog in England. They waited on the wharf there two hours, as you wait at the Brooklyn and Jersey ferries, for the "Mayflower" to come along. Methinks I see her now, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospect of a fertile State and bound across an unknown sea. Her dark and weather-beaten form looms wearily from the deep, when the pilot

brings her up at the Plymouth dock, and a hundred and twenty-eight of my ancestors press forward. They were handsome men and fair women. When they all pressed forward, Miles Standish was on hand and met them. He was on board and looked at them. He went back to the governor, and said, "Here are one hundred and twenty-eight of as fine emigrants as I ever saw." "Well," Governor Carver said, "the capacity of the vessel, as prescribed in the emigrant act, is already exceeded." Miles Standish said, "I think we could let them in." The governor said, "No, they cannot come in." Miles Standish went back to the gangway, and said, "You are handsome men, but you can't come in;" and they had to stand there, every man and every woman of them.

That is the unfortunate reason why I had no ancestors at the landing of the Pilgrims. But my ancestors looked westward still. They stayed in England, praying that they might come, and when Winthrop, ten years afterwards, sailed, he took them all on board, and, if the little State of Massachusetts has done anything to carry out the principles of the men who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620, why, some little part of the credit is due to my humble ancestry.

SONS OF MASSACHUSETTS

FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED AT BOSTON, JULY 5, 1897

I HAVE sometimes feared that in his own city John Hancock is not honored as he should be. Woe to the city which neglects the memory of its great men! I heard with dismay a few days ago that the Sons of the Revolution

have not money enough to pay for the bronze statue of Hancock which they have ordered. Why, thanks to Hancock and to the men behind him, there is money enough in Boston to pay for fifty statues in gold to his memory, if the people of to-day understand what independence means to them!

Here was John Hancock, a young merchant of fashion, of family and of wealth — things which in those days were highly considered in Boston. He was surrounded by all the temptations which surround young men of fashion, of family, and of wealth in a provincial city, and Boston was then a provincial city. As things go in such cities, the nephew of a rich merchant surrounded with every indulgence, is not apt to throw himself into what is called rebellion against his king. But such a young gentleman as that, after the lines of rebellion are fairly drawn, when all the world knows what he means, accepts what are the critical positions of selectman and of a Boston member of the House of Assembly.

That means that, at the age of twenty-nine, he accepts the lead of Sam Adams, who is already laying his large plans for the independence of this empire. The royal governors are surprised and distressed. In ways known to such men from that time to this time, they try to separate Hancock from his alliance with the people. He is offered this, and he is offered that, and he refuses the offers. And so, after the battle of Lexington, when George III offers a pardon to almost everybody else in Massachusetts, the two great exceptions are Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

The day when the young Hancock was chosen into the General Assembly, John and Sam Adams happened to meet on the mall at the head of Winter street. They walked up and down the mall, and as they came in sight of Hancock's elegant mansion, the older man said to the younger: "This

town has done a wise thing to-day; they have made that young man's fortune their own." And John Adams says more than once that John Hancock was one of the younger men whom Samuel Adams, so to speak, took in training as soon as he saw their ability to serve the Commonwealth. When one remembers that others in the same company were the second Josiah Quincy and Joseph Warren, one sees how great is the compliment implied. There is not a youngster of us all who might not be proud to have been selected as a special friend of freedom, and a possible martyr in her cause, by such a leader as Samuel Adams.

In later life, when there was time to quarrel, the master and his pupil parted. For thirteen years Hancock and Adams were not friends, although George III had written their names in the same line, and so writing, had helped their immortality. But, really, that quarrel is very little to you and me. Because Hancock was a rich man and lived in a palace, and Adams was a poor man, who lived by the scanty profits of his retail shop, we can well see that there might have been petty issues which should part them in daily life. No matter for that. For nothing can part them in the great record of history. That record is that the older man conceived of the Declaration of Independence, and that the younger man, though he had a rope around his neck, was the first to sign that Declaration. Showy and pompous in his daily life, if you please, but he knew the responsibilities of wealth so well that in time of famine, brought on by King George, his agents had the charge of the relief of three hundred families. Short-sighted as to etiquette in his dealings with Washington, you say? But this is because he has the honor of Massachusetts at heart. He will not, by any etiquette, let Massachusetts take a lower place than belongs to her.

John Adams named George Washington, the Virginia colonel, to the command of the American army just before Warren died at Bunker Hill. John Adams writes privately, what he did not say in public, that up to that time the services and the sacrifices of John Hancock in the cause of the nation had been immeasurably beyond those of George Washington. Time has gone by, and there is fame enough for both of them. But you and I are not going to forget that, when the moment for battle came, and the blow was to be struck which should declare independence, our own John Hancock, bone of our bone and blood of our blood, was found worthy to be named by the side of George Washington.

And by way of showing that wealth is not always vulgar, and that the man of the largest wealth may still be the truest servant of the people, it is worth while to say, in passing, of these two leaders whose names have thus come down together in the history of this day, that George Washington was the richest man in Virginia and John Hancock the richest man in Massachusetts. Such men were not ashamed nor afraid of the probable honor of being the first martyrs when they committed themselves as the fast friends of America.

Massachusetts may refuse her statues if she doubts as to the achievements of her sons, but she does not doubt nor refuse such an honor when it is proposed for John Hancock.

In those days men were praised when they made sacrifices for the nation. Nay, States and towns expected to make sacrifices! I see, now, to my disgust, that every State is expected to stand for itself, and to forget that it is one member of a nation. Hancock knew better. On that great occasion when Washington prepared to bombard and burn Boston, Hancock wrote in words which we will inscribe on the base of his statue: "All my property is there, but may God

crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." Such is the motto of statesmen, of States and of their senators.

Mr. Choate said of Virginia that she was "the mother of great men and was not unmindful of her children." The remark is eminently true. But I am apt to think that Massachusetts, the leader in the Revolution, mother of great men, is sometimes unmindful of her children. The truth is that in the birthright of every son of Massachusetts he inherits the duty which is a privilege, or the privilege which is a duty, that first of all he must live to the glory of God. A Massachusetts boy or a Massachusetts man, a Massachusetts girl or a Massachusetts woman, must not live for himself alone — no, nor for herself alone. First of all we live for the common good and for the public service. I say this is ingrain in our make-up; it is a part of our birthright privilege. And so it is that you shall have a man like Robert Treat Paine, a Massachusetts lawyer, who is taken from his daily duty to go to Philadelphia and engage in the direct work of treason. He is sent there, and he goes there; openly and before the world he "devises war against the king." This is the definition of treason.

It is a pity if we forget such men; if we do not, on these great occasions of history or of ceremony, repeat their names and commemorate their service. Here is your type, then, of the Massachusetts lawyer. In that remarkable case in which these people, hot with rebellion, decided the right and wrong of the Boston massacre by the calm methods of a civic trial, Paine appears on the one side and his friend Quincy on the other. He signs the Declaration of Independence; he is the first attorney-general of Massachusetts; he is a judge in the superior court.

I do not wonder, and I do not complain, if, after a century, this honored name brings up, first, the memory of another honored Robert Treat Paine, of our own fellow citizens, who is drawn by the determination to serve mankind into the homes of the poorest, in his relief of those most unfortunate. And further back, such is the magic of song that a thousand men will sing:

"Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,"

and shall remember the Paine who wrote those words, for one who remembers his father, the stern jurist whose name I spoke just now. But there are justly honors enough for all.

For a generation after the Declaration no one could have said or sung a word with regard to the great struggle without speaking of Joseph Warren, another of these younger men whom Samuel Adams loved. It does not seem to me that in our time he receives the tribute which is his due. Whoever else was second, the people of Massachusetts in 1775 counted Warren first. It was because they had given him the rank of a major-general in their militia that he thought it his duty to appear at the redoubt at Charlestown, where he waived the command, which was in the hands of a more experienced soldier, and where he fell. He died too soon for his own fame. In the work of those critical years, which needed courage and decision as perhaps no other years in history ever needed them, Warren had shown already that he was a leader of men. But in our time he has shown this only to those who study old archives, who disinter old letters from their graves, and then sadly ask themselves what might have been.

To the country, his loss seemed at the time almost irreparable. The language used by those who knew him, and by

those who only knew about him, is the language of the most profound regret, as if the national cause in his death had sustained a great disaster. We know to-day, what they did not know, that the battle fought on St. Botolph's day, on our own hill yonder, was not only the first pitched battle of the American Revolution, but that in a certain sense it was the last. For that battle really decided the contest, as I think all military men would say. From that time till the surrender at Yorktown, no English general had the temerity to order troops to attack any military work fitly manned by Americans. From that time till the end, the war on the part of England was generally, with a few distinguished exceptions, a series of Fabian campaigns — campaigns of endurance and waiting, of hoping for a collapse which never came.

It is of such campaigns that, at the end of six years, poor Cowper sang that the English troops

> "With opium drugged,
> Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave."

Such is the lesson which was taught by the "embattled farmers" who surrounded Warren when he died. But the men of their time did not understand that lesson. In that time men spoke of Bunker Hill with tears of rage. They spoke of it as I remember six and thirty years ago we spoke here of the first Bull Run. In the midst of that rage there was this pathetic sorrow, that Warren, the first man in Massachusetts, most beloved and most trusted, had lost his life. His children were adopted by the State, a monument to his memory was ordered, which the piety of other generations built. And to-day, after four generations have passed, you and I must not forget the service which had won such sorrow. His monument, thank God and our fathers, is secure!

Listen to what Daniel Webster said of him — who knew hundreds of men who had known Warren well. Daniel Webster was not used to exaggerate. And he knew what he was saying:

"But, ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit. Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom, falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea, but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit."

When Washington arrived in Cambridge, at the beginning of July, 1775, he found the English army blockaded in Boston. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. Strong works on Prospect Hill and the other hills in Somerville made any advance of the English troops over Charlestown Neck impossible. Efficient works on Charles river blocked the passage against any boats sent from the squadron up that river. The strong fortification had been begun which, under the auspices of my friend here, has just now been restored, on the heights of Roxbury, and blocked the way for any such "military promenade" as Percy had made in April of that year. These works had been designed by Henry Knox, another of our Latin School boys.

He kept the leading bookstore in Boston, at the head of

King street, a place where English officers looked in for the latest books. He kept himself well supplied with the books on tactics and all military art; he studied these books himself while he sold them to the enemies of his country.

When Paddock, famous for the elms, left Boston for England, he recommended Knox as his successor in command of the artillery company. With such training, Knox joined Ward at Cambridge, as soon as Ward took command of the army. He recommended himself at once to Washington. By Washington's appointment, probably at Knox's own suggestion, he was sent to Ticonderoga to bring across the mountains the artillery which Ethan Allen captured there. With the arrival of that artillery, the works which he had built could be properly armed. It would have been hot shot from his cannon which would have destroyed the wooden town of Boston had it been determined, in John Adams's phrase, to "smoke the rats out of their hole."

From the first, Washington saw the ability and merits of this great man. Then, at Washington's suggestion, he was made a brigadier in the Continental army. At Washington's request, after Knox's distinguished service at Yorktown, he was made a major-general. Washington made him secretary of war and of the navy, when the nation became a nation. It is hard to say what would have become of the infant cause of independence had it not been for Henry Knox. The finest line in Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," gives Knox his epitaph:

"And Knox created all the stores of war."

One is glad to say that the vigor of such a man is preserved generation after generation among his descendants. More than one of them has done essential service to the State.

It was a grandson of Knox who led the way in the naval attacks of the nation in the capture of Fort Fisher and of Mobile.

I must leave to some other orator, better equipped for his task than I am, to give the whole of this sacred hour on some future Fourth of July to the memory of Samuel Adams, the father of American independence. He, too, like Hancock, was so eager in later life that Massachusetts should not lose one leaf from her laurel crown that he was coy and doubtful when the constitution of the nation was brought to him for his approval. Yet here, too, it is to be said that, when the moment came for the great decision, Adams was willing to sacrifice his own pride for the welfare of the whole. His decision saved the constitution. He was too great a man to sacrifice Massachusetts on the altar of "separate sovereignty."

Later generations have remembered fondly, what in commencement week is worth repeating, the subject of his master's address at Cambridge thirty years before the Revolution: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved."

I am fond of thinking that from that moment forward Adams must have called together around him the younger men of Boston, perhaps in some social club of which we have forgotten the name, in which they were indoctrinated with the eternal principles of home rule, in which they learned the catechism of independence. Samuel Adams saw, I should say, before any other public man saw, that the colonies were in fact independent. It is a pity that in our anniversary orations we do not always recollect this. The Declaration which we celebrate to-day was a declaration of past history and present truth. "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

It is not the declaration of a future which one hopes for, as the people of Crete to-day might declare that they will be independent to-morrow and in the future. It is the declaration of what has been for generations, of what is, on this Fourth of July, 1776, of what shall be till time shall end. The State of Massachusetts was independent under its old charter. It coined its own money, it made its own wars, it signed its own treaties of peace. When King Philip, who could call more men into the field than the colony of Massachusetts could, attacked her, Massachusetts fought with him and conquered him. And when some friends in England asked why Massachusetts had not sent to England for assistance, Massachusetts proudly replied that England had no business in the affair. In fact, England did not send an ounce of powder or lead for that death struggle. Even after William III, who knew what power was, and who meant to hold it in his hands — after he sent us the second charter, the colony taught every successive governor that he was dependent upon Massachusetts. Every judge and every governor must receive his salary from the Massachusetts treasury.

And when she chose, Massachusetts erected monuments to her friends in Westminster Abbey. There were the vestiges of a certain royal dignity; the lion and the unicorn were on the town house; the crown and the mitre were in King's chapel. But the crown could not search a house unless the colony granted the writ of assistance.

That is what the Declaration of Independence expresses in those central words: "These united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

John Adams himself has left to us the history of his time, in which he filled a place so large. Impetuous even to audacity, a magnificent hater, he made enemies with the greatest ease. It was once said of the Adams family that "they never turn their backs on any but their friends." It has followed with John Adams that he, also, has not had the honor that he deserved. He was not in the ranks of battle, but in debate and in diplomacy he showed that fight was in him, to the very sole of his foot, if he were sure that he was in the right.

When the English commissioner, Oswald, sent the treaty of peace home from Paris, he said: "If we had not given way in the article of the fishery, we should have had no treaty at all. Mr. Adams . . . declared that he would never put his hand to any treaty if the restraints proposed were not dispensed with."

They asked Adams what he would do if they insisted on these restraints. "Fight twenty years more," he said. Seventy-eight years after, his illustrious grandson had to write in much the same strain to the minister of the same nation. And yet there have been men called statesmen in America who have offered to cede these rights of free fishing in the ocean as they might give away a cigar stub!

John Adams was no such man as that. Unfortunately for him, and for his country, therefore, he was jealous of other men; he suspected other men. He suspected Franklin; he suspected Jay, both as pure patriots as ever lived. But no man ever suspected him of swerving from his country's cause, in his own interest or in that of any other man. The country first — the country second — the country always! Such men as that do not need statues for their memorial! But all the more they deserve them.

Now I come to Benjamin Franklin. An accomplished scholar, born in Germany, once asked me why in Boston we were so chary of our honors to Benjamin Franklin, seeing Boston is best known by half the world as Franklin's birthplace. I could only say, as I said just now, that we had so many great men to commemorate that we could not say half we would about any of them. But it was a poor apology.

Franklin is the oldest of our signers of the Declaration. At the time of Sam Adams's birth, Franklin is leaving Boston for his Philadelphia home. Fifty-three years after, as a representative of Pennsylvania, he signs the Declaration in what my friend, the old writing-master, Mr. Jonathan Snelling, used to call in one of his writing book copies the "Boston style of writing."

In the same year he crossed the ocean to France, and arrived in Paris just before Christmas. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, at once reported his arrival in England, to be told in reply by his chief, Lord North, that he need not distress himself "about the movements of an old man of seventy." But before the old man of seventy had done with France he had dictated the treaty of independence. He had compelled George III — the Brummagem Louis XIV — to surrender half his empire, and by far the better half, as it has proved.

So majestic was Franklin's diplomacy that when the English ministry compelled the House of Commons to ratify the treaty, it was openly said that America had seven negotiators to make it, while the King of England had none.

So was it that the town of Boston — will the mayor let me say the Latin School? — sent the diplomatist to Europe who crowned the work of independence, as in Samuel Adams

she had kept at home the far-seeing statesman who began it. These are our jewels!

Far in advance of all other men in the work of independence are the two greatest men yet born in America — Washington and Franklin. Two men who honored each other, absolutely and without jealousy. One, in America, established independence; one, in Europe, made independence possible. The croakers tell us that in government by democracy the people cannot find their true leaders, and do not trust them when found. Tell me in what oligarchy, in what empire, was ever a people so loyal to a leader, in good report and in evil fortune, as the people of America to Washington? And in what empire or in what oligarchy has any nation ever found a diplomatist who is to be named on the same day with Benjamin Franklin?

Of leaders in lower rank I must not speak even to name them. First, second and last, here is the old Puritan sense of duty — the present service of the present God. It is in the hunger of Valley Forge; it is in the wilderness tramp under Arnold; it is in the injustice of Newburgh, when the war was done. Duty first! To serve where God has placed me!

And when the field of such service is their own field the triumph is simply magnificent.

I must not even attempt to describe the work of Massachusetts at sea in the War of Independence. Enough to say that the treaty of peace was forced on England by seven years of losses at sea. Her enemy was Massachusetts. In the year 1777 King George employed 45,000 men in the English navy, in all oceans of the world. In the same year New England employed against him 80,000 men upon the Atlantic alone. Of these nine tenths were from Massachusetts.

Remember that, through the war, America had more men

on the sea fighting the King than Washington ever commanded on the land. Of these sea kings, nine tenths, at least, were from Massachusetts. From first to last more than 3,000 prizes were taken from the English merchant marine by the American cruisers and privateers, most of them by the men of Massachusetts. And here is the reason why, when the war ended, the merchants of London insisted that it should end — the same men who, when it began, were hounding Lord North and George III to their ruin.

GENERAL GRANT

LYSSES S. GRANT, eminent American soldier and statesman, and eighteenth President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, O., April 27, 1822, and died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., July 23, 1885. The eldest of six children, he spent his boyhood on his father's farm, attended the village school, and in 1839 was appointed to the United States Military Academy, where he was noted for proficiency in mathematics and horsemanship. He graduated in 1843 and, in 1845, joined the army of occupation under General Taylor in Mexico. He served with distinction during the Mexican War and was twice brevetted. After five years of service at various army posts, he received his commission as captain in 1853, and the following year resigned and settled on a small farm near St. Louis. In 1860, he removed to Galena, Ill., and became clerk in his father's hardware and leather store. At the outbreak of the Civil War he offered his services to the national government, but received, it is said, no answer to his letter. On June 17, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment of infantry. Throughout the war he displayed the highest skill and was promoted to the supreme command of the Union forces. In 1866, General Grant served as Secretary of War under President Johnson during the temporary suspension of Secretary Stanton. He was nominated for the Presidency at Chicago, May 20, 1868, and was elected over the Democratic nominee, Horatio Seymour, of New York. He was nominated for a second term June 5, 1872, and was again elected. His first administration was characterized by the inauguration of many important reforms, while a great impetus was given to the growth and commerce of the nation.

On retiring from the Presidency, in 1877, General Grant made a tour round the world and was everywhere received with honors usually accorded only to royalty. In 1880, his name was again presented at the Republican National Convention, but he did not receive the party's nomination. In 1881, he took up his residence in New York and became a partner in the banking house of Grant & Ward. The failure of this firm in 1884 made him a bankrupt, but on March 4, 1885, Congress created him a general on the retired list, thus restoring him to his former rank. His contributions to literature consist of his "Memoirs" and several articles on the war, written for the "North American Review" and "The Century Magazine." As a man and a soldier he was possessed of the finest traits of character, combining with self-reliance and fertility of resource a moral and physical courage equal to all emergencies.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED MARCH 4, 1873

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Under Providence I have been called a second time to act as Executive over this great nation. It has been my endeavor in the past to maintain all the laws, and, as far as lay in my power, to act for the best interests of the whole people. My best efforts will be given in the same direction in the future, aided, I trust, by my four years' experience in the office.

When my first term of the office of chief executive began, the country had not recovered from the effects of a great internal revolution, and three of the former States of the Union had not been restored to their federal relations.

It seemed to me wise that no new questions should be raised so long as that condition of affairs existed. Therefore, the past four years, so far as I could control events, have been consumed in the effort to restore harmony, public credit, commerce and all the arts of peace and progress. It is my firm conviction that the civilized world is tending toward republicanism, or government by the people, through their chosen representatives, and that our own great Republic is destined to be the guiding star to all others.

Under our Republic we support an army less than that of any European power of any standing, and a navy less than that of either of at least five of them. There could be no extension of territory on the continent which would call for an increase of this force, but rather might such extension enable us to diminish it.

The theory of government changes with years of progress. Now that the telegraph is made available for communicating thought, together with rapid transit by steam, all parts of the continent are made contiguous for all purposes of government, and communication between the extreme limits of the country made easier than it was throughout the old thirteen States at the beginning of our national existence.

The effects of the late civil strife have been to free the slave and make him a citizen. Yet he is not possessed of the civil rights which citizenship should carry with it. This is wrong, and should be corrected. To this correction I stand committed, so far as executive influence can avail.

Social equality is not a subject to be legislated upon, nor shall I ask that anything be done to advance the social status of the colored man, except to give him a fair chance to develop what good there is in him, give him access to the schools, and when he travels, let him feel assured that his conduct will regulate the treatment and fare he will receive.

The States lately at war with the general government are now happily rehabilitated, and no executive control is exercised in any one of them that would not be exercised in any other State under like circumstances.

In the first year of the past administration the proposition came up for the admission of Santo Domingo as a Territory of the Union. It was not a question of my seeking, but was a proposition from the people of Santo Domingo, and which I entertained. I believe now, as I did then, that it was for the best interest of this country, for the people of Santo Domingo, and all concerned, that the proposition should be received favorably. It was, however, rejected, constitutionally, and therefore the subject was never brought up again by me.

In future, while I hold my present office, the subject of acquisition of territory must have the support of the people before I will recommend any proposition looking to such acquisition. I say here, however, that I do not share in the apprehension, held by many, as to the danger of governments becoming weakened and destroyed by reason of their extension of territory. Commerce, education, and rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph and steam have changed all this. Rather do I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world in his own good time to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will no longer be required.

My efforts in the future will be directed to the restoration of good feeling between the different sections of our common country; to the restoration of our currency to a fixed value as compared with the world's standard of values — gold — and, if possible, to a par with it; to the construction of cheap routes of transit throughout the land, to the end that the products of all may find a market and leave a living remuneration to the producer; to the maintenance of friendly relations with all our neighbors, and with distant nations; to the re-establishment of our commerce, and share in the carrying-trade upon the ocean; to the encouragement of such manufacturing industries as can be economically pursued in this country, to the end that the exports of home products and industries may pay for our imports, the only sure method of returning to, and permanently maintaining, a specie basis; to the elevation of labor; and by a humane course to bring the aborigines of the country under the benign influence of education and civilization. It is either this, or war to extermination.

Wars of extermination, engaged in by people pursuing

commerce and all industrial pursuits, are expensive even against the weakest people, and are demoralizing and wicked. Our superiority of strength and advantages of civilization should make us lenient toward the Indian. The wrong inflicted upon him should be taken into account, and the balance placed to his credit. The moral view of the question should be considered, and the question asked: Cannot the Indian be made a useful and productive member of society, by proper teaching and treatment? If the effort is made in good faith, we will stand better before the civilized nations of the earth, and in our own consciences, for having made it.

All these things are not to be accomplished by one individual, but they will receive my support, and such recommendations to Congress as will, in my judgment, best serve to carry them into effect. I beg your support and hearty encouragement.

It has been, and is, my earnest desire to correct abuses that have grown up in the civil service of the country. To secure this reformation, rules regulating methods of appointment and promotion were established, and have been tried. My efforts for such reformation shall be continued to the best of my judgment. The spirit of the rules adopted will be maintained.

I acknowledge before this assembly, representing, as it does, every section of our country, the obligation I am under to my countrymen for the great honor they have conferred on me, by returning me to the highest office within their gift, and the further obligation resting on me to tender to them the best services within my power. This I promise, looking forward with the greatest anxiety to the day when I shall be released from responsibilities that at times are

almost overwhelming, and from which I have scarcely had a respite since the eventful firing upon Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, to the present day. My services were then tendered and accepted under the first call for troops growing out of that event.

I did not ask for place or position, and was entirely without influence, or the acquaintance of persons of influence, but was resolved to perform my part in a struggle threatening the very existence of the nation. I performed a conscientious duty without asking promotion or command, and without a revengeful feeling toward any section or individual.

Notwithstanding this, throughout the war, and from my candidacy for my present office in 1868, to the close of the last presidential campaign, I have been the subject of abuse and slander never equalled in political history, which to-day I feel I can afford to disregard in view of your verdict, which I gratefully accept as my vindication.

SPEECH AT WARREN, OHIO

[At Warren, Ohio, on the 28th of September, 1880, the Honorable Roscoe Conkling addressed a Republican mass meeting and General U. S. Grant presided. Before introducing the senator, General Grant said:]

IN view of the known character of the speaker who is to address you to-day, and his long public career, and association with the leading statesmen of this country for the past twenty years, it would not be becoming in me to detain you with many remarks of my own. But it may be proper for me to account to you on the first occasion of my presiding at political meetings for the faith that is in me.

I am a Republican, as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a national party seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without proscription on account of his opinions. There are fourteen States, and localities in some other States, where Republicans have not this privilege.

This is one reason why I am a Republican. But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property, the public credit, and the payment of the debts of the government, State, county, or municipality so far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this; if it does, it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions, as many northern Democrats can testify to their sorrow. I am a Republican, as between the existing parties, because it fosters the production of the field and farm, and of manufactories, and it encourages the general education of the poor as well as the rich.

The Democratic party discourages all these when in absolute power. The Republican party is a party of progress, and of liberty toward its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates, and, in fine, it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality, or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

Ladies and gentlemen, do you believe this can be truthfully said in the greater part of fourteen of the States of this Union to-day which the Democratic party control absolutely? The Republican party is a party of principles; the same principles prevailing wherever it has a foothold.

The Democratic party is united in but one thing, and that is in getting control of the government in all its branches. It is for internal improvement at the expense of the government in one section and against this in another. It favors repudiation of solemn obligations in one section and honest payment of its debts in another, where public opinion will not tolerate any other view. It favors fiat money in one place and good money in another. Finally, it favors the pooling of all issues not favored by the Republicans, to the end that it may secure the one principle upon which the party is a most harmonious unit, namely, getting control of the government in all its branches.

I have been in some part of every State lately in rebellion within the last year. I was most hospitably received at every place where I stopped. My receptions were not by the Union class alone, but by all classes, without distinction. I had a free talk with many who were against me in war, and who have been against the Republican party ever since. They were, in all instances, reasonable men, judged by what they said. I believed then, and believe now, that they sincerely want a break-up in this "Solid South" political condition. They see that it is to their pecuniary interest, as well as to their happiness, that there should be harmony and confidence between all sections. They want to break away from the slavery which binds them to a party name. They want a pretext that enough of them can unite upon to make it respectable. Once started, the Solid South will go as

Ku-Kluxism did before, as is so admirably told by Judge Tourgee in his "Fool's Errand." When the break comes, those who start it will be astonished to find how many of their friends have been in favor of it for a long time, and have only been waiting to see some one take the lead. This desirable solution can only be attained by the defeat, and continued defeat, of the Democratic party as now constituted.

EDWARD JOHN PHELPS

EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, LL. D., an American jurist and diplomat, was born at Middlebury, Vt., July 11, 1822, and died at New Haven, Conn., March 9, 1900. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1840, and three years later was admitted to the Vermont Bar. In 1845, he removed to Burlington, Vt., and in 1851 was appointed second comptroller of the United States Treasury. In 1880, he was elected president of the American Bar Association and was nominated as Democratic Governor of Vermont, but failed of election. The following year he became Kent professor of law at Yale University. In 1885, he was appointed, as successor to Lowell, Minister to England and remained at the Court of St. James for five years. In 1893, he was one of the counsel of the United States Government in the court of arbitration in the Bering Sea controversy, where he served with distinction. On his return, he resumed his professorship of law at Yale, where his lectures were largely attended and added greatly to his reputation as an authority on constitutional and international law.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,— I am sure you will not be surprised to be told that the poor words at my command do not enable me to respond adequately to your most kind greeting, nor the too flattering words which have fallen from my friend, the Lord Mayor, and from my distinguished colleague, the Lord Chancellor. But you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not the less sincere and hearty if I cannot put them into language. I am under a very great obligation to your Lordship not merely for the honor of meeting this evening an assembly more distinguished I apprehend than it appears to me has often assembled under one roof, but especially for the opportunity of meeting under such pleasant circumstances so many of those to whom I have become so warmly attached, and from whom I am so sorry to part.

It is rather a pleasant coincidence to me that about the first

hospitality that was offered me after my arrival in England came from my friend, the Lord Mayor, who was at the time one of the sheriffs of London. I hope it is no disparagement to my countrymen to say that under existing circumstances the first place that I felt it my duty to visit was the Old Bailey criminal court. I had there the pleasure of being entertained by my friend, the Lord Mayor. And it happens also that it was in this room almost four years ago at a dinner given to her Majesty's judges by my friend, Sir Robert Fowler, then Lord Mayor, whose genial face I see before me, that I appeared for the first time on any public occasion in England and addressed my first words to an English company. It seems to me a fortunate propriety that my last public words should be spoken under the same hospitable roof, the home of the chief magistrate of the city of London. Nor can I ever forget the cordial and generous reception that was then accorded, not to myself personally, for I was altogether a stranger, but to the representative of my country. It struck what has proved to the keynote of my relations here. It indicated to me at the outset how warm and hearty was the feeling of Englishmen toward America.

And it gave me to understand, what I was not slow to accept and believe, that I was accredited not merely from one government to the other, but from the people of America to the people of England — that the American minister was not expected to be merely a diplomatic functionary shrouded in reticence and retirement, jealously watching over doubtful relations, and carefully guarding against anticipated dangers; but that he was to be the guest of his kinsmen—one of themselves —the messenger of the sympathy and good will, the mutual and warm regard and esteem that bind together the two great nations of the same race, and make them one in all the fair

humanities of life. The suggestion that met me at the threshold has not proved to be mistaken. The promise then held out has been generously fulfilled. Ever since and through all my intercourse here I have received, in all quarters, from all classes with whom I have come in contact, under all circumstances and in all vicissitudes, a uniform and widely varied kindness far beyond what I had personally the least claim to. And I am glad of this public opportunity to acknowledge it in the most emphatic manner.

My relations with the successive governments I have had to do with have been at all times most fortunate and agreeable, and quite beyond those I have been happy in feeling always that the English people had a claim upon the American minister for all kind and friendly offices in his power, and upon his presence and voice on all occasions when they could be thought to further any good work.

And so I have gone in and out among you these four years and have come to know you well. I have taken part in many gratifying public functions; I have been the guest at many homes; and my heart has gone out with yours in memorable jubilee of that sovereign lady whom all Englishmen love and all Americans honor. I have stood with you by some unforgotten grave; I have shared in many joys; and I have tried as well as I could through it all, in my small way, to promote constantly a better understanding, a fuller and more accurate knowledge, a more genuine sympathy between the people of the two countries.

And this leads me to say a word on the nature of these relations. The moral intercourse between the governments is most important to be maintained, and its value is not to be overlooked or disregarded. But the real significance of the attitude of nations depends in these days upon the feelings

which the general intelligence of their inhabitants entertain toward each other. The time has long passed when kings or rulers can involve their nations in hostilities to gratify their own ambition or caprice. There can be no war nowadays between civilized nations, nor any peace that is not hollow and delusive unless sustained and backed up by the sentiment of the people who are parties to it. Before nations can quarrel their inhabitants must seek war. The men of our race are not likely to become hostile until they begin to misunderstand each other. There are no dragon's teeth so prolific as mutual misunderstandings. It is in the great and constantly increasing intercourse between England and America, in its reciprocities, and its amenities, that the security against misunderstanding must be found. While that continues, they cannot be otherwise than friendly. Unlucky incidents may sometimes happen; interests may conflict; mistakes may be made on one side or on the other, and sharp words may occasionally be spoken by unguarded or ignorant tongues. The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything. The nation that comes to be without fault will have reached the millenium, and will have little further concern with the storm-swept geography of this imperfect world. But these things are all ephemeral; they do not touch the great heart of either people; they float for a moment on the surface and in the wind, and then they disappear and are gone — "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

I do not know, sir, who may be my successor, but I venture to assure you that he will be an American gentleman, fit by character and capacity to be the medium of communication between our countries; and an American gentleman, when you come to know him, generally turns out to be a not

very distant kinsman of an English gentleman. I need not bespeak for him a kindly reception. I know he will receive it for his country's sake and his own.

"Farewell," sir, is a word often lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it marks the rounding-off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, of the parting with many friends at once — especially when it is spoken among the lengthening shadows of the western light — it sticks somewhat in the throat. It becomes, indeed, "the word that makes us linger." But it does not prompt many other words. It is best expressed in few. Not much can be added to the old English word "Good-by." You are not sending me away empty-handed or alone. I go freighted with happy memories — inexhaustible and unalloyed — of England, its warm-hearted people, and their measureless kindness. Spirits more than twain will cross with me, messengers of your good will. Happy the nation that can thus speed its parting guest! Fortunate the guest who has found his welcome almost an adoption, and whose farewell leaves half his heart behind!

PRESIDENT HAYES

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES, nineteenth President of the United States, was born at Delaware, O., Oct. 4, 1822, and died at Fremont, O., Jan. 17, 1893. Educated at Kenyon College, he studied law at Harvard University and began the practice of his profession at Fremont, O., removing in 1849 to Cincinnati, where he was for three years city solicitor. In June, 1861, he entered the Federal army as major of an Ohio regiment and served in many engagements, being wounded at the battle of South Mountain. He resigned from the army four years afterwards with the rank of brevet major-general. He entered Congress towards the close of 1865, resigning his seat, however, in 1867 to become Governor of Ohio. He held this office for two terms, and after being defeated as a congressional candidate in 1872 was in 1875 elected Governor of Ohio for a third term. In 1876, he was nominated by the Republican party as their candidate for the Presidency, Samuel Tilden being the Democratic candidate. The campaign resulted in a disputed election, the entire electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, and one of those of Oregon, being claimed by both sides. To settle the dispute, an Electoral Commission was appointed, which on March 2, 1877, announced that Hayes had been elected. President Hayes's administration was not a notable, though a dignified one, and his choice of ministers to foreign courts was excellent. At the close of his four years of office, he retired to Fremont, O., where he died in his seventy-first year.

CAMPAIGN SPEECH

DELIVERED AT LEBANON, OHIO, AUGUST 5, 1867

THE military bill and amendments are peace-offerings. We should accept them as such, and place ourselves upon them as the starting point from which to meet future political issues as they arise.

"Like other southern men, I naturally sought alliance with the Democratic party, merely because it was opposed to the Republican party. But, as far as I can judge, there is nothing tangible about it, except the issues that were staked upon the war and lost. Finding nothing to take hold of except prejudice, which cannot be worked into good for any one,

it is proper and right that I should seek some standpoint from which good may be done."

Quotations like these from prominent Democratic politicians, from rebel soldiers, and from influential rebel newspapers, might be multiplied indefinitely. Enough have been given to show how completely and how exactly the Reconstruction Acts have met the evil to be remedied in the South. My friend, Mr. Hassaurek, in his admirable speech at Columbus, did not estimate too highly the fruits of these measures. Said he:

"And, sir, this remedy at once effected the desired cure. The poor contraband is no longer the persecuted outlaw whom incurable rebels might kick and kill with impunity; but he at once became 'our colored fellow citizen,' in whose well-being his former master takes the liveliest interest. Thus, by bringing the negro under the American system, we have completed his emancipation. He has ceased to be a pariah. From an outcast he has been transformed into a human being, invested with the great national attribute of self-protection, and the re-establishment of peace, and order, and security, the revival of business and trade, and the restoration of the southern States on the basis of loyalty and equal justice to all, will be the happy results of this astonishing metamorphosis, provided the party which has inaugurated this policy remains in power to carry it out."

The Peace Democracy generally throughout the North oppose this measure. In Ohio they oppose it especially because it commits the people of the nation in favor of manhood suffrage. They tell us that if it is wise and just to entrust the ballot to colored men in the District of Columbia, in the Territories, and in the rebel States, it is also just and wise that they should have it in Ohio and in the other States of the North.

Union men do not question this reasoning, but if it is

urged as an objection to the plan of Congress, we reply: There are now within the limits of the United States about five millions of colored people. They are not aliens or strangers. They are here not by the choice of themselves or of their ancestors. They are here by the misfortune of their fathers and the crime of ours. Their labor, privations, and sufferings, unpaid and unrequited, have cleared and redeemed one third of the inhabited territory of the Union. Their toil has added to the resources and wealth of the nation untold millions. Whether we prefer it or not, they are our countrymen, and will remain so forever.

They are more than countrymen — they are citizens. Free colored people were citizens of the colonies. The constitution of the United States, formed by our fathers, created no disabilities on account of color. By the acts of our fathers and of ourselves, they bear equally the burdens and are required to discharge the highest duties of citizens. They are compelled to pay taxes and to bear arms. They fought side by side with their white countrymen in the great struggle for independence, and in the recent war for the Union. In the revolutionary contest, colored men bore an honorable part, from the Boston massacre, in 1770, to the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781. Bancroft says: "Their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country side by side with those of other soldiers of the revolution."

In the war of 1812, General Jackson issued an order complimenting the colored men of his army engaged in the defence of New Orleans. I need not speak of their number enrolled and accepted them among her defenders to the or of their services in the war of the rebellion. The nation number of about two hundred thousand, and in the new regular army act, passed at the close of the rebellion, by the

votes of Democrats and Union men alike, in the Senate and in the House, and by the assent of the President, regiments of colored men, cavalry and infantry, form part of the standing army of the Republic.

In the navy, colored American sailors have fought side by side with white men from the days of Paul Jones to the victory of the "Kearsarge" over the rebel pirate "Alabama." Colored men will, in the future as in the past, in all times of national peril, be our fellow soldiers. Taxpayers, countrymen, fellow citizens, and fellow soldiers, the colored men of America have been and will be. It is now too late for the adversaries of nationality and human rights to undertake to deprive these taxpayers, freemen, citizens, and soldiers of the right to vote.

Slaves were never voters. It was bad enough that our fathers, for the sake of union, were compelled to allow masters to reckon three fifths of their slaves for representation, without adding slave suffrage to the other privileges of the slaveholder. But free colored men were always voters in many of the colonies, and in several of the States, North and South, after independence was achieved. They voted for members of the Congress which declared independence, and for members of every Congress prior to the adoption of the federal constitution; for the members of the convention which framed the constitution; for the members of many of the State conventions which ratified it, and for every president from Washington to Lincoln.

Our government has been called the white man's government. Not so. It is not the government of any class, or sect, or nationality, or race. It is a government founded on the consent of the governed, and Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, therefore properly calls it "the government of the

governed." It is not the government of the native born, or of the foreign born, of the rich man, or of the poor man, of the white man, or of the colored man — it is the government of the freeman. And when colored men were made citizens, soldiers, and freemen, by our consent and votes, we were estopped from denying to them the right of suffrage.

General Sherman was right when he said, in his Atlanta letter, of 1864: "If you admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose, he has a right to stay in for all; and, when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot."

Even our adversaries are compelled to admit the Jeffersonian rule, that "the man who pays taxes and who fights for the country is entitled to vote."

Mr. Pendleton, in his speech against the enlistment of colored soldiers, gave up the whole controversy. He said: "Gentlemen tell us that these colored men are ready, with their strong arms and their brave hearts, to maintain the supremacy of the constitution, and to defend the integrity of the Union, which in our hands to-day is in peril. What is that constitution? It provides that every child of the Republic, every citizen of the land is before the law the equal of every other. It provides for all of them trial by jury, free speech, free press, entire protection for life and liberty and property. It goes further. It secures to every citizen the right of suffrage, the right to hold office, the right to aspire to every office or agency by which the government is carried on. Every man called upon to do military duty, every man required to take up arms in its defence, is by its provisions entitled to vote, and a competent aspirant for every office in the government."

The truth is, impartial manhood suffrage is already prac-

tically decided. It is now merely a question of time. In the eleven rebel States, in five of the New England States, and in a number of the northwestern States, there is no organized party able to successfully oppose impartial suffrage. The Democratic party of more than half of the States are ready to concede its justice and expediency. The "Boston Post," the able organ of the New England Democracy, says:

"Color ought to have no more to do with the matter (voting) than size. Only establish a right standard, and then apply it impartially. A rule of that sort is too firmly fixed in justice and equality to be shaken. It commends itself too clearly to the good sentiment of the entire body of our countrymen to be successfully traversed by objections. Once let this principle be fairly presented to the people of the several States, with the knowledge on their part that they alone are to have the disposal and settlement of it, and we sincerely believe it would not be long before it would be adopted by every State in the Union."

The New York "World," the ablest Democratic newspaper in the Union, says:

"Democrats in the North, as well as the South, should be fully alive to the importance of the new element thrust into the politics of the country. We suppose it to be morally certain that the new constitution of the State of New York, to be framed this year, will confer the elective franchise upon all adult male negroes. We have no faith in the success of any efforts to shut the negro element out of politics. It is the part of wisdom frankly to accept the situation, and get beforehand with the Radicals in gaining an ascendancy over the negro mind."

The Chicago "Times," the influential organ of the northwestern Democracy, says:

"The word 'white' is not found in any of the original constitutions, save only that of South Carolina. In every

other State negroes, who possessed the qualifications that were required impartially of all men, were admitted to vote, and many of that race did vote, in the southern as well as in the northern States. And, moreover, they voted the Democratic ticket, for it was the Democratic party of that day which affirmed their right in that respect upon an impartial basis with white men. All Democrats cannot, even at this day, have forgotten the statement of General Jackson, that he was supported for the presidency by negro voters in the State of Tennessee.

"The doctrine of impartial suffrage is one of the earliest and most essential doctrines of Democracy. It is the affirmation of the right of every man who is made a partaker of the burdens of the State to be represented by his own consent or vote in its government. It is the first principle upon which all true republican government rests. It is the basis upon which the liberties of America will be preserved, if they are preserved at all. The Democratic party must return from its driftings, and stand again upon the immutable rock of principles."

In Ohio the leaders of the Peace Democracy intend to carry on one more campaign on the old and rotten platform of prejudice against colored people. They seek in this way to divert attention from the record they made during the war of the rebellion. But the great facts of our recent history are against them. The principles of the fathers, reason, religion, and the spirit of the age are against them.

The plain and monstrous inconsistency and injustice of excluding one seventh of our population from all participation in a government founded on the consent of the governed in this land of free discussion is simply impossible. No such absurdity and wrong can be permanent. Impartial suffrage will carry the day. No low prejudice will long be able to induce American citizens to deny to a weak people their best means of self-protection for the unmanly reason that they are weak. Chief Justice Chase expressed the true sentiment

when he said "the American nation cannot afford to do the smallest injustice to the humblest and feeblest of her children."

Much has been said of the antagonism which exists between the different races of men. But difference of religion, difference of nationality, difference of language, and difference of rank and privileges are quite as fruitful causes of antagonism and war as difference of race. The bitter strifes between Christians and Jews, between Catholics and Protestants, between Englishmen and Irishmen, between aristocracy and the masses, are only too familiar. What causes increase and aggravate these antagonisms, and what are the measures which diminish and prevent them ought to be equally familiar. Under the partial and unjust laws of the nations of the Old World men of one nationality were allowed to oppress those of another; men of one faith had rights which were denied to men of a different faith; men of one rank or caste enjoyed special privileges which were not granted to men of another. Under these systems peace was impossible and strife perpetual. But under just and equal laws in the United States, Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, Englishmen and Irishmen, the former aristocrat and the masses of the people, dwell and mingle harmoniously together. The uniform lesson of history is that unjust and partial laws increase and create antagonism, while justice and equality are the sure foundation of prosperity and peace.

Impartial suffrage secures also popular education. Nothing has given the careful observer of events in the South more gratification than the progress which is there going on in the establishment of schools. The colored people, who as slaves were debarred from education, regard the right to learn as one of the highest privileges of freemen. The ballot gives

them the power to secure that privilege. All parties and all public men in the South agree that, if colored men vote, ample provision must be made in the reorganization of every State for free schools. The ignorance of the masses, whites as well as blacks, is one of the most discouraging features of southern society. If congressional reconstruction succeeds, there will be free schools for all. The colored people will see that their children attend them. We need indulge in no fears that the white people will be left behind. Impartial suffrage, then, means popular intelligence; it means progress; it means loyalty: it means harmony between the North and the South, and between the whites and the colored people.

The Union party believes that the general welfare requires that measures should be adopted which will work great change in the South. Our adversaries are accustomed to talk of the rebellion as an affair which began when the rebels attacked Fort Sumter in 1861, and which ended when Lee surrendered to Grant in 1865. It is true that the attempt by force of arms to destroy the United States began and ended during the administration of Mr. Lincoln. But the causes, the principles, and the motives which produced the rebellion are of an older date than the generation which suffered from the fruit they bore, and their influence and power are likely to last long after that generation passes away. Ever since armed rebellion failed, a large party in the South have struggled to make participation in the rebellion honorable and loyalty to the Union dishonorable. The lost cause with them is the honored cause. In society, in business, and in politics, devotion to treason is the test of merit, the passport to preferment. They wish to return to the old state of things — an oligarchy of race and the sovereignty of States.

To defeat this purpose, to secure the rights of man, and to perpetuate the national Union, are the objects of the congressional plan of reconstruction. That plan has the hearty support of the great generals (so far as their opinions are known) — of Grant, of Thomas, of Sheridan, of Howard — who led the armies of the Union which conquered the rebellion. The statesmen most trusted by Mr. Lincoln and by the loyal people of the country during the war also support it. The supreme court of the United States, upon formal application and after solemn argument, refuse to interfere with its execution. The loyal press of the country, which did so much in the time of need to uphold the patriot cause, without exception, are in favor of the plan.

In the South, as we have seen, the lessons of the war and the events occurring since the war have made converts of thousands of the bravest and of the ablest of those who opposed the national cause. General Longstreet, a soldier second to no living corps commander of the rebel army, calls it "a peace-offering," and advises the South in good faith to organize under it. Unrepentant rebels and unconverted Peace Democrats oppose it, just as they opposed the measures which destroyed slavery and saved the nation.

Opposition to whatever the nation approves seems to be the policy of the representative men of the Peace Democracy. Defeat and failure comprise their whole political history. In laboring to overthrow reconstruction they are probably destined to further defeat and further failure. I know not how it may be in other States, but if I am not greatly mistaken as to the mind of the loyal people of Ohio, they mean to trust power in the hands of no man who, during the awful struggle for the nation's life, proved unfaithful to the cause of liberty and of Union. They will continue to exclude from

the administration of the government those who prominently opposed the war, until every question arising out of the rebellion relating to the integrity of the nation and to human rights shall have been firmly settled on the basis of impartial justice.

They mean that the State of Ohio, in this great progress, "whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuits for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life," shall tread no step backward.

Penetrated and sustained by a conviction that in this contest the Union party of Ohio is doing battle for the right, I enter upon my part of the labors of the canvass with undoubting confidence that the goodness of the cause will supply the weakness of its advocates, and command in the result that triumphant success which I believe it deserves.

JOHN SHERMAN

JOHN SHERMAN, American statesman, financier, and lawyer, was born at Lancaster, O., May 10, 1823, and died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 22, 1900. He received a fairly good academic education, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one. He early joined the Whig party, and was a delegate to the National Whig Conventions in 1848 and 1852. He took part in the organization of the Republican party, and in 1855 presided over the first Republican Convention held in his native State. He was a representative in Congress from March 4, 1855, to March, 1861, and was the Republican candidate for Speaker in 1859–60. He was called to the Federal Senate in 1861, to succeed Salmon P. Chase, and was reëlected in 1866 and 1872. He was Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes from 1877 to 1881. On March 4, of the last named year, he again took a seat in the Senate and was reëlected in 1886 and 1892. He was a prominent candidate for the Presidency in several Republican National Conventions. On March 4, 1897, he became Secretary of State in the McKinley administration, but failing health compelled him to relinquish the office a year later, after a career of half a century in the public service. For most of this period he was intimately identified with the country's financial legislation, and to him we owe the resumption of specie payments effected in 1879 and the high maintenance of the national credit.

SPEECH ON THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, DECEMBER 31, 1895

THE President, in his annual message to Congress, confined himself to two important subjects, one our foreign relations and the other the condition of our national finances.

While Congress has heartily, perhaps too hastily, but with entire unanimity, supported him in maintaining the interests and honor of our country in the field of diplomacy, it has not and will not approve his recommendations on the more important subject of our financial policy and especially of our currency. He proposes a line of public policy that will produce a sharp contraction of our currency,

add greatly to the burden of existing debts, and arrest the progress of almost every American industry which now competes with foreign productions.

The President is supported in these views by Mr. Carlisle, his able secretary of the treasury, in his report to Congress. It is with diffidence I undertake to controvert their opinions; but my convictions are so strong that they are in error that I hope the strength of the facts I will submit to the Senate will convince it that the true line of public policy is to supply the government with ample means to meet current expenditures and to pay each year a portion of the public debt. The gold reserve provided for the redemption of United States notes can then be easily maintained without cost except the loss of interest on the gold in the treasury, but with a saving of interest on United States notes and treasury notes of five times the interest lost by the gold held in reserve. A vastly greater benefit than saving interest is secured to our people by a national paper currency at par with coin supported by the credit of the United States and redeemed on demand in coin at the treasury in the principal city of the United States.

The only difficulty in the way of an easy maintenance of our notes at par with coin is the fact that during this administration the revenues of the government have not been sufficient to meet the expenditures authorized by Congress. If Congress had provided necessary revenue, or if the President and Mr. Carlisle had refused to expend appropriations not mandatory in form, but permissive, so as to confine expenditures within receipts, they would have had no difficulty with the reserve. This would have been a stalwart act in harmony with the President's character and plainly within his power.

All appropriations which are not provided to carry into effect existing law are permissive, but not mandatory, and his refusal to expend money in excess of the revenues of the government would not only be justified by public policy, but would have been heartily approved by the people of the United States. He knew as well as any one that since the close of the civil war to the date of his inauguration the expenditures of the government had been less than its receipts. I have here a table which shows the receipts and expenditures each year from 1866 to 1893. . . .

From this official statement it appears that each and every year during that long period there was a surplus, which was applied to the reduction of the public debt bearing interest. . . .

The President, in his recent annual message, complains that the law of October 6, 1890, known as the McKinley Act, was "inefficient for the purposes of revenue." That law, though it largely reduced taxation by placing many articles on the free list and granted a bounty for the production of sugar, yet did not reduce revenues below expenditures, but provided a surplus of $37,239,762.57 June 30, 1891, and $9,914,453.66 June 30, 1892, and $2,341,674.29 on the 30th of June, 1893, when Mr. Cleveland was President and a Democratic majority in both Houses of Congress had been elected, all pledged to repeal the McKinley Act and to reduce duties. That the McKinley Act did not produce more revenue in 1893 and 1894 is not a matter of surprise. Any tariff law denounced by the party in power, with a promise to repeal it and to reduce duties, would prevent importations under the old law and thus lower the revenue. Early in December, 1893, at the first regular session of Congress during Mr. Cleveland's term, a bill was formu-

lated, and as soon as practicable passed the House of Representatives.

That bill met the hearty approval of the President. If it had become a law as originally presented, the deficiency in revenue would have been much greater than now; but conservative Democratic senators with the aid of Republican senators, greatly improved the House bill, added other duties and changed the scope of the measure. With these amendments it became a law. The President refused to sign it, expressing his opposition to the Senate amendments, and yet now supports it when deficiencies have been greatly increased, when the public debt is increasing, and doubts are expressed as to the ability of the government to maintain its notes at par with coin. The President makes no mention in his message of these deficiencies; no mention of the issue of interest-bearing bonds to meet them. The secretary of the treasury is more frank in his statement. He reports a deficiency of $69,803,260.58 during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, and for the year ended June 30, 1895, $42,805,223.18, and for the six months prior to December 1, 1895, $17,613,539.24; in all, $130,221,023.

No complaint was made that the McKinley law "was inefficient for the purposes of revenue" when the Wilson bill was pending. The objection to the McKinley law was that it was a "protective tariff," and the Wilson bill was a "revenue tariff." I have a statement showing the receipts and expenditures under each law each month, the McKinley law from its passage to the election of Cleveland, and the Wilson law from its passage to December 1, 1895. During the twenty-five months of the McKinley law the average monthly surplus was $1,129,821. During the existence of the Wilson law the average monthly deficiency was $4,699,603. If the

McKinley law was, in the opinion of the President, inefficient for revenue, he should have said of the Wilson law that it was bounteous in deficiencies. . . .

I could pursue the analysis of these two laws further, but I have said enough to explain the preference by the President of the Wilson bill. He believes in large importations at the lowest cost, without regard to the industries and labor of our countrymen, while I believe in a careful discrimination and the imposition of such duties on articles that compete with home productions as will diversify our employments and protect and foster impartially all industries, whether of the farm, the workshop, the mine, the forest, or the sea. I have not been satisfied with any tariff law made during my public life, though I have shared in framing many. I prefer a law that will impartially protect and encourage all home industries, and regard the McKinley law as infinitely better than the Wilson law, which I believe is the cause of all the evils which we now encounter by adverse balance of trade, by exportation of gold and derangement of our monetary system. The Wilson law has produced a deficiency in every hour and day that it has been on the statute book, while the McKinley law has always produced a surplus until after the incoming of this administration, and if administrated since that time by friendly agents would have furnished the government all the revenue needed.

The deficiency of revenue was the primary cause of the demand for gold for United States notes. The gold hoarded for resumption purposes was not separated from the money received for current revenue, and this revenue being insufficient to meet expenses, the gold accumulated for redemption purposes was drawn upon to make good deficiencies. This created a doubt of the ability of the government to maintain

the parity of United States notes with coin, and led to their presentation for redemption in coin. The draft on the treasury for coin during this administration has been greater than the amount of deficiency of revenue during the same period. In every aspect in which the subject presents itself to my mind I come to no other conclusion than that the deficiency of revenue and the consequent encroachment upon the redemption fund is the cause of our present financial condition and that the only remedies are either a radical reduction of expenditures or an increase of taxation, and perhaps both. I do not believe that the condition requires a suspension of public works or a postponement of measures now in progress to strengthen the army and navy. . . .

Such a deficiency is discreditable to the United States, with its vast wealth and resources. There is no difficulty in collecting for taxation all and more money than is necessary for its expenditures. It is humiliating to read in the newspapers of the day that our government is negotiating for money from associated bankers, and, like a distressed debtor in view of bankruptcy, is offered by a friendly power its accumulated gold to relieve us from our supposed financial distress. The true remedy is to supply additional revenue by taxation in some form, and, until this can be effected, to borrow from the people of the United States enough money to cover past and future deficiencies. This done, gold will readily be exchanged for United States notes, as was done from January, 1879, to the election of Mr. Cleveland. . . .

The President complains that the notes are presented and paid, reissued, and paid again and again, making a continuous circuit. When did this circuit commence? The only answer is, when this administration, supported by the last Congress, created a deficiency. Why does the circuit continue? It is

because the deficiency continues. The government resorts to the financial policy of Micawber. It gives its bonds and thinks the debt paid. But the circuit continues. The money received for current revenue is paid to cover deficiencies and is returned for gold, and then more bonds. The secretary hopes that in two or three years there will be no deficiency. What is the ground for this hope? It is that a new administration will provide more revenue, and then the circuit will be broken. Why not apply the remedy now?

If deficiencies occur Congress should immediately supply the means to meet them, and Congress, and not the administration, must be the judge of the mode and manner of relief. The invasion and misapplication of the resumption fund is of infinitely greater injury to our people than the imposition of ten times the amount of taxation.

It is said that the law for their continued reissue is mandatory. That is not a fair construction of the law. The plain meaning of it is the redemption of the notes shall not cause their cancellation. They are placed on the footing of bank notes. What solvent bank would reissue its notes when there was a run upon it? It would hold them until the demand ceased. The government ought to exercise the same prudence. The President is of the opinion that the United States notes and treasury notes should be retired and give place to bank notes. This is a question for Congress to decide. It is certainly not of that opinion now, nor was the last Congress of that opinion. Outside of a few large cities where banking facilities are abundant and business is conducted by checks and commercial paper, there is no desire for the retirement of national paper money. It is not right for the executive authorities to discredit this money by using it for current deficiencies. It was the use and dispersion of the

redemption fund that created the circle of which he complains.

I believe that under existing law the aggregate sum of United States notes and treasury notes issued under the act of 1890, amounting to about $460,000,000 can be easily maintained at par with coin if the two amendments I have mentioned are adopted by Congress. These notes are a legal tender for all debts, public or private. They are a debt of the United States without interest and without other material cost to the government than the interest on the cost of the coin or bullion held in the treasury to redeem them. They are preferred by the people to any other form of paper money that has been devised. They have all the sanctions of law and all the security that has been or can be given to our bonds. They have the pledge of the public faith that they will be redeemed in coin. The substitution of these notes for State-bank paper money was one of the greatest benefits that has resulted from the Civil War. These notes have all the sanction, protection, and security that has been or can be given to our national bank notes, with the added benefit that the large saving derived from them inures to the people of the United States instead of to the bankers.

Another reason, founded upon belief, is that the national banking system could not long endure if the United States notes were withdrawn. I will not on this occasion discuss this, nor any other of the numerous financial questions involved, such as the policy of requiring the duties on imports to be paid in gold Imports are purchased with gold, are paid for in gold, and we may require gold for duties. The disposition of silver certificates is a much more serious problem. They are in express terms redeemable in silver dollars. Ought they not to be redeemed by silver dollars? While

the silver dollars are maintained at par with gold it would seem that there was no injustice in paying the silver dollars for silver certificates. Then comes up the question of free coinage of silver, which I regard as the most dangerous policy.

All these are vital questions I do not wish to mingle with the pressing recommendation of the President in his last annual message "that authority be given the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds of the United States bearing a low rate of interest payable by their terms in gold for the purpose of maintaining a sufficient gold reserve and also for the redemption and cancellation of outstanding United States notes and the treasury notes issued for the purchase of silver under the law of 1890." He recommends the exchange of gold interest-bearing bonds for the legal-tender notes of the United States, and the substitution of national bank notes as our only currency.

He is supported in this by large and influential classes of our fellow citizens, most of them engaged in banking or classed as capitalists. Their arguments mainly rest upon the difficulties encountered by this administration in maintaining a reserve in coin to redeem United States notes. They forget that during a period of fourteen years when the revenues of the government exceeded expenditures and when the public debt was being reduced with unexampled rapidity there was no difficulty in maintaining our notes at par with coin. There is scarcely a doubt but that in all conditions of trade or finance, except the contingency of war, the whole mass of United States notes and treasury notes now in circulation can be maintained at par with coin if it is supported by a reserve of gold coin or bullion or silver bullion at market value in due proportions equal to one third or one fourth of the amount of such notes.

A careful study of the systems of banking currency and coinage adopted by the principal nations of Europe convinces me that our system, when cured of a few defects developed by time, founded upon the bimetallic coinage of gold and silver maintained at par with each other, with free national banks established in every city and town of importance in the United States, issuing their notes secured beyond doubt by United States bonds or some equivalent security, redeemable on demand in United States notes, and the issue of an amount of United States notes and treasury notes equal to the amount now outstanding, with provision for a ratable increase with the increase of population, always redeemable in coin and supported by an ample reserve of coin in the treasury, not to be invaded by deficiencies of revenue, and separated by the sub-treasury system from all connection with the receipts and expenditures of the government — such a system would make our money current in commercial circles in every land and clime, better than the best that now exists in Europe, better than that of Great Britain, which now holds the purse-string of the world.

It is not given to man to foresee with certainty the future; but if we may judge the future by the past, the growth and progress of our country will continue, the diversity and extent of our industries will expand, the vast plains of our broad territory will be teeming with population. The rapid growth of our cities, unexampled in the history of mankind, will continue. A century spans the life of this Republic; what will the next century do? I have seen great changes in my life, but those who come after us will see greater changes still. I may on some proper occasion hereafter give the reasons for my faith in our present financial system. All I ask now is that you will not disturb it with your deficiencies, you will not

rob it of its safeguards, you will not return to the days of wildcat money, you will not lessen the savings of prudent labor or the accumulations of the rich. Time makes all things even. Let us give to the executive authorities ample means to meet the appropriations you have made, but let us strengthen rather than weaken our monetary system, which lies at the foundation of our prosperity and progress.

THOMAS F. MEAGHER

HOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Irish American soldier, orator, and revolutionist, was born at Waterford, Ireland, Aug. 3, 1823, and was drowned near Fort Benton, Montana, July 1, 1867. After obtaining an education at the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, Lancashire, he proceeded to Dublin in 1844 with the intention of studying law, but speedily relinquished it for politics. As a Nationalist, he espoused the cause of Ireland with enthusiasm, and in a fiery speech once deprecated the idea that the use of arms was immoral, and declared the sword to be a sacred weapon. For this he was styled by the novelist Thackeray, "Meagher of the Sword." About this time he was greatly influenced by the oratory of Daniel O'Connell, and was sent to Paris bearing an address to the provisional government of France (in 1848), from the Irish Confederation, and on his return he made a fiery, seditious speech while presenting the citizens of Dublin with an Irish tri-color. In the same year, he made a vehement harangue before a meeting of the Irish Confederation, asserting that Irishmen were justified in saying to the government, "If you do not give us a parliament in which to state our grievances, we shall state them by arms and force." He was arrested for sedition a few days later and tried at Dublin, but no verdict was returned. Undeterred by this warning, Meagher travelled about Ireland in the following summer exciting revolution, and was again arrested. In October he was brought to trial at Clonmel, and was adjudged guilty of high treason and sentenced to be hanged. His sentence being commuted to penal servitude for life, he was banished to Tasmania, where considerable liberty appears to have been allowed him. In 1852, he escaped to the United States, where for two years he came frequently before the public as a lecturer, his fiery eloquence and fine personal appearance making considerable impression upon his hearers. He took up the study of law again and was admitted to the New York Bar in 1855, but at the opening of the Civil War promptly abandoned his professional duties, and, organizing a company of Zouave volunteers, known as the "Irish brigade," served at their head in the Federal army. In 1862, he was appointed brigadier-general and distinguished himself by bravery at Antietam and on other battle-fields. He was also present at the two battles of Bull Run, in the seven days' fighting before Richmond, as well as in the battles at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Meagher was twice wounded and had his horse shot under him, while at Chancellorsville his brigade was almost decimated. He resigned from the army in 1863, and in 1866, was appointed provisional Governor of Montana, and while occupying this office was accidentally drowned in the Missouri River. Meagher was an extremely impulsive, courageous character, whose oratory was fiery to a degree. His writings include "Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland" (1853); "Recollections of Ireland and the Irish"; "Last Days of the Sixty-Ninth in Virginia" (1861).

"SWORD SPEECH"

DELIVERED IN CONCILIATION HALL, DUBLIN, JULY 20, 1846

MY LORD MAYOR,— I will commence as Mr. Mitchel concluded, by an allusion to the Whigs.

I fully concur with my friend, that the most comprehensive measures which the Whig minister may propose will fail to lift this country up to that position which she has the right to occupy and the power to maintain. A Whig minister, I admit, may improve the province — he will not restore the nation. Franchises, tenant-compensation bills, liberal appointments, may ameliorate — they will not exalt. They may meet the necessities — they will not call forth the abilities of the country. The errors of the past may be repaired — the hopes of the future will not be fulfilled. With a vote in one pocket, a lease in the other, and full "justice" before him at the petty sessions — in the shape of a "restored magistrate" — the humblest peasant may be told that he is free; but, my lord, he will not have the character of a freeman — his spirit to dare, his energy to act. From the stateliest mansion, down to the poorest cottage in the land, the inactivity, the meanness, the debasement, which provincialism engenders, will be perceptible.

These are not the crude sentiments of youth, though the mere commercial politician, who has deduced his ideas of self-government from the table of imports and exports, may satirize them as such. Age has uttered them, my lord, and the experience of eighty years has preached them to the people. A few weeks since, and there stood in the court of queen's bench an old and venerable man, to teach the coun-

try the lessons he had learned, in this youth, beneath the portico of the Irish Senate House, and which, during a long life, he had treasured in his heart as the costliest legacy a true citizen could bequeath the land that gave him birth.

What said this aged orator?

"National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of provincial subjection. The very consciousness of being dependent on another power, for advancement in the scale of national being, weighs down the spirit of a people, manacles the efforts of genius, depresses the energies of virtue, blunts the sense of common glory and common good, and produces an insulated selfishness of character, the surest mark of debasement in the individual, and mortality in the State."

My lord, it was once said by an eminent citizen of Rome, the elder Pliny, that "we owe our youth and manhood to our country, but our declining age to ourselves." This may have been the maxim of the Roman — it is not the maxim of the Irish patriot. One might have thought that the anxieties, the labors, the vicissitudes of a long career, had dimmed the fire which burned in the heart of the illustrious old man whose words I have cited; but now, almost from the shadow of death, he comes forth with the vigor of youth and the authority of age, to serve the country — in the defence of which he once bore arms — by an example, my lord, that must shame the coward, rouse the sluggard, and stimulate the bold.

These sentiments have sunk deep into the public mind. They are recited as the national creed. Whilst these sentiments inspire the people, I have no fear for the national cause — I do not dread the venal influence of the Whigs. Inspired by such sentiments, the people of this country will

look beyond the mere redress of existing wrongs, and strive for the attainment of future power.

A good government may, indeed, redress the grievances of an injured people; but a strong people can alone build up a great nation. To be strong, a people must be self-reliant, self-ruled, self-sustained. The dependence of one people upon another, even for the benefits of legislation, is the deepest source of national weakness.

By an unnatural law it exempts a people from their just duties,— their just responsibilities. When you exempt a people from these duties, from these responsibilities, you generate in them a distrust in their own powers. Thus you enervate, if you do not utterly destroy, that spirit which a sense of these responsibilities is sure to inspire, and which the fulfilment of these duties never fails to invigorate. Where this spirit does not actuate, the country may be tranquil — it will not be prosperous. It may exist — it will not thrive. It may hold together — it will not advance. Peace it may enjoy — for peace and serfdom are compatible. But, my lord, it will neither accumulate wealth, nor win a character. It will neither benefit mankind by the enterprise of its merchants, nor instruct mankind by the examples of its statesmen. I make these observations, for it is the custom of some moderate politicians to say, that when the Whigs have accomplished the "pacification" of the country, there will be little or no necessity for Repeal.

My lord, there is something else, there is everything else, to be done when the work of "pacification" has been accomplished — and here it is hardly necessary to observe, that the prosperity of a country is, perhaps, the sole guarantee for its tranquillity, and that the more universal the prosperity, the more permanent will be the repose.

But the Whigs will enrich as well as pacify! Grant it, my lord. Then do I conceive that the necessity for Repeal will augment. Great interests demand great safeguards. The prosperity of a nation requires the protection of a senate. Hereafter a national senate may require the protection of a national army.

So much for the extraordinary affluence with which we are threatened; and which, it is said by gentlemen on the opposite shore of the Irish Sea, will crush this association, and clamor for Irish nationality, in a sepulchre of gold. This prediction, however, is feebly sustained by the ministerial programme that has lately appeared. On the evening of the sixteenth the Whig premier, in answer to a question that was put to him by the member for Finsbury, Mr. Duncombe, is reported to have made this consolatory announcement: —

"We consider that the social grievances of Ireland are those which are most prominent — and to which it is most likely to be in our power to afford, not a complete and immediate remedy, but some remedy, some kind of improvement, so that some kind of hope may be entertained that, some ten or twelve years hence, the country will, by the measures we undertake, be in a far better state with respect to the frightful destitution and misery which now prevails in that country. We have that practical object in view."

After that most consolatory announcement, my lord, let those who have the patience of Job and the poverty of Lazarus, continue in good faith "to wait on Providence and the Whigs" — continue to entertain "some kind of hope" that if not "a complete and immediate remedy," at least "some remedy," "some improvement" will place this country in "a far better state" than it is at present, "some ten or twelve years hence." After that, let those who prefer the

periodical boons of a Whig government to that which would be the abiding blessing of an Irish Parliament — let those who deny to Ireland what they assert for Poland — let those who would inflict, as Henry Grattan said, an eternal disability upon this country, to which Providence has assigned the largest facilities for power — let those who would ratify the "base swap," as Mr. Shiel once stigmatized the Act of Union, and would stamp perfection upon that deed of perfidy — let such men

> —— "Plod on in sluggish misery,
> Rotting from sire to sire, from age to age,
> Proud of their trampled nature."

But we, my lord, who are assembled in this hall, and in whose hearts the Union has not bred the slave's disease — we who have not been imperialized — we are here, with the hope to undo that work, which, forty-six years ago, dishonored the ancient peerage, and subjugated the people of our country.

My lord, to assist the people of Ireland to undo that work, I came to this hall. I came to repeal the Act of Union, I came here for nothing else. Upon every other question, I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you. Upon questions of finance, questions of religious character, questions of an educational character, questions of municipal policy, questions that may arise from the proceedings of the legislature; upon all these questions, I feel myself at perfect liberty to differ from each and every one of you.

Yet more, my lord, I maintain that it is my right to express my opinion upon each of these questions, if necessary. The right of free discussion I have here upheld. In the exercise of that right I have differed, sometimes, from the leader

of this association, and would do so again. That right I will not abandon — I shall maintain it to the last. In doing so, let me not be told that I seek to undermine the influence of the leader of this association and am insensible to his services. My lord, I am grateful for his services, and will uphold his just influence. This is the first time I have spoken in these terms of that illustrious man, in this hall. I did not do so before — I felt it was unnecessary. I hate unnecessary praise — I scorn to receive it, I scorn to bestow it.

No, my lord, I am not ungrateful to the man who struck the fetters off my arms, whilst I was yet a child, and by whose influence, my father — the first Catholic who did so for two hundred years — sat, for the last two years, in the civic chair of an ancient city. But, my lord, the same God who gave to that great man the power to strike down an odious ascendancy in this country, and enable him to institute in this land the glorious law of religious equality; the same God gave to me a mind that is my own — a mind that has not been mortgaged to the opinions of any man or any set of men, a mind that I was to use, and not surrender.

My lord, in the exercise of that right, which I have here endeavored to uphold — a right which this association should preserve inviolate, if it desires not to become a despotism. In the exercise of that right, I have differed from Mr. O'Connell on previous occasions, and differ from him now. I do not agree with him in the opinion he entertains of my friend, Charles Gavan Duffy — that man whom I am proud, indeed, to call my friend — though he is a "convicted conspirator," and suffered for you in Richmond prison. I do not think he is a "maligner." I do not think he has lost, or deserves to lose, the public favor. I have no more connection with the "Nation" than I have with the "Times." I, therefore, feel

no delicacy in appearing here this day in defence of its principles, with which I avow myself identified. My lord, it is to me a source of true delight and honest pride to speak this day in defence of that great journal. I do not fear to assume the position. Exalted though it be, it is easy to maintain it. The character of that journal is above reproach. The ability that sustains it has won a European fame. The genius of which it is the offspring, the truth of which it is the oracle, have been recognized, my lord, by friends and foes.

I care not how it may be assailed — I care not howsoever great may be the talent, howsoever high may be the position, of those who now consider it their duty to impeach its writings — I do think that it has won too splendid a reputation to lose the influence it has acquired. The people, whose enthusiasm has been kindled by the impetuous fire of its verse, and whose sentiments have been ennobled by the earnest purity of its teaching, will not ratify the censure that has been pronounced upon it in this hall.

Truth will have its day of triumph, as well as its day of trial; and I foresee that the fearless patriotism which, in those pages, has braved the prejudices of the day, to enunciate grand truths, will triumph in the end. My lord, such do I believe to be the character, such do I anticipate will be the fate of the principles that are now impeached. This brings me to what may be called the "question of the day." Before I enter upon that question, however, I will allude to one observation which fell from the honorable member for Kilkenny, and which may be said to refer to those who expressed an opinion that has been construed into a declaration of war.

The honorable gentleman said — in reference, I presume, to those who dissented from the resolutions of Monday — that

"those who were loudest in their declarations of war, were usually the most backward in acting up to these declarations."

My lord, I do not find fault with the honorable gentleman for giving expression to a very ordinary saying, but this I will say, that I did not volunteer the opinion he condemns — to the declaration of that opinion I was forced. You left me no alternative — I should compromise my opinion, or avow it. To be honest, I avowed it. I did not do so to brag, as they say. We have had too much of that "bragging" in Ireland. I would be the last to imitate the custom. Well, I dissented from those "peace resolutions" as they are called. Why so? In the first place, my lord, I conceive that there was not the least necessity for them. No member of this association suggested an appeal to arms. No member of this association advised it. No member of this association would be so infatuated as to do so.

In the existing circumstances of the country an excitement to arms would be senseless and wicked because irrational. To talk nowadays of repealing the Act of Union by force of arms would be to rhapsodize. If the attempt were made it would be a decided failure. There might be a riot in the street — there would be no revolution in the country. The secretary, Mr. Crean, will far more effectually promote the cause of repeal, by registering votes in Green street than registering firearms in the head police office. Conciliation Hall on Burg Quay, is more impregnable than a rebel camp on Vinegar Hill. The hustings at Dundalk will be more successfully stormed than the magazine in the park. The registry club, the reading room, the polling booths, these are the only positions in the country we can occupy. Voters' certificates, books, pamphlets, newspapers, these are the only weapons we can employ. Therefore, my lord, I cast my vote

in favor of the peaceful policy of this association. It is the only policy we can adopt. If that policy be pursued with truth, with courage, with fixed determination of purpose, I firmly believe it will succeed.

But, my lord, I dissented from the resolutions before us, for other reasons. I stated the first, I now come to the second. I dissented from them, for I felt, that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries, at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood. Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument, but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with; but it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of heaven — the Lord of hosts! the God of battles! bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this day, in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, his Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from his throne of light, to consecrate the flag of freedom, to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's

liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the high priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for, in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Insprück!

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for at its blow, a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic — prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

Abhor the sword — stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself, not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

My lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians, for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor, the means by which they obtained a citizen king, a chamber of deputies.

OLIVER P. MORTON

Oliver Perry Morton, American statesman, was born at Saulsbury, Wayne Co., Ind., Aug. 4, 1823, and died at Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 1, 1877. After an early schooling, he studied at Miami University, fitted himself for the Bar, and in 1847 began to practice his profession at Centreville, Ind. In 1852, he was elected a county judge, but being drawn into politics he became one of the founders of the Republican party, and in 1860 was elected lieutenant-governor of Indiana. Morton stoutly opposed all compromise with the Secessionists and at the outbreak of the Civil War promptly placed large bodies of State troops at the service of the general government. In 1862, the Democratic legislature of Indiana declined to receive the governor's message, but the subsequent withdrawal of the Republican members left both houses without a quorum. In order to carry on the administration of the State, the governor appointed a bureau of finance, which from April, 1863, to January, 1865, made all disbursements, the legislature not being summoned within that period. His course at this juncture, though condemned by the supreme court, received the approval of the people, the State assuming the obligations thus incurred. The disunionists of Indiana conspired against his life, but their designs being revealed, the leaders of the "Sons of Liberty" or "Knights of the Golden Circle," as the conspirators called themselves, were arrested. In 1864, Morton was again elected governor, but resigned office in 1867 in order to enter the United States Senate, to which he was reëlected in 1873. He wielded a large influence in the Republican party and made many effective speeches in behalf of its principles. He was active in the impeachment of President Johnson, and in 1877 was a member of the Electoral Commission.

ON RECONSTRUCTION

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, JANUARY 24, 1868

THE constitution says that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." By the phrase "United States" here is meant the government of the United States. The act must be the act of the government and it must be a legislative act, a law passed by Congress, submitted to the President for

his approval, and perhaps in a proper case subject to be reviewed by the judiciary.

Mr. President, that this is necessarily the case from the simple reading of the constitution seems to me cannot be for a moment denied. The President in assuming to execute this guaranty himself is assuming to be the government of the United States, which he clearly is not, but only one of its co-ordinate branches; and, therefore, as this guaranty must be a legislative act, it follows that the attempt on the part of the President to execute the guaranty was without authority, and that the guaranty can only be executed in the form of a law, first to be passed by Congress and then to be submitted to the President for his approval; and if he does not approve it, then to be passed over his head by a majority of two thirds in each House. That law then becomes the execution of the guaranty and is the act of the government of the United States.

Mr. President, this is not an open question. I send to the secretary and ask him to read a part of the decision of the supreme court of the United States in the case of Luther vs. Borden, as reported in 7 Howard.

[The secretary read as follows

"Moreover, the constitution of the United States, as far as it has provided for an emergency of this kind, and authorized the general government to interfere in the domestic concerns of the State, has treated the subject as political in its nature and placed the power in the hands of that department.

"The fourth section of the fourth article of the constitution of the United States provides that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasions; and, upon the application of the legislature or of the executive

(when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence.

"Under this article of the constitution it rests with Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State. For, as the United States guarantees to each State a republican government, Congress must necessarily decide what government is established in the State before it can determine whether it is republican or not. And when the senators and representatives of a State are admitted into the councils of the Union, the authority of the government under which they are appointed as well as its republican character is recognized by the proper constitutional authority. And its decision is binding upon every other department of the government and could not be questioned in a judicial tribunal. It is true that the contest in this case did not last long enough to bring the matter to this issue; and as no senators or representatives were elected under the authority of the government of which Mr. Dorr was the head, Congress was not called upon to decide the controversy. Yet the right to decide is placed there and not in the courts."]

In this opinion of the supreme court of the United States delivered many years ago the right to execute the guaranty provided for in this clause of the constitution is placed in Congress and nowhere else, and therefore the necessary reading of the constitution is confirmed by the highest judicial authority which we have.

[Mr. Johnson: Do you read from the opinion delivered by the chief justice?]

Yes, sir; the opinion delivered by Chief Justice Taney. He decides that this power is not judicial; that it is one of the high powers conferred upon Congress; that it is not subject to be reviewed by the supreme court because it is political in its nature. It is a distinct enunciation of the doctrine that this guaranty is not to be executed by the President or by the supreme court but by the Congress of the United

States, in the form of a law to be passed by that body and to be submitted to the President for his approval; and should he disapprove it, it may become a law by being passed by a two thirds majority over his head.

Now, I will call the attention of my friend from Wisconsin to some other authority. As he has been pleased to refer to a former speech of mine to show that I am not quite consistent, I will refer to a vote given by him in 1864 on a very important provision. On the 1st of July, 1864, the Senate having under consideration, as in committee of the whole, "a bill to guarantee to certain States whose governments have been usurped or overthrown a republican form of government," Mr. Brown, of Missouri, offered an amendment to strike out all of the bill after the enacting clause and to insert a substitute, which I will ask the secretary to read.

[The secretary read as follows:

"That when the inhabitants of any State have been declared in a state of insurrection against the United States by proclamation of the President, by force and virtue of the act entitled 'An act further to provide for the collection of duties on imports, and for other purposes,' approved July 13, 1861, they shall be, and are hereby declared to be, incapable of casting any vote for electors of President or Vice-President of the United States, or of electing senators or representatives in Congress until said insurrection in said State is suppressed or abandoned, and said inhabitants have returned to their obedience to the government of the United States, and until such return to obedience shall be declared by proclamation of the President, issued by virtue of an act of Congress hereafter to be passed, authorizing the same."]

The honorable senator from Wisconsin voted for that in committee of the whole and on its final passage. I call attention to the conclusion of the amendment, which declares that they shall be—

—"incapable of casting any vote for electors of President or Vice-President of the United States or of electing senators or representatives in Congress until said insurrection in said State is suppressed or abandoned, and said inhabitants have returned to their obedience to the government of the United States, and until such return and obedience shall be declared by proclamation of the President, issued by virtue of an act to Congress hereafter to be passed, authorizing the same."

Recognizing that a state of war shall be regarded as continuing until it shall be declared no longer to exist by the President, in virtue of an act to Congress to be hereafter passed, I am glad to find by looking at the vote that the distinguished senator from Maryland [Mr. Johnson] voted for this proposition, and thus recognized the doctrine for which I am now contending; that the power to execute the guaranty is vested in Congress alone, and that it is for Congress alone to determine the status and condition of those States, and that the President has no power to proclaim peace or to declare the political condition of those States until he shall first have been thereunto authorized by an act of Congress.

I therefore, Mr. President, take the proposition as conclusively established, both by reason and authority, that this clause of the constitution can be executed only by Congress; and taking that as established, I now proceed to consider what are the powers of Congress in the execution of the guaranty, how it shall be executed, and what means may be employed for that purpose. The constitution does not define the means. It does not say how the guaranty shall be executed. All that is left to the determination of Congress. As to the particular character of the means that must be employed, that, I take it, will depend upon the peculiar circum-

stances of each case; and the extent of the power will depend upon the other question as to what may be required for the purpose of maintaining or guaranteeing a loyal republican form of government in each State. I use the word "loyal," although it is not used in the constitution, because loyalty is an inhering qualification, not only in regard to persons who are to fill public offices, but in regard to State governments, and we have no right to recognize a State government that is not loyal to the government of the United States. Now, sir, as to the use of means that are not prescribed in the constitution, I call the attention of the Senate to the eighteenth clause of section eight of the first article of the constitution of the United States, which declares that—

"The Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this constitution in the government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof."

Here is a declaration of what would otherwise be a general principle anyhow: that Congress shall have the power to pass all laws necessary to carry into execution all powers that are vested in the government under the constitution. As Congress has the power to guarantee or maintain a loyal republican government in each State, it has the right to use whatever means may be necessary for that purpose. As I before remarked, the character of the means will depend upon the character of the case. In one case it may be the use of an army; in another case perhaps it may be simply presenting a question to the courts, and having it tested in that way; in another case it may go to the very foundation of the government itself. And I now propound this proposition: that if Congress, after deliberation, after long and

bloody experience, shall come to the conclusion that loyal republican State governments cannot be erected and maintained in the rebel States upon the basis of the white population, it has a right to raise up and make voters of a class of men who had no right to vote under the State laws. This is simply the use of the necessary means in the execution of the guaranty. If we have found after repeated trials that loyal republican State governments—governments that shall answer the purpose that such governments are intended to answer—cannot be successfully founded upon the basis of the white population, because the great majority of that population are disloyal, then Congress has a right to raise up a new loyal voting population for the purpose of establishing these governments in the execution of the guaranty. I think, sir, this proposition is so clear that it is not necessary to elaborate it. We are not required to find in the constitution a particular grant of power for this purpose; but we find a general grant of power, and we find also another grant of power authorizing us to use whatever means may be necessary to execute the first; and we find that the supreme court of the United States has said that the judgment of Congress upon this question shall be conclusive; that it cannot be reviewed by the courts; that it is a purely political matter, and therefore the determination of Congress, that raising up colored men to the right of suffrage is a means necessary to the execution of that power, is a determination which cannot be reviewed by the courts and is conclusive upon the people of this country.

The President of the United States, assuming that he had the power to execute this guaranty, and basing his proclamation upon it, went forward in the work of reconstruction. It was understood at that time—it was so announced, if not by

himself, at least formally by the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward—that the governments which he would erect during the vacation of Congress were to be erected as provisional only; that his plan of reconstruction and the work that was to be done under it would be submitted to Congress for its approval or disapproval at the next session. If the President had adhered to that determination, I believe that all would have been well, and that the present state of things would not exist. But, sir, the executive undertook finally to execute the guaranty himself without the co-operation of Congress. He appointed provisional governors, giving to them unlimited power until such time as the new State governments should be erected. He prescribed in his proclamation who should exercise the right of suffrage in the election of delegates. And allow me for one moment to refer to that. He says in his proclamation:

"No person shall be qualified as an elector, or shall be eligible as a member of such convention, unless he shall have previously taken and subscribed the oath of amnesty, as set forth in the President's proclamation of May 29, A.D. 1865,"

—which was issued on the same day, and was a part of the same transaction:

—"and is a voter qualified as prescribed by the constitution and laws of the State of North Carolina in force immediately before the 20th day of May, A.D. 1861."

The persons having the right to vote must have the right to vote by the laws of the State, and must, in addition to that, have taken the oath of amnesty. The President disfranchised in voting for delegates to the conventions from two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand men. His disfranchisement was far greater than that which has

been done by Congress. In the proclamation of amnesty he says:

"The following classes of persons are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation:"

He then announced fourteen classes of persons:

"1. All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents, of the pretended Confederate government." . . .

"13. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars."

And twelve other classes, estimated to number at the least two hundred and fifty thousand or three hundred thousand men, while the disfranchisement that has been created by Congress does not extend perhaps to more than forty-five thousand or fifty thousand persons at the furthest. These provisional governors, under the authority of the President, were to call conventions; they were to hold the elections, and they were to count the votes; they were to exercise all the powers that are being exercised by the military commanders under the reconstruction acts of Congress. After those constitutions were formed the President went forward and accepted them as being loyal and republican in their character. He authorized the voters under them to proceed to elect legislatures, members of Congress, and the legislatures to elect senators to take their seats in this body. In other words, the President launched those State governments into full life and activity without consultation with or co-operation on the part of Congress.

Now, sir, when it is claimed that these governments are legal, let it be remembered that they took their origin under a proceeding instituted by the President of the United States

in the execution of this guaranty, when it now stands confessed that he could not execute the guaranty. But even if he had the power, let it be further borne in mind that those constitutions were formed by conventions that were elected by less than one third of the white voters in the States at that time; that the conventions were elected by a small minority even of the white voters, and that those constitutions thus formed by a very small minority have never been submitted to the people of those States for ratification. They are no more the constitutions of those States to-day than the constitutions formed by the conventions now in session would be if we were to proclaim them to be the constitutions of those States without first having submitted them to the people for ratification. How can it be pretended for a moment, even admitting that the President had the power to start forward in the work of reconstruction, that those State governments are legally formed by a small minority, never ratified by the people, the people never having had a chance to vote for them. They stand as mere arbitrary constitutions, established not by the people of the several States, but simply by force of executive power.

And, sir, if we shall admit those States to representation on this floor and in the other House under those constitutions, when the thing shall have got beyond our keeping and they are fully restored to their political rights, they will then rise up and declare that those constitutions are not binding upon them, that they never made them; and they will throw them off, and with them will go those provisions which were incorporated therein, declaring that slavery should never be restored, and that their war debt was repudiated. Those provisions were put into those constitutions, but they have never been sanctioned by the people of those States, and they

will cast them out as not being their act and deed as soon as they shall have been restored to political power in this government. Therefore I say that even if it be conceded that the President had the power, which he had not, to start forward in the execution of this guaranty, there can still be no pretence that those governments are legal and authorized, and that we are bound to recognize them.

The President of the United States, in his proclamation, declared that those governments were to be formed only by the loyal people of those States; and I beg leave to call the attention of the Senate to that clause in his proclamation of reconstruction. He says:

"And with authority to exercise, within the limits of said State, all the powers necessary and proper to enable such loyal people of the State of North Carolina to restore said State to its constitutional relations with the federal government."

Again, speaking of the army:

"And they are enjoined to abstain from in any way hindering, impeding, or discouraging the loyal people from the organization of a State government as herein authorized."

Now, sir, so far from those State governments having been organized by the loyal people, they were organized by the disloyal; every office passed into the hands of a rebel; the Union men had no part or lot in those governments; and so far from answering the purpose for which governments are intended, they failed to extend protection to the loyal men, either white or black. The loyal men were murdered with impunity; and I will thank any senator upon this floor to point to a single case in any of the rebel States where a rebel has been tried and brought to punishment by the civil authority for the murder of a Union man. Not one case, I am told, can be found.

Those governments utterly failed in answering the purpose of civil governments; and not only that, but they returned the colored people to a condition of quasi-slavery; they made them the slaves of society instead of being, as they were before, the slaves of individuals. Under various forms of vagrant laws they deprived them of the rights of freemen and placed them under the power and control of their rebel masters, who were filled with hatred and revenge.

But, Mr. President, time passed on. Congress assembled in December, 1865. For a time it paused. It did not at once annul those governments. It hesitated. At last, in 1866, the constitutional amendment, the fourteenth article, was brought forward as a basis of settlement and reconstruction; and there was a tacit understanding, though it was not embraced in any law or resolution, that if the Southern people should ratify and agree to that amendment, then their State governments would be accepted. But that amendment was rejected, contemptuously rejected. The Southern people, counselled and inspired by the Democracy of the North, rejected that amendment. They were told that they were not bound to submit to any conditions whatever; that they had forfeited no rights by rebellion. Why, sir, what did we propose by this amendment? By the first section we declared that all men born upon our soil were citizens of the United States—a thing that had long been recognized by every department of this government until the Dred Scott decision was made in 1857. The second section provided that where a class or race of men were excluded from the right of suffrage they should not be counted in the basis of representation—an obvious justice that no reasonable man for a moment could deny; that if four million people down South were to have no suffrage, the men living in their midst and surrounding

them and depriving them of all political rights, should not have members of Congress on their account. I say the justice of the second clause has never been successfully impugned by any argument, I care not how ingenious it may be. What was the third clause? It was that the leaders of the South, those men who had once taken an official oath to support the constitution of the United States and had afterward committed perjury by going into the rebellion, should be made ineligible to any office under the government of the United States or of a State. It was a very small disfranchisement. It was intended to withhold power from those leaders by whose instrumentality we had lost nearly half a million lives and untold treasure. The justice of that disfranchisement could not be disproved. And what was the fourth clause of the amendment? That this government should never assume and pay any part of the rebel debt; that it should never pay the rebels for their slaves. This was bitterly opposed in the North as well as in the South. How could any man oppose that amendment unless he was in favor of this government assuming a portion or all of the rebel debt, and in favor of paying the rebels for their slaves? When the Democratic party, North and South, opposed that most important and perhaps hereafter to be regarded as vital amendment, they were committing themselves in principle, as they had been before by declaration, to the doctrine that this government was bound to pay for the slaves and that it was just and right that we should assume and pay the rebel debt.

This amendment, as I have before said, was rejected, and when Congress assembled in December, 1866, they were confronted by the fact that every proposition of compromise had been rejected; every half-way measure had been spurned by the rebels and they had nothing left to do but to begin the

work of reconstruction themselves; and in February, 1867, Congress for the first time entered upon the execution of the guaranty provided for in the constitution by the passage of the first reconstruction law. A supplementary bill was found necessary in March, another one in July, and I believe another is found necessary at this time; but the power is with Congress. Whatever it shall deem necessary, whether it be in the way of colored suffrage, whether it be in the way of military power—whatever Congress shall deem necessary in the execution of this guaranty, is conclusive upon the courts and upon the States.

Sir, when Congress entered upon this work it had become apparent to all men that loyal republican State governments could not be erected and maintained upon the basis of the white population. We had tried them. Congress had attempted the work of reconstruction through the constitutional amendment by leaving the suffrage with the white men, and by leaving with the white people of the South the question as to when the colored people should exercise the right of suffrage, if ever; but when it was found that those white men were as rebellious as ever, that they hated this government more bitterly than ever; when it was found that they persecuted the loyal men, both white and black, in their midst; when it was found that Northern men who had gone down there were driven out by social tyranny, by a thousand annoyances, by the insecurity of life and property—then it became apparent to all men of intelligence that reconstruction could not take place upon the basis of the white population and something else must be done.

Now, sir, what was there left to do? Either we must hold these people continually by military power or we must use such machinery upon such a new basis as would enable loyal

republican State governments to be raised up; and in the last resort, and I will say Congress waited long, the nation waited long, experience had to come to the rescue of reason before the thing was done—in the last resort, and as the last thing to be done, Congress determined to dig through all the rubbish,—dig through the soil and the shifting sands, and go down to the eternal rock, and there, upon the basis of the everlasting principle of equal and exact justice to all men, we have planted the column of reconstruction; and, sir, it will arise slowly but surely, and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Whatever dangers we apprehended from the introduction to the right of suffrage of seven hundred thousand men, just emerged from slavery, were put aside in the presence of a greater danger. Why, sir, let me say frankly to my friend from Wisconsin, that I approached universal colored suffrage in the South reluctantly. Not because I adhered to the miserable dogma that this was the white man's government, but because I entertained fears about at once intrusting a large body of men just from slavery, to whom education had been denied by law, to whom the marriage relation had been denied, who had been made the most abject slaves, with political power. And as the senator has referred to a speech which I made in Indiana in 1865, allow me to show the principle that then actuated me, for in that speech I said:

"In regard to the question of admitting the freedmen of the Southern States to vote, while I admit the equal rights of all men, and that in time all men will have the right to vote, without distinction of color or race, I yet believe that in the case of four million of slaves, just freed from bondage, there should be a period of probation and preparation before they are brought to the exercise of political power."

Such was my feeling at that time, for it had not then been determined by the bloody experience of the last two years that

we could not reconstruct upon the basis of the white population, and such was the opinion of a great majority of the people of the North; and it was not until a year and a half after that time that Congress came to the conclusion that there was no way left but to resort to colored suffrage, and suffrage to all men except those who were disqualified by the commission of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Mr. President, we hear much said in the course of this debate and through the press about the violation of the constitution. It is said that in the reconstruction measures of Congress we have gone outside of the constitution, and the remark of some distinguished statesman of the Republican party is quoted to that effect. Sir, if any leading Republican has ever said so, he spoke only for himself, not for another. I deny the statement *in toto*. I insist that these reconstruction measures are as fully within the powers of the constitution as any legislation that can be had, not only by reason, but by authority. And who are the men that are talking so much about the violation of the constitution and who pretend to be the especial friends of that instrument? The great mass of them, only three years ago, were in arms to overturn the constitution and establish that of Montgomery in its place, or were their Northern friends, who were aiding and sympathizing in that undertaking.

I had occasion the other day to speak of what was described as a constitutional Union man—a man living inside of the federal lines during the war, sympathizing with the rebellion, and who endeavored to aid the rebellion by insisting that every war measure for the purpose of suppressing it was a violation of the constitution of the United States. Now, these men who claim to be the especial friends of the constitution are the men who have sought to destroy it by force of arms,

and those throughout the country who have given them aid and comfort. Sir, you will remember that once a celebrated French woman was being dragged to the scaffold, and as she passed the statue of liberty she exclaimed: "How many crimes have been committed in thy name;" and I can say to the constitution, how many crimes against liberty, humanity, and progress are being committed in thy name by these men who, while they loved not the constitution and sought its destruction, now, for party purposes, claim to be its especial friends.

My friend from Wisconsin yesterday compared what he called the Radical party of the North to the radicals of the South, and when he was asked the question by some senator, "Who are the radicals of the South?" he said, "They are the secessionists." Sir, the secessionists of the South are Democrats to-day, acting in harmony and concert with the Democratic party. They were Democrats during the war who prayed for the success of McClellan and Pendleton, and would have been glad to have voted for them; and they were Democrats before the war, and the men who made the rebellion. These are the radicals of the South; and my friend from Wisconsin, after all, is voting with the radicals.

The burden of his speech yesterday was that the reconstruction measures of Congress are intended to establish negro supremacy. Sir, this proposition is without any foundation whatever. I believe it was stated yesterday by the senator from Illinois [Mr. Trumbull] that in every State but two the white voters registered outnumbered the colored voters; and the fact that in two States the colored voters outnumbered the white voters is owing to the simple accident that there are more colored men in those States than there are white men. Congress has not sought to establish negro supremacy, nor has

it sought to establish the supremacy of any class or party of men. If it had sought to establish negro supremacy it would have been an easy matter by excluding from the right of suffrage all men who had been concerned in the rebellion, in accordance with the proposition of the distinguished senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Sumner] in his speech at Worcester in 1865. He proposed to exclude all men who had been concerned in the rebellion, and confer suffrage only on those who were left. That would have established negro supremacy by giving the negroes an overwhelming majority in every State; and if that had been the object of Congress, it could have been readily done.

But, sir, Congress has only sought to divide the political power between the loyal and the disloyal. It has disfranchised some fifty thousand disloyal leaders, leaving all the rest of the people to vote. They have been enfranchised on both sides, that neither should be placed in the power of the other. The rebels have the right to vote so that they shall not be under the control and power of the Union men only, and the Union men have been allowed to vote so that they shall not be under the control and power of the rebels. This is the policy, to divide the political power among those men for the protection of each. Sir, the charge that we intend to create a negro supremacy or colored State governments is without the slightest foundation, for it would have been in the power of Congress to have easily conferred such supremacy by simply excluding the disloyal from the right of suffrage—a power which it had the clear right to exercise.

Now, Mr. President, allow me to consider for a moment the amendment offered by the senator from Wisconsin, and upon which his speech was made, and see what is its effect,—I will not say its purpose, but its inevitable effect,—should

it become a law. I will ask the secretary to read the amendment which the senator from Wisconsin has proposed to the Senate.

[The secretary read as follows:

"Provided, nevertheless, That upon an election for the ratification of any constitution, or of officers under the same, previous to its adoption in any State, no person not having the qualifications of an elector under the constitution and laws of such State previous to the late rebellion shall be allowed to vote, unless he shall possess one of the following qualifications, namely:—

"1. He shall have served as a soldier in the federal army for one year or more.

"2. He shall have a sufficient education to read the constitution of the United States and to subscribe his name to an oath to support the same; or,

"3. He shall be seized in his own right, or in the right of his wife, of a freehold of the value of $250."]

Sir, these qualifications are, by the terms of the amendment, to apply to those who were not authorized to vote by the laws of the State before the rebellion—in other words, the colored men. He proposes to allow a colored man to vote if he has been in the federal army one year, and he proposes to allow a rebel white man to vote, although he has served in the rebel army four years! He proposes that a colored man shall not vote unless he has sufficient education to read the constitution of the United States and to subscribe his name to an oath to support the same; whereas he permits a rebel white man to vote who never heard of A, and does not know how to make his mark even to a note given for whisky.

Again, sir, he proposes that the colored man shall not vote unless he shall be seized in his own right or in the right of his wife of a freehold of the value of $250; a provision

which, of course, would cut off nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand colored men in the South. The colored man cannot vote unless he has a freehold of $250, but the white rebel who was never worth twenty-five cents, who never paid poll-tax in his life, never paid an honest debt, is to be allowed to vote. Sir, what would be the inevitable effect of the adoption of this amendment? To cut off such a large part of the colored vote as to leave the rebel white vote largely in the ascendancy and to put these new State governments there to be formed again into the hands of the rebels. Sir, I will not spend longer time upon that.

My friend yesterday alluded to my indorsement of the President's policy in a speech in 1865. I never indorsed what is now called the President's policy. In the summer of 1865, when I saw a division coming between the President and the Republican party, and when I could not help anticipating the direful consequences that must result from it, I made a speech in which I repelled certain statements that had been made against the President, and denied the charge that by issuing his proclamation of May 29, 1865, he had thereby left the Republican party. I said that he had not left the Republican party by that act. I did show that the policy of that proclamation was even more radical than that of Mr. Lincoln. I did show that it was more radical even than the Winter-Davis bill of the summer of 1864. But, sir, it was all upon the distinct understanding that whatever the President did, that his whole policy or action was to be submitted to Congress for its consideration and decision; and, as I before remarked, if that had been done all would have been well. I did not then advocate universal colored suffrage in the South, and I have before given my reasons for it, and in doing that I was acting in harmony with the great body of the Republi-

can party of the North. It was nearly a year after that time, when Congress passed the constitutional amendment, which still left the question of suffrage with the Southern States, left it with the white people; and it was not until a year and a half after that time that Congress came to the conclusion that we could not execute the guaranty of the constitution without raising up a new class of loyal voters.

And, sir, nobody concurred in that result more heartily than myself. I confess (and I do it without shame) that I have been educated by the great events of the war. The American people have been educated rapidly; and the man who says he has learned nothing, that he stands now where he did six years ago, is like an ancient mile-post by the side of a deserted highway. We, Mr. President, have advanced step by step. When this war began we did not contemplate the destruction of slavery. I remember well when the Crittenden resolution was passed, declaring that the war was not prosecuted for conquest or to overturn the institutions of any State. I know that that was intended as an assurance that slavery should not be destroyed, and it received the vote, I believe, of every Republican member in both houses of Congress; but in a few months after that time it was found by the events of the war that we could not preserve slavery and suppress the rebellion, and we must destroy slavery—not prosecute the war to destroy slavery, but destroy slavery to prosecute the war. Which was the better? To stand by the resolution and let the Union go, or stand by the Union and let the resolution go? Congress could not stand by that pledge, and it was "more honored in the breach than the observance."

Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation, setting free the slaves of the rebels. It was dictated by the

stern and bloody experience of the times. Mr. Lincoln had no choice left him. When we began this contest, no one thought we would use colored solidiers in the war. The distinguished senator sitting by me here [Mr. Cameron], when in the winter of 1861 he first brought forward the proposition, as secretary of war, to use colored soldiers, was greatly in advance of public opinion, and was thought to be visionary; but as the war progressed it became manifest to all intelligent men that we must not only destroy slavery but we must avail ourselves of every instrumentality in our power for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, and the whole country accorded in the use of colored soldiers, and gallant and glorious service they rendered. In 1864 a proposition was brought forward in this body to amend the constitution of the United States by abolishing slavery. We do not think that this is very radical now, but it was very radical then; it was the great measure of the age, and almost of modern times, and it was finally passed; an amendment setting free every human being within the limits of the United States. But, sir, we were very far then from where we are now. All will remember the celebrated Winter-Davis bill, passed in June, 1864, which took the power of reconstruction out of the hands of the President, where it did not in fact belong.

I refer to Mr. Lincoln; but if that bill had passed it would perhaps have resulted in the destruction of this government. We can all see it now, although it was then thought to be the most radical measure of the times. What did it propose? It proposed to prescribe a plan, to take effect when the war should end, by which these rebel States should be restored. I refer to that bill simply to show how we have all travelled. It required but one condition or guaranty on the part of the

South, and that was that they should put in their constitutions a provision prohibiting slavery. It required no other guaranty. It required no equalization of representation; no security against rebel debts, or against payment for emancipated slaves; and it confined the right of suffrage to white men. But it was thought to be a great step in advance at the time; and so it was; but events were passing rapidly, and in 1865 the President came forward with his proposition, and I am stating what is true from an examination of the documents when I say that, but for the want of power with the President, his scheme in itself considered was far more radical than that of the Winter-Davis bill: but events were rapidly teaching the statesmen of the time that we could not reconstruct upon that basis.

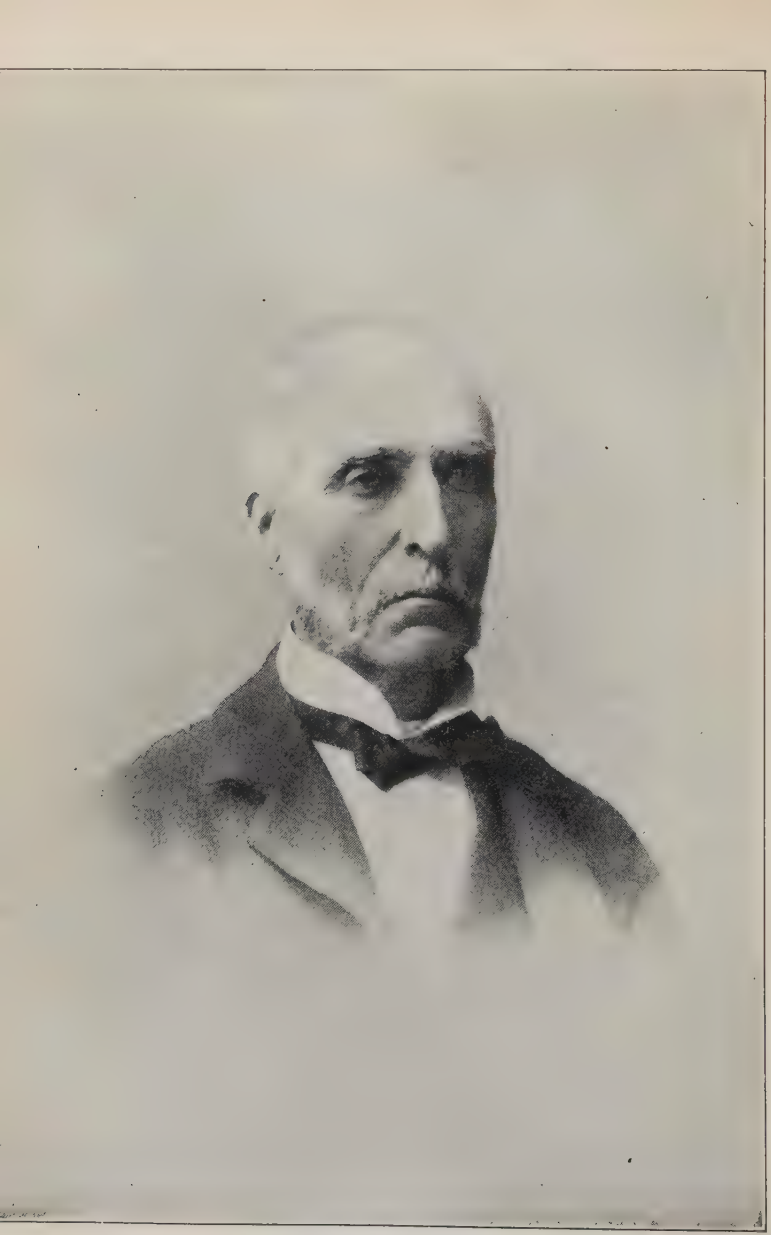
Still, Congress was not prepared to take a forward step until the summer of 1866, in the passage of the constitutional amendment, which we now regard as a half-way measure, necessary and vital as far as it went, but not going far enough. That was rejected, and we were then compelled to go further, and we have now fallen upon the plan of reconstruction which I have been considering. It has been dictated by the logic of events. It overrides all arguments, overrides all prejudices, overrides all theory, in the presence of the necessity for preserving the life of this nation; and if future events shall determine that we must go further, I for one am prepared to say that I will go as far as shall be necessary to the execution of this guaranty, the reconstruction of this Republic upon a right basis, and the successful restoration of every part of this Union.

Mr. President, the column of reconstruction, as I before remarked, has risen slowly. It has not been hewn from a single stone. It is composed of many blocks, painfully laid

up and put together, and cemented by the tears and blood of the nation. Sir, we have done nothing arbitrarily. We have done nothing for punishment—aye, too little for punishment. Justice has not had her demand. Not a man has yet been executed for this great treason. The arch fiend himself is now at liberty upon bail. No man is to be punished; and now, while punishment has gone by, as we all know, we are insisting only upon security for the future. We are simply asking that the evil spirits who brought this war upon us shall not again come into power during this generation, again to bring upon us rebellion and calamity. We are simply asking for those securities that we deem necessary for our peace and the peace of our posterity.

Sir, there is one great difference between this Union party and the so-called Democratic party. Our principles are those of humanity; they are those of justice; they are those of equal rights; they are principles that appeal to the hearts and the consciences of men; while on the other side we hear appeals to the prejudice of race against race. The white man is overwhelmingly in the majority in this country, and that majority is yearly increased by half a million of white men from abroad, and that majority gaining in proportion from year to year until the colored men will finally be but a handful in this country; and yet we hear the prejudices of the white race appealed to to crush this other race, and to prevent it from rising to supremacy and power. Sir, there is nothing noble, there is nothing generous, there is nothing lovely in that policy or that appeal. How does that principle compare with ours? We are standing upon the broad platform of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the

pursuit of happiness." We say that these rights are not given by laws; are not given by the constitution; but they are the gift of God to every man born in the world. Oh, sir, how glorious is this great principle compared with the inhuman—I might say the heathenish—appeal to the prejudice of race against race; the endeavor further to excite the strong against the weak; the endeavor further to deprive the weak of their rights of protection against the strong.



GOLDWIN SMITH

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GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L., eminent English historian, essayist, and publicist, was born at Reading, England, Aug. 13, 1823. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford; took his degree of B. A. at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1845; became Fellow and tutor, and was called to the Bar in 1850, but has never practiced. In 1856, he was appointed regius professor of modern history at Oxford. In 1868, he came to the United States, and for a time filled the chair of professor of constitutional history at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. In 1871, he went to reside in Toronto, where he married and has since lived. Here he founded "The Canadian Monthly," "The Nation," "The Week," and "The Bystander," and has written largely to the magazines and reviews upon social and political topics. In politics he is a Liberal. Among his works are: "The Study of History," delivered at Oxford; "Irish History and Irish Character"; "Three English Statesmen" (Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt); "Lectures and Essays"; "A Moral Crusader"; "William Cowper"; "Life of Jane Austen"; "Canada and the Canadian Question"; "The United States, 1492–1871"; "The United Kingdom," a political history; "Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets"; "Essays on Questions of the Day"; "Oxford and her Colleges," and "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." He is known as a profound scholar and a writer of great brilliancy and distinction.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DOMINION

IN Great Britain Liberalism was now in the ascendant and had carried parliamentary reform. As its envoy, and in its mantle, Lord Durham, the son-in-law of Lord Grey, the Radical aristocrat, the draftsman of the Reform Bill, came out as governor and high commissioner to report on the disease and prescribe the remedy. He overrated his position and his authority, moved about, Radical though he was, in regal state, assumed the power of banishing rebels without process of law, fell into the clutches of Brougham, with whom he was at feud, was censured and resigned. But he had brought with him Charles Buller, an expert in colonial questions, with the help of whose pen and that of Gobbon Wakefield, he framed a report which by its great ability and momentous effects forms an epoch in colonial history.

The Durham report recommends the union of the two

Provinces and the concession of responsible government, that is, of a government like the British cabinet, virtually designated by the representatives of the people and holding office by the title of their confidence. "To conduct their government," says Durham of the Canadian people, "harmoniously, in accordance with its established principles, is now the business of its rulers; and I know not how it is possible to secure that harmony in any other way, than by administering the government on those principles which have been found perfectly efficacious in Great Britain.

"I would not impair a single prerogative of the Crown; on the contrary, I believe that the interests of the people of these colonies require the protection of prerogatives, which have not hitherto been exercised. But the Crown must, on the other hand, submit to the necessary consequences of representative institutions; and if it has to carry on the government in unison with a representative body, it must consent to carry it on by means of those in whom that representative body has confidence." What Durham meant by his saving words about the prerogative is not clear; nor has he explained how supreme power could be given to the colonial Parliament without taking away prerogative from the Crown. No effect, at all events, has ever been given to those words.

"We can venture," said the Tory periodical of that day in a notice of the report, "to answer, that every uncontradicted assertion of that volume will be made the excuse of future rebellions, every unquestioned principle will be hereafter perverted into a gospel of treason, and if that rank and infectious report does not receive the high, marked, and energetic discountenance and indignation of the imperial Crown and Parliament, British America is lost."

If resignation of authority is loss of dominion, the prediction of the writer in the "Quarterly" that British America would be lost, can hardly be said, from the Tory point of view, to have proved substantially unfounded.

The avowed object of union was the extinction of French nationality, which the authors of the report hoped would be brought about without violence by the political subjection of the weaker element to the influence of the stronger.

"I entertain," says Durham, "no doubts as to the national character which must be given to Lower Canada; it must be that of the British Empire; that of the majority of the population of British America; that of the great race which must, in the lapse of no long period of time, be predominant over the whole North American continent. Without effecting the change so rapidly or so roughly as to shock the feelings and trample on the welfare of the existing generation, it must henceforth be the first and steady purpose of the British government to establish an English population, with English laws and language, in this Province, and to trust its government to none but a decidedly English legislature."

Union was accepted in Upper Canada. On the French Province, by which it would certainly have been rejected, it was imposed, the constitution there having been suspended. For the united Provinces the constitution was in form the same as it had been for each of the Provinces separately, with the governor and his executive council, a legislative council appointed by the governor and a legislative assembly elected by the people; but with "responsible government," the understanding henceforth being in Canada as in Great Britain that the governor should accept as the members of his executive council and the framers of his policy the leaders of the majority in Parliament. The upper House was after-

ward made, like the lower, elective with the constituencies wider than those for the lower House. The same number of members in the legislative assembly was assigned to each of the two Provinces, though the population of Quebec was at this time far the larger of the two.

The constitution thus granted to the colony was in reality far more democratic than that of the mother country, where, besides a court actually present and a hereditary upper House, there were the influences of a great land-owning gentry and other social forces of a conservative kind, as well as deep-seated tradition, to control the political action of the people.

Not without a pang or without a struggle did the colonial office or the governors finally acquiesce in responsible government and the virtual independence of the colony. Poulett Thomson, afterward Lord Sydenham, sent out as governor by the Melbourne ministry, showed some inclination to revert to the old paths, shape his own policy, and hold himself responsible to the colonial office rather than to the Canadian people; but he was a shrewd politician and took care to steer clear of rocks. His successor, Bagot, though a Conservative and appointed by a Conservative government, surprised everybody by discreet and somewhat epicurean pliancy to the exigencies of his political position. He reigned in peace.

But Metcalfe, who followed him, had been trained in the despotic government of India. Backed by the Conservative government which had sent him out, he made strenuous efforts to recover something of the old power of a governor, to shape his own course, and make his appointments himself, not at the dictation of responsible ministers. The result was a furious storm. Fiery invectives were interchanged in

Parliament and in the press. At elections stones and brickbats flew. Canada was for several months without a government. The fatal illness of the governor terminated the strife.

Lord Elgin, when he became governor, heartily embraced the principle of responsible government, and upon the demise of the ministry sent at once for the leader of the opposition. He flattered himself that he was able to do more under that system than he could have done if invested with personal authority. That he could have done a good deal under any system by his moral influence was most likely, for he was one of the most characteristic and best specimens of imperial statesmanship. But moral influence is not constitutional power. About the last relic of the political world before responsibility was Dominick Daly, who deemed it his duty to stay in office, any changes in the ministry and principles of government notwithstanding.

The other North American colonies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, went through a similar course of contest for supreme power between the governor with the council nominated by him and the elective assembly, ending in the same way. On them also the boon of responsible government was conferred. In the case of Prince Edward Island the political problem had been complicated by an agrarian struggle with the body of grantees among whom the crown in its feudal character of supreme land-owner, had parcelled out the island.

Liberalism now gained the upper hand in the united Canada and ultimately carried its various points. Exiled rebels returned. William Lyon Mackenzie himself was, in time, again elected to Parliament, and Rolph, another fugitive, was admitted to the government. The clergy re-

serves were secularized, university education was made unsectarian, and religious equality became the law. The seigniories in the French Province were abolished, compensation being given to the lords.

The passions of the civil war were for a moment revived when an act was passed awarding compensation to those whose property had suffered in the suppression of the rebellion. This the Tories took to be payment of rebels. They dropped their loyalty, as Tories are apt to do when Liberals are in power, stoned the governor-general, Lord Elgin, who had assented to the bill, and burned the Parliament House at Montreal. But Lord Elgin, calmly wise, and well sustained at home, restored peace.

As an attempt to suppress the French nationality, union signally failed. The French, the mass of them at least, clung together more closely than ever, and the other race being split into factions, held the key of the political situation. They enforced the repeal of the clause in the Union act, making English the only official language. A candidate for the speakership was rejected on the ground of his ignorance of French. At most the French politicians became half Anglicized, as their successors do at present, for the purposes of the political field. It came to be recognized as a rule that government must have a majority of both sections. To the antagonism between English and French was added the strife between Orangeism, which had been imported into Canada, though rather in its political than in its religious character, and the Catholics, French or Irish.

The population of the British Province having now outgrown that of the French Province, agitation for representation by population commenced on the British side. There ensued a series of cabals, intrigues, and faction fights which

lasted for about a quarter of a century, all intelligible principles of difference being lost in the struggle for place, though one question after another was taken up as a counter in the game. The only available statesmanship was address in the management of party. In this John A. Macdonald was supreme, and gained the ascendency which made him ruler of Canada for many years.

Durham, in his report, had spoken freely of the sad contrast between the wonderful prosperity of the United States and the comparative backwardness of Canada. The contrast was still more felt when, by England's adoption of free trade, Canada lost her privileges in the British market, while she was excluded from the market of her own continent. A petition signed by three hundred and twenty-five persons, including the chiefs of commerce, proposed among other remedies, "A friendly and peaceful separation from British connection, and a union upon equitable terms with the great North American Confederacy of Sovereign States."

To open a safety valve for this discontent, Lord Elgin went to Washington and negotiated a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The Democratic party, that is, the party of slavery, then dominant, would be ready enough to do whatever would prevent Canada from entering the union and turning the balance against slavery. At the same time that Canada lost her privilege in the British market, British privilege in the Canadian market was virtually given up, and the colony received fiscal independence.

Faction, cabal, intrigue, and antagonism between the British and the French Province ended in a political deadlock from which the leaders of parties, combining for the moment, agreed to escape by merging their quarrels in a confederation of all the British Provinces of North America. Into this con-

federation Upper or British Canada, now called Ontario, and French Canada, now called Quebec, came at once. New Brunswick came early and freely. Nova Scotia was drawn in by questionable means. Prince Edward Island came in later of her own accord. The vast Northwest was afterward purchased of the Hudson's Bay Company and added to the confederation after the American model as a set of Territories to be received, when peopled, as Provinces of the Dominion. British Columbia was ultimately incorporated by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent. Some of the authors of confederation would have preferred a legislative to a federal union. This was precluded by the jealous nationality of the French Province and its adherence to its own civil law.

Federation this process was called, but the form of polity comprised in the British North America act is not that of federation proper; it is that of a nation with a federal structure. There is a wide and important difference between the two. In federation proper, which has usually been the offspring of union for common defence, the several states remain sovereign. The federal government is formed of delegates from the several States. Its powers are confined to the objects of the bond, security from without and peace within; it has the power of requisition only, not of taxation; nor has it any general legislative powers.

The American colonies during their struggle for independence were a federation proper; having afterward adopted their constitution, they became a nation with a federal structure; if any doubt remained upon that point it was dispelled by the war of secession. The political parties are national; they extend into State politics, and there has been a general tendency of the national to prevail over the federal element.

In the case of Canadian confederation the national element was from the first stronger than the federal in this respect, that the residuary power which the American constitution leaves in the States was by the Canadian constitution assigned to the Dominion.

On the other hand, the geographical relations of the Canadian Provinces, which are stretched in broken line across the continent, and separated from each other by great spaces or barriers of nature, so that there is not much natural trade or interchange of population, are a bar to the ascendency of the national over the federal element. Provinces send their delegations to Ottawa charged with provincial interests, especially with reference to the outlay on public works; and it is necessary to have thirteen members in the cabinet in order to give each Province its share, while a cabinet, or to speak more properly, an administrative council of eight suffices for the population, fourteen times larger, of the United States. Political parties, however, extend over all the Provinces and generally into Provincial politics, though in the remoter Provinces, with a large element, and in British Columbia with a predominance of local objects. On the two old Canadas, now Ontario and Quebec, but chiefly on Ontario, have lain the stress and burden of confederation. Ontario has paid more than sixty per cent of the taxes.

The imperial element in the Canadian constitution is represented, besides the appointment of the governor-general and the commander of the militia, by an imperial veto on Canadian legislation, which however is becoming almost nominal; the appellate jurisdiction of the privy council, which has been partly pared away; and the subjection of Canadian relations with foreign countries to the authority of the imperial foreign office, which again is gradually giving way to Canadian

autonomy, though with British responsibility and under the protection of the British army and navy; a colony having no means of asserting its claims by war.

Nor must we forget the influence of imperial titles and honors which on colonial politicians is great. The Canadian constitution, moreover, though framed in the main by Canadian politicians, is embodied in an imperial act of Parliament, subject to repeal or amendment only by the same authority by which it was passed. A community living under a constitution imposed by external authority and without the power of peace or war, can hardly be said yet to have attained the status of a nation.

The monarchical element consists of the governor-general, representing the British sovereign, and equally divested of personal power, with lieutenant-governors of Provinces appointed nominally by the governor-general, really by the prime minister, and figure-heads like their chief, the places being, in fact, retiring pensions for veteran politicians.

There is an upper House, in the shape of a Senate, the members of which are appointed for life, ostensibly by the Crown, really by the leader of the party in power. If the appointments were really in the Crown there might be some opening for the general eminence of which a model Senate would be the seat. As it is, these appointments merely form an addition to the patronage fund of party. The illusory name of the " Crown " reconciles people to the exercise, by party leaders, of powers which might otherwise be withheld. A certain number of places in the Senate is assigned to each Province; so that whatever power the Senate has may be reckoned among the federal elements of the constitution.

The Canadian constitution, with its cabinet of ministers sitting in Parliament and controlling legislation, its preroga-

tive exercised formally by the Crown, really by the prime minister, of calling and dissolving Parliament, adapts itself to party government, for which the American constitution, with its election of a President for a stated term, and its separation of the administrative council, miscalled a cabinet, from the legislature, is a manifest misfit. Party takes its usual form and proceeds by its usual methods, though the necessity of holding together Provinces geographically and commercially disunited, so as to form a basis for the government, induces a special resort to the influence of federal subsidies for local works.

The exact relation of a colony on the footing on which Canada now is to the imperial country it would be difficult to define, though definition may presently be needful if misunderstanding is to be escaped. The Crown, by the British North America act, renounces its supreme ownership of the land by handing over the lands to the Provinces. The personal fealty of the colonists to the sovereign of Great Britain remains.

GALUSHA A. GROW

GALUSHA AARON GROW, American congressman and lawyer, was born at Ashford (now Eastford), Conn., Aug. 31, 1823. He lost his father when but three years old, and in 1834 his mother and family removed to Susquehanna Co., Pa. For several years he worked on a farm in summer, attending school only in winter time till he was sent in 1837 to Franklin Academy, in the same county in which he lived. From there he went to Amherst College, graduating in 1844, and taking up the study of law was in 1847 admitted to the Bar of Susquehanna County. He declined a unanimous nomination to the State legislature in August, 1850, and in the following October was elected to the national House of Representatives to succeed David Wilmot. He sat in Congress 1851–53, 1855–57, and was Speaker of the House during the Thirty-seventh Congress, 1861–63. After the formation of the Republican party, he allied himself with the Republicans, and in 1864 and again in 1868 was a delegate to the Republican convention at Baltimore. From 1871 to 1876, he resided in Texas, where he was president of the International and Great Northern R.R. In 1876, he declined the mission to Russia which was tendered to him in the latter year. In 1894, he was elected Congressman-at-Large. Among his important speeches are those on the Homestead Bill, Feb. 21, 1854, the Kansas and Nebraska speech delivered in the following May, and "Free Homes for Free Men," delivered Feb. 29, 1860.

ON MANILA

MR. SPEAKER,—What is the duty and present responsibility of this nation to liberty and humanity? On the 21st day of April, 1898, Congress authorized and directed the President to use the army and navy of the United States to compel Spain to withdraw her flag and abandon forever her sovereignty over the island of Cuba. Never was an act of Congress more universally approved by the people.

Within ten days after this direction to the President, a squadron of the American navy, cruising in Asiatic waters, in obedience to orders received by its commander to strike

the enemy wherever found and "to capture or destroy his ships," sailed into the harbor of Manila and destroyed the Pacific squadron of the Spanish navy in a victory unparalleled in the world's history of naval warfare. From that time to this the flag of the United States has floated supreme in the bay of Manila, and within one hundred days from the declaration of war by Congress it floated in triumph over Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, from all of which the flag and sovereignty of Spain was forever expelled.

Thus, by the fortunes of war, approved in its beginning almost unanimously by the people, were Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands added to the territory of the United States. Such territory, whether desirable or not, was thenceforth to be either Spanish or American. This was the only alternative. The war, it is true, was begun on our part in behalf of liberty and humanity for a million and a half of people in the island of Cuba. Are liberty and humanity questions of latitude and longitude? Spanish rule for three hundred years in the Philippine Islands had been scarcely less cruel than in the island of Cuba. In the fortunes of war the first act against the enemy was the destruction of Spanish sovereignty over eight or ten millions of people in the far-off Philippines instead of the million and a half in Cuba.

Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands were acquired in the fortunes of war and by a treaty of peace with Spain, in the same way that California and other territory was acquired in the fortunes of war and by a treaty of peace with Mexico; $20,000,000 was paid to Spain in concluding with her a treaty of peace; $15,000,000 was paid to Mexico in concluding with her a treaty of peace. The $20,000,000 paid to Spain was for her relinquishment of sovereignty over Cuba, Puerto Rico, and all her islands in the West Indies,

and over the island of Guam and the Philippines in the Pacific Ocean.

These $20,000,000 offered by the American commission in the form of an ultimatum at the close of negotiations, before a single article of the treaty had been finally concluded, were to cover all cessions of territory and all questions in controversy as to the debts and public property of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. The $15,000,000 paid to Mexico was for the relinquishment of her sovereignty over the territory we acquired lying west of the Louisiana purchase. The payment in both these cases was, as defined by Vattel in his "Law of Nations," the act of "an equitable conqueror."

This government has never acquired any territory outside of the original thirteen colonies without the payment of a money consideration satisfactory to the parties in interest. There is no question of forcible annexation of territory before the American people now, nor has there been. But there is a question of forcible suppression of an insurrection against the authority and sovereignty of the United States.

The flag of our fathers floats to-day over Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands just as rightfully as over Alaska or any of the territory acquired from France or Mexico. Whether this acquisition of far-off territory is good or bad, it has fallen to us unsought and unexpected in the fortunes of war—a war that marks a new era in the history of the nations, begun in no spirit of conquest or desire for territorial expansion, but only in response to the piercing cries of a common humanity by a people doomed by their oppressors to extermination by starvation and the sword.

After American arms had triumphed on land and sea, the only alternative presented was whether the Stars and Stripes

of the United States or the Castles and Lions of Spain should float over these islands. Where is there an American heart, or one anywhere else in Christian civilization, so craven as to have justified the great Republic in giving back these islands, with their eight or ten million people, to the cruel despotism of Spain? Such a disgraceful act on our part, under the circumstances, would have been an indelible stain through all time upon the character of the American people.

After boldly proclaiming to the world that we were fighting the battles of liberty and humanity on behalf of a people crushed by a cruel despotism, were we to sheath the sword as soon as we became apprehensive that the contest might in the end impose something of a burden not foreseen upon ourselves, and for that reason were we to remand the helpless oppressed, whom we had rescued, back to the care of the oppressor?

What shall be done with these islands and what shall be the government for their inhabitants is now a question to be settled by the Congress of the United States.

But our anti-imperialist statesmen claim that, instead of Congress, it rightfully belongs to Aguinaldo to say what kind of government shall be established for the eight or ten millions of inhabitants in the Philippine Islands. If Aguinaldo and his little band of Tagalos drove Spain from these islands and compelled her to sue for peace, then in that case he might, as conqueror, have the right to dictate the kind of government to take the place of the Spanish government overthrown.

Whatever power destroys organized government over a people becomes morally responsible to the civilization of the age to replace the government overthrown by one equally if not more efficient for the protection of life and property.

Spain relinquished her sovereignty over the Philippine Islands to the United States of America, not to Aguinaldo. From the time that was done the United States became responsible in the forum of nations to see that an efficient government is established for these islands.

We are told by the defenders of Aguinaldo and his Tagalo insurgents, as an excuse for their acts, that one nation cannot govern another nation. The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands never were a nation and never had a government of their own. The eight or ten millions of their inhabitants, scattered over some thousand or more islands, consist of different tribes speaking different languages and of all degrees of civilization. Is not Congress just as competent to legislate for these former subjects of Spain as for the inhabitants of Alaska, former subjects of Russia, or for the people in the Territories of the Union?

Under the government of the United States, since the last amendments to the constitution, the personal, civil, and religious rights of all its inhabitants, whether near or far off, are secured to them in the language of the supreme court, "by the principles of constitutional liberty, which restrains all the agencies of government, State, and nation."

In these paramount rights the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands would be protected by Congress just the same as are the inhabitants of the District of Columbia. Will even the anti-imperialists say that the inhabitants of the District of Columbia are living under a despotic government and would therefore be justified in taking up arms against the government of the United States?

The defenders of Aguinaldo claim that he and his Tagalo insurgents are justified in warring upon the United States, which released them from Spanish despotism, just the same

as they would be if they were fighting Spain, for it is only, as they say, a change of masters. Thus they malign the institutions of their own country and libel the character of the people's chosen representatives. There can be no valid legislation by Congress inconsistent with the principles of constitutional liberty. The history of Spanish rule over her colonies has always been a blood-stained record of cruelty and lawless violence. Would not the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands be under a free government when under the government of the United States? A people everywhere are justified in warring against despotism. But in this age of Christian civilization they are not justified anywhere in warring against free government.

Never was there an American gun turned upon any of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands until its Tagalo insurgents began killing American soldiers, who in the fortunes of war came to their country not as conquerors, but as their deliverers from the cruelties of Spanish rule, while prosecuting a war for the delivery of a million and a half of Spanish subjects under the same rule in the island of Cuba.

The first great duty of the United States now is to suppress the Tagalo insurrection against its authority and to establish order in the Philippine Islands. And when that is done, to provide a government for the protection of the civil and religious rights of their inhabitants, the same as is now done for the inhabitants of the District of Columbia or the Territories of the Union.

There is no question of territorial expansion or forcible annexation to be settled. That was settled by American guns at Manila and San Juan Hill, ratified by a treaty of peace with Spain. Right or wrong, good or bad, American territory has already been expanded. Our flag, raised first by a

triumph in arms and next from our unavoidable position by a treaty of peace, floats to-day over the Philippine Islands just as rightfully as over this Capitol.

Wherever on the earth's surface that flag shall once rightfully float it can never be removed, save by an act of Congress or by an order of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy in time of war. Any attempt to remove it in any other way would be an act of treason against the sovereignty of the United States, the same as it was in 1861, when General Dix said: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

The terms that General Grant fixed for all persons engaged in such attempts was "unconditional surrender." Why should any different terms be made now for Malay or Mongolian insurgents than was made then for American citizens born on American soil.

History is constantly repeating itself. Then there were those who claimed that war was Lincoln's war; now there are those who declare this war is McKinley's war; then it was copperhead; now it is anti-imperialist. Then there were self-assumed superior patriots who saw great danger to the liberties of the country in the disbanding of the two armies composed of over 2,000,000 of armed men. Now the same kind of patriots see great danger for the future of the Republic in the development of a spirit of militarism should the regular army exceed 25,000 men.

Can the liberties of the American people—now 75,000,000 and doubling in number every thirty years, scattered over a territorial area of almost 4,000,000 square miles, with forty-five independent States, to be hereafter increased in number, each fully organized with executive, judicial, and legislative powers, and each with an organized militia of its own citi-

zens—be in danger of overthrow now, or any other time in the hereafter, by fifty or sixty thousand or any other number of citizens soldiers in the regular army? When the American people shall forget the glorious traditions of a heroic ancestry and become themselves fit subjects for slaves, then and not till then will their liberties be in danger of overthrow from any spirit of militarism within or from foreign aggression without.

This nation is not running the race the old lost nations ran, that "died of unbelief in God and wrong to man." No nation ever yet died or ever will, no matter what the extent of its territory or how vast its population, if governed by just laws and its people are imbued with a spirit of humanity as broad as the race.

Before the declaration of war with Spain the wisdom of far-off territorial acquisitions might have been a proper subject for consideration by the people of the United States. But as to the acquisition of territory in Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands, it is a question settled by the arbitrament of the sword in the fortunes of war and by a treaty of peace recognized as valid by all nations.

There always was and probably always will be a class of "has beens" who delight in perverting the facts of history in order to put their own country in the wrong so they can have an excuse for opposing its administration, and who are always uttering warnings of danger and weeping in pathetic sorrow over the degeneracy of the times in the closing years of their own existence. So, to-day, these prophets of evil from the hilltops of a happy and prosperous republic are, Jeremiah-like, pouring out their lamentations over the extension of American free institutions. Legislative wisdom, statesmanship, and patriotism in the chosen representations

of the American people will not die with this generation, and I trust will not in any other.

Over a century ago our fathers, by their heroic deeds, consecrated the Fourth of July, 1776, as the birthday of a new era in the cycles of civilization. Is there anybody that would now change, if he could, the final results as we have them of this great experiment of free constitutional government? The result has come to us only by each generation of the people boldly meeting in peace or war their responsibilities to liberty and humanity as they have been cast upon them in the providences of human events.

Let this generation, then, imitating those of the bygone, shrink not from a manly discharge of its duty and responsibilities to liberty and the rights of a common humanity, though they may have been cast upon it unexpected and unforeseen in the fortunes of a just war. Every acquisition of territory by the United States heretofore, though opposed at the time by some self-assumed superior patriots, has always received the hearty approval of the people.

From my first entry into public life I have never had any fears for the future of the republic by reason of the expansion of its territory and the extension of its free institutions. Pending the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in Congress in 1854, I then said relative to expansion:

"Who believes that the territorial expansion of the republic will not continue until it covers the whole continent? It is one of the incidents of our position, resulting from the habits of our people and the character of surrounding nationalities. While the pioneer spirit presses on into the wilderness, snatching new areas from the wild beast and bequeathing them a legacy to civilized man, it is in vain you attempt to stay his progress by meridian lines or legislative enactments.

"The habits of his life and the promptings of his nature

are stronger than the river or mountain barriers of nations. When he has covered the whole continent with the abodes of civilized life, seizing the standard of the Republic, he will bear it, with the spirit and genius of free institutions, across the mighty deep to regenerate old dynasties and breathe new life into decaying empires. This, no matter what may be the views of statesmen or the policy of legislation, is our mission, our manifest destiny. For energy, intelligence, and superior enterprise are destiny, and whoever attempts to stay it may be borne down by the tide, but he cannot change the current."

These words, uttered in no spirit of prophecy, and which at the time were only a plain statement of the characteristics of the American people and the surrounding conditions of national existence to-day, are, by the fortunes of war, prophecy fulfilled. But what prophetic ken can pierce the veil of the now overhanging future? The Atlantic Ocean, rolling between two mighty hemispheres, is a German, French, and English sea. But the Pacific Ocean, with almost twice the area of waters washing the shores of nationalities containing two thirds the population of the globe, is henceforth to be an American sea covered with American ships laden with the products of American industry. The commerce of half the world, realizing the dream of Columbus, will go westward to find the Indies.

England, facing eastward, carrying her Magna Charta of personal rights and all her great institutions of civil and religious liberty, and the United States of America, first-born of these institutions, facing westward, carrying the same institutions, with the practical experience of over a hundred years in self-government, will some day meet in the far-off Orient, having belted the globe with institutions of civil and religious liberty and constitutional free government for all mankind.

The white man can never lay down his burden so long as

oppression and national injustice and wrong exist among the children of men. Nations like individuals owe something to a common humanity, for they are the trustees of civilization. It is ordained in the retributions of that overruling Providence which controls in the affairs of men that nations cannot shirk their responsibilities to liberty and humanity when cast upon them in the course of human events without bitter retributions soon or late in national disasters.

"The ships will part the unknown sea,
The march of thought will reach the strand;
The onward wave of destiny
Will change the features of the land.

"The evil must give place to good,
The false before the true must fade;
There is no stay in Nature's way.
Men cannot choose or peace or war;
She sets the task, and none may ask
What her far-reaching councils are.

"Not in the way the world would please
The needed changes may be wrought;
When and wherever fate decrees
The destined battles will be fought.

"The towers of strength give way at length,
If they be not by right maintained,
And in their place a higher race
Shall build as it has been ordained."

The American defenders of the Tagalo insurgents have no excuse for themselves in any acts of the American colonists. Our fathers in 1776 took up arms against unjust legislation and the attempt by the ministry of George III to restrict the rights and privileges of Englishmen. The colonists had governments of their own, which they were defending against encroachments by the British Parliament.

The Tagalos in attacking the American army which delivered them from Spanish despotism had no government of their own to defend, for none had ever been established; and they were not resisting unjust laws, for no laws of any kind

had been passed; nor had any act of any kind been done by the American people or its army injurious or even unfriendly to the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands.

President Lincoln on the 4th of March, 1861, from the eastern portico of this Capitol, in addressing his dissatisfied fellow countrymen, said: "You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors."

In like manner President McKinley through his commanding general notified the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands that they could have no conflict with the United States without they themselves being the aggressors.

General Otis, January 9, 1899, in a communication to Aguinaldo, said: "I am under strict orders of the President of the United States to avoid conflict in every way possible. There shall be no conflict of forces if I am able to avoid it."

In the evening of February 4, 1899, Aguinaldo and his Tagalos became the aggressors and opened fire along their whole entrenched line upon the American soldiers guarding Manila. The same night Agoncillo, friend and special agent of Aguinaldo, leaves Washington hastily by the midnight train for Canada, hours before any one else in Washington knew of the attack of the Tagalos upon the American army. From that time to this the Tagalo insurrection has continued in pursuance of the plans formed by Aguinaldo in August, 1898, before the capitulation of Manila, when he announced himself dictator and addressed a communication to the leading powers, asking their recognition of the independence of the Philippines, and in pursuance of his purpose to capture or drive the American army out of Manila.

The Tagalos, under Aguinaldo, took up arms to kill their benefactors, who had never done them an injury, but who had periled their lives to release them from the cruelties of

Spanish rule. At the demand of such an enemy—an enemy that knows no gratitude and whose barbarism holds prisoners of war for a money ransom—shall the flag of our fathers be lowered—a flag that never yet was lowered, save at the grave of the hero who died in its defence?

There is no justification for the American defenders of the Tagalo insurgents in anything contained in the Declaration of American Independence. The revolt of the American colonies began in a protest against unjust laws. Even after the few overzealous patriots had thrown the shipload of imported tea into the waters of Massachusetts Bay, Washington, Franklin, Adams, and Hancock, and most of their co-patriots, had no idea of establishing a government independent of that of Great Britain.

The Earl of Chatham, Burke, Barre, Wilkes, and other English statesmen in advocating the cause of the colonies were defending the constitutional rights of Englishmen. And none of them ever advocated the right of the colonies to set up for themselves an independent government.

At length, after the failure of petition and protest, fifty-six bold merchants, farmers, lawyers, and mechanics, representing the organized governments of thirteen colonies, on the 4th of July, 1776, declared that their allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain was at an end. In justification of their act in severing their allegiance to the mother country and in combating the dogma of the divine right of kingly rule they proclaimed certain self-evident truths, among which was that "The just powers of governments are derived from the consent of the governed."

Up to that time mankind had been regarded as composed of two classes—the one born to rule, the other to be ruled; the one possessing all rights in the State, the other possessing

no rights save such as might be conferred by the ruling class. It was in combating this claim of the few and the old political dogma of the divine right of kingly rule that our fathers declared that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed. In theory, a self-evident truth; but in actual practice then and ever since governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, if the governed are fitted for self-government. Consent of the criminal classes or of the stupidly ignorant are not necessary for a just government, never has been, and never will be.

The self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence proclaimed by our fathers in opposing the political dogmas of their times were ideals to be finally reached in the onward progress of the race to a higher and more perfect civilization, as the polar star, fixed in the heavens, is a guide for the mariner in his course to a haven of safety over tempest-tossed seas.

These ideals were not intended or expected by those who declared them to be reduced to immediate practice, for they did not themselves incorporate them into the framework of the new government which they established. One seventh of the entire population under their new government were chattel-born slaves, bought and sold at the auction block, and continued such for almost a century after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The consent of women, one half of the population to be governed, was not sought then nor since in order to give just powers to their government.

The Saviour of mankind, when on earth, bade his disciples, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." If this injunction is to be the practical test of Christian character, then there are no Christians in the world. But a time was promised in the long-coming future when this test applied to the pilgrims on earth would not be mere theory.

The ideals of the Declaration of Independence practically apply, and were intended only thus to apply, to a people fitted for self-government. It is an absurdity to apply them in practice to a people unfitted by general intelligence or experience to carry on a free and stable government by which alone these rights can be secured to the individual.

Lafayette, years after he tendered his life with his sword to the cause of American independence, advised the crowning of Louis Philippe King of France instead of the establishment of a republic, for the reason, as he said, that the French people were not at that time as well fitted for self-government as are the Tagalos now, or any other portion of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands.

The American colonies had a practical experience in self-government under their respective charters from the Crown of Great Britain in township, county, and State administration for more than a hundred years, and yet not one of them adopted in practice then, nor have they since, the self-evident truth which they put in the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Even Massachusetts, home of Edward Atkinson and other like kindred spirits, has no provision in her organic law for ascertaining the consent of even a majority of her adult population to the constitution under which they live, or their consent to the enactment of the laws which they must obey. The legal voters anywhere are not one half of the adult population whose consent in theory is requisite for just government.

The defenders of the Tagalo insurgents, calling themselves anti-imperialists, insist that these ideals of our fathers, which

have never yet been incorporated practically into any government, shall be made a part of the government to be established for the conglomerate of Malay and Mongolian population in the Philippine Islands, a population which have never had any experience in any kind of self-government and whose unfitness for such government at the present time is everywhere admitted.

But the population of these islands, under the controlling influence of the United States, with its free institutions, and their own better conditions after peace and order shall have been established, will no doubt in a short time become fitted for self-government. When that time shall come and the United States of America shall establish for these islands, with their eight or ten millions of people, a free and independent government, to be administered by themselves, it will be the gift of the great Republic to civilization of a colossal statue of liberty enlightening the world, throwing its refulgent rays from the mountain peaks overlooking the Bay of Manila, across the Chinese Sea, and over the empire of oldest time, where dwells one fourth of the present population of the globe.

Such is the mission, the manifest destiny, of this nation now, in behalf of liberty and humanity, the same as it was threescore years ago, before the pioneer settler scaled the snow-crowned summits of the Sierras or the flag of our fathers fluttered along the shores of the Pacific.

Henceforth, over whatever portion of the earth's surface the flag of the great Republic shall float, it will be the emblem of liberty, justice, and humanity, beckoning the race on to a higher and better civilization.

> Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last.

BENJAMIN H. HILL

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL, American politician and lawyer, was born in Jasper Co., Ga., Sept. 14, 1823, and died at Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 19, 1882. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and after studying law and being admitted to the Bar, began to practice his profession at La Grange, Ga. He entered the State legislature in 1851, and was for ten years a leader of the Georgia Whigs. As a member of the Secession convention summoned by his native State in January, 1861, he advocated the cause of the Union, until the ordinance of secession was passed; he then acquiesced in the decision thus made by his State. He was a prominent adherent of the Confederate cause, serving in the Confederate Senate throughout the Civil War, and in May, 1865, was arrested and for a time imprisoned in Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor. In his "Notes on the Situation in Georgia," issued in 1867 68, he opposed the reconstruction measures of Congress, but in 1870 issued "An Address to the People of Georgia," advising them to "accept the situation." For the next two years he withdrew from public life, but in 1872 supported the Greeley nomination for the Presidency, and in 1875 entered Congress as Democratic representative. In 1877, he was elected to the United States Senate. Hill was noted for his eloquence alike in the court-room and in Congress, and was likewise recognized as an able constitutional lawyer. Among his best-known congressional efforts are his reply in the House to Blaine, and his speech in the Senate denouncing Mahone's coalition with the Republican party. A monument has been erected to him in Atlanta, Ga.

ON THE PERILS OF THE NATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S DEMOCRATIC UNION OCTOBER 8, 1868

PEOPLE OF THE NORTH,—In deference to the earnest wishes of a committee from the Young Men's Democratic Union Club, and the request of personal friends, some of whom differ with me in political views, I depart from my original intention not to make a speech in the North, and appear before you this evening.

I do not come to ask any favor for the Southern people. The representative, however, of that people who have ex-

perienced burdens of despotic power, and the insecurity of anarchy, I come, all the more earnestly, to address you in behalf of imperilled constitutional free government. Will you hear me without passion?

The South—exhausted by a long war and unusual losses—needs peace; desires peace; begs for peace. The North—distrustful, if not vindictive—demands guarantees that the South will keep the peace she so much needs.

In countries where wars have been more frequent, the important fact is well established by experiment, that magnanimity in the conqueror is the very highest guaranty of contented submission by the conquered. It is to be regretted that you seem not to have learned this lesson. A people who will not be magnanimous in victory are not worthy to be, and will not always remain, victors.

In the next place, if you of the North would only open your eyes and see the plainest truth of the century—that the Southern people fought for what they believed to be their right—you would find at once a sufficient guarantee for peace. The South believed honestly, fought bravely, and surrendered frankly; and in each of these facts she presents the most ample title to credit. Why will you not see and admit the fact which must go into history, that the Southern people honestly believed they had a right to secede? Some of the wisest framers of the constitution taught that doctrine. Many of the ablest men in the North, as well as in the South, of every generation, have taught this doctrine. Some of your own States made the recognition of that right, the recognition of their acceptance of union. Even your own Webster—your orator without a rival among you, dead or living—taught that this right existed for cause—certainly for much less cause than now exists. Will you, then, persist in

saying that the Southern people are all traitors for exercising, or attempting to exercise, what such men and such States taught was a right? Will you say they did not honestly believe such teachers? Was it their intent to commit treason?

Here lies the whole cause of our continued troubles. The North will not admit what all other people know, and what all history must concede—that the South honestly believed in the right of secession. As a result of this infidelity to such plain fact, you assume that the Southern people are criminals. This idea is the sum of all your politics and statesmanship. It must be abandoned. It must be repudiated thoroughly and promptly. There can never be any peaceful and cordial reunion possible while one half the nation regard the other half as criminals. How can you trust criminals? Why should you desire Union with criminals? If the Southern people are honest, their assent to the non-secession construction of the constitution is a sufficient guarantee. If they are not honest, but criminals, no promise they could make ought to be trusted. Power is the only guaranty of fidelity in criminals, and if you cannot believe and cannot trust the South, you must, indeed, abandon the constitution and govern with power forever, or you must give up the South as unworthy to federate with you in an equal government of consent.

I speak frankly. If you cannot abandon this miserable theory and habit in your politics, in your religion, and in your schools, of regarding the Southern people as criminal traitors for attempting what good men, and wise men, and great men taught was their right, you will make peaceful reunion under free institutions utterly impossible.

You must hold them as friends, or let them go as foreign-

ers, or govern them as subjects. If you govern them as subjects you must share the penalty, for the same government can never administer freedom to one half and despotism to the other half of the same nation.

Rise above your passions, then, and realize that herein is your guaranty: The South believed honestly, fought bravely, and surrendered frankly.

Again. The exhausted condition of the South ought to inspire you with confidence in her professions of a desire for peace. Are you afraid for her to recover strength? Take care lest the desperation of exhaustion prove stronger than the sinews of prosperity. Peace is not desirable without its blessings.

But you of the North will not try magnanimity: will insist that the Southern people are traitors; and that an exhausted people are dangerous, and you must have guaranties. In your papers, from your pulpits, behind your counters, on your streets, and along your highways, I hear the perpetual charge that the South fought to destroy the government, committed treason and murder, and every inhuman crime, and that she is still intractable and rebellious, and dangerous, and insincere, and must concede and give guaranties.

Well, I am here to show you that the South has made every concession that an honorable people would exact, or an honest people could make. . . .

People of the North, will you not rise above passion, and save your own honor, and our common free government by doing plain justice to a people who accepted your pledge, and trusted your honor?

I beg you to understand the facts of actual history before it is too late. I repeat and beg you to note what the South has already conceded as the results of the war:

First. The South conceded at Appomattox, that the arguments of the ablest statesmen America ever produced, in favor of the right of secession as a constitutional remedy, had been replied to in the only manner they could be effectually replied to, by physical force; and the South consented that this judgment, written by the sword, should have legal force and effect.

Second. The South, by her own act, made valid the emancipation of her slaves in the only way in which that emancipation could be made valid, and thus gave up the property the North sold her, without compensation.

Third. The South has solemnly repudiated her debts, contracted in her defence, and has agreed to pay a full share of the debt contracted for her subjugation.

Fourth. The South has permitted without hindrance, the Congress to enter her States and establish tribunals unknown to the constitution, to govern a portion of their population in a manner different from the governments of the States.

Fifth. The South has agreed to make the negroes citizens and give them absolutely equal civil rights with the whites, and to extend to them every protection of law and every facility for education and improvement which are extended to the whites.

Sixth. In a word, I repeat, the South has agreed to everything which has been proposed by the civil or military governments of the United States and by every department of that government, except the single demand to disfranchise their own best men from their own State offices, at a time when their counsels are most needed, or to consent that negroes and strangers may disfranchise them.

For this, and for this only, all their other concessions are spit upon, and they are denounced as intractable, insincere,

rebellious, and unwilling to accept the results of the war! Shame upon leaders who persist in such charges; and shame upon a people who will sustain such leaders! . . .

But what will the South do? I will tell you first what the South will not do, in my opinion.

The South will not secede again. That was her great folly —folly against her own interest, not wrong against you. Mark this: That folly will not be repeated. Even if the people of the South desire the disruption of the federal government, their statesmen have the sagacity to see that that result can more effectually come of this secession of the North from the constitution. Those ominous words "outside of the constitution" are more terribly significant than those other words "secession from the Union." The former is a secession having all the vices of the latter greatly increased and none of its virtues. Certainly none of its manliness, straightforward candor, and justification. So note this: The South does not desire nor seek disunion. If she desired it she does not deem another secession necessary to bring it about. Disunion will come from Chicago, in spite of Southern opposition.

The South will not re-enslave the negro. She did not enslave him in the first instance. That was your work. The South took your slave-savage and gave him the highest civilization ever reached by the negro. You then freed him and kept the price of his slavery, and you alone hold the property that was in human flesh.

But the Southern whites will never consent to the government of the negro. Never! All your money spent in the effort to force it will be wasted. The Southern whites will never consent to social and political equality with the negro. You may destroy yourselves in the effort to force it, and then

you will fail. You may send down your armies and exhaust the resources of the whole country for a century and pile up the public debt till it lean against the skies; and you may burn our cities and murder our people—our unarmed people—but you will never make them consent to governments formed by negroes and strangers under the dictation of Congress by the power of the bayonet. Born of the bayonet, this government must live only by the bayonet.

Now, I will tell you some things which, in my opinion, the South will do.

The South would accept the election of Mr. Seymour as a verdict of the Northern people that the general government was to be administered according to the constitution, and she would rejoice and come out of her sorrow strong, beautiful, and growing.

The South will accept the election of General Grant as a verdict by the Northern people that the constitution is a nullity and that they will that the general government be administered outside of it. But the South will then submit passively to your laws, but in her heart hope will still cleave to the constitution. It is her only port of safety from the storm of fanaticism, passion, and despotism.

The South surrendered secession as a constitutional remedy at Appomattox, but she did not surrender the constitution itself, nor the great principles of freedom it was intended to secure.

Whether Mr. Seymour or General Grant shall be elected, the Southern States—each State for itself—will quietly, peacefully, but firmly take charge of and regulate their own internal domestic affairs in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States. What then will you of the North do? What will President Grant do? Will you

or he send down armies to compel those States to regulate their own affairs to suit you outside of the constitution? Will you?

It is high time this people had recovered from the passions of war. It is high time that counsel were taken from statesmen, not demagogues. It is high time that editors, preachers, and stump speakers had ceased slandering the motives and purposes of the South. It is high time the people of the North and the South understood each other and adopted means to inspire confidence in each other. It is high time the people of each State were permitted to attend to their own business. Intermeddling is the crime of the century. If it was folly in the South to secede it was crime in the North to provoke it. If it was error in the South to dissolve the Union it is crime in the North to keep it dissolved.

The South yields secession and yields slavery, and yields them for equal reunion. People of the North, now is the auspicious moment to cement anew and for still greater glory our common Union. But it must be cemented in mutual good will, as between equals and under the constitution. Such a Union the South pleads for. I care not what slanderers say, what fanaticism represents, or how selfish and corrupt hate and ambition pervert; I tell you there is but one desire in the South. From every heart in that bright land, from her cotton fields and grain farms, from her rich valleys and metal-pregnant mountains, from the lullabies of her thousands of rippling streams and moaning millions of her primeval forest-trees, comes up to you but this one voice—this one earnest, united voice: Flag of our Union, wave on; wave ever! But wave over freemen, not subjects; over States, not Provinces; over a union of equals, not of lords and vas-

sals; over a land of law, of liberty, and of peace and not of anarchy, oppression, and strife!

People of the North, will you answer back in patriotic notes of cheering accord that our common constitution shall remain or in the discordant notes of sectional hate and national ruin that there shall be protection for the North inside of the constitution and oppression for the South outside of it?

If the latter then not only the Union, not only the constitution, but that grand, peculiar system of free federative governments so wisely devised by our fathers and known as the American system, and of which the constitution is but the instrument and the Union but the shadow—will die, must die, is dead!

Have you ever studied this American system of government? Have you compared it with former systems of free governments, and noted how our fathers sought to avoid their fatal defects? I commend this study to your prompt attention. To the heart that loves liberty it is more enchanting than romance, more bewitching than love, and more elevating than any other science. If history proves any one thing more than another it is that freedom cannot be secured in a wide and populous country except upon the plan of a federal compact for general interests, and untrammelled local governments for local interests.

Our fathers adopted this general plan with improvements in the details of profound wisdom which cannot be found in any previous system. With what a noble impulse of common patriotism they came together from distant States and joined their counsels to devise and perfect this system, henceforth to be forever known as the American system.

The snows that lodge on the summit of Mount Washington

are not purer than the motives that begot it. The fresh dew-laden zephyrs from the orange groves of the South are not sweeter than the hopes its advent inspired. The flight of its own symbolic eagle, though he blew his breath upon the sun, could not be higher than its expected destiny! Alas, are these motives now corrupted? Are these hopes poisoned? And is this high destiny eclipsed, and so soon,—aye, before a century has brought to manhood its youthful visage? Stop before the blow is given and let us consider but its early blessings.

Under the benign influences of this promising American system of government our whole country at once entered upon a career of prosperity without a parallel in human annals. The seventy years of its life brought more thrift, more success, more individual freedom, more universal happiness with fewer public burdens than were ever before enjoyed or borne by any portion of the world in five centuries. From three millions of whites we became thirty millions. From three hundred thousand blacks we became four millions—a greater relative increase than of the whites with all the aid of immigration. From a narrow peopled slope along the dancing Atlantic we stretched with wide girth to the sluggish Pacific. From a small power which a European despotism, in jealousy of a rival, patronizingly took by the hand and led to independence, we became a power whose voice united was heard throughout the world and whose frown might well be dreaded by the combined powers of earth. Our granaries fed and our factories clothed mankind. The buffalo and his hunter were gone, and cities rose in the forests of the former, and flowers grew, and hammers rang, and prayers were said, in the playgrounds of the latter. Millions grew to manhood without seeing a soldier, or hearing a cannon, or knowing the shape

or place of a bayonet! And is this happy, fruitful, peaceful system dying—hopelessly dying? Has it but twenty days more to live a struggling life?

People of the North, the answer is with you. Rise above passion, throw away corruption, cease to hate and learn to trust, and this dying system will spring to newer and yet more glorious life. The stake is too great for duplicity and the danger too imminent for trifling. The past calls to you to vindicate its wisdom; the present charges you with its treasures, and the future demands of you its hopes. Forget your anger and be superior to the littleness of revenge. Meet the South in her cordial proffers of happy reunion and turn not from her offered hand.

From your great cities and teeming prairies, from your learned altars and countless cottages, from your palaces on sea and land, from your millions on the waters and your multiplied millions on the plains, let one united cheering voice meet the voice that now comes so earnest from the South, and let the two voices go up in harmonious, united, eternal, ever-swelling chorus, Flag of our Union! wave on; wave ever! Aye, for it waves over freemen, not subjects; over States, not Provinces; over a union of equals, not of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty, and peace, not of anarchy, oppression, and strife!

THOMAS HUGHES

THOMAS HUGHES

JUDGE THOMAS HUGHES, English lawyer and social economist, known throughout the English-speaking world as the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," the best story of schoolboy life in English literature, was born at Uffington, Berks, England, Oct. 23, 1823, and died at Brighton, March 22, 1896. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at Oriel College, Oxford, studied law, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1848. He was an advanced Liberal at college, and was later associated with Kingsley and Maurice in their propaganda of "Christian Socialism." In trades unions and legislation regarding the relations of employers and workmen, he took special interest, but always deprecated the extreme measures advocated by certain of the trades unionists. From 1865 to 1868 he was member of Parliament for Lambeth, and for Frome, 1868-74. In 1869 he became Queen's Counsel, and in the following year made a tour in this country and aided in founding an English colony at Rugby, Tenn. He was a warm friend of the United States and during the Civil War period spoke publicly in behalf of the Union. In 1882 he was appointed judge of the County Court Circuit. His published writings include "Tom Brown's School Days" (1857); "The Scouring of the White Horse" (1858); "Tom Brown at Oxford" (1861); "Religio Laici" (1861), reissued as "A Layman's Faith" (1868); "The Cause of Freedom: Which is its Champion in America?" (1863); "Alfred the Great" (1869); "Memoirs of a Brother" (1873); "The Old Church; What shall we Do with It?" a plea against disestablishment (1878); "The Manliness of Christ," an exceedingly popular religious work (1880); "Rugby, Tennessee" (1881); "Memoir of Daniel Macmillan, Publisher" (1882); "Gone to Texas" (1885); "Life of Bishop Fraser" (1887); "David Livingston" (1889); "Vacation Rambles" (1895). Judge Hughes was for a time principal of a London College for Working Men and Women, and took an active part in its management, as well as in advancing the interests and well being of labor.

THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

DELIVERED AT EXETER HALL, LONDON, JANUARY 29, 1863

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am very happy to be here to meet you this evening. It must be a great satisfaction to every man who believes as I do to find that this question, as to what is the real issue in America, is coming out more clearly and distinctly everywhere. The question which in England is now coming up clearer and

sharper every day is, "Which is the side of freedom?" That is the only question which an Englishman has to ask himself; and that is the question which is asked now of this nation. It has been within the last fortnight answered by the "Times." [Cheers and groans for the "Times."]

Allow me to suggest, ladies and gentlemen, that as our time is limited, and as each speaker has only twenty minutes allowed to him to say all that he has to say in, there is no time for all this applause. I shall be very much obliged to you if, at any rate while I am speaking, you will be kind enough to suppress your cheering and give me the time to say what I have to say. Again I say, ladies and gentlemen, that the issue has been fairly taken by the "Times" newspaper. I hold in my hand the articles of Monday, the 19th of this month, in which the "Times" says: "The great mind of England is deeply impressed with the conviction of the truth of all this;" I leave out some sentences which are not material—"that the cause of the South gallantly defending itself against the cruel and desolating invasions of the North is the cause of freedom." [Hisses.]

Now, ladies and gentlemen, that is the point upon which we wish to take issue this evening. Let us see whether the voice of England supports that statement.

In the same article there are some remarks to which the speaker who preceded me referred—some facetious remarks and some bitter taunts—calling us who are here present to address you this evening a set of struggling obscurities. Well, gentlemen, as the speaker before me accepted that, so I accept it. I am ready to admit—though the sight before me to-night makes me doubt it—that we may be few and obscure; but that is all the more reason for us to speak out what we believe. I believe there is not a man here this evening

who won't join with me in indorsing the words of the great American poet of freedom:

> "They are slaves who will not choose
> Scorn and hatred and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think;
> They are slaves who will not be
> In the right with two or three."

My object to-night, then, will be to maintain before you that the cause of the South is not the cause of freedom, but that it is the cause of the most degrading and hateful slavery that has been before the world for thousands of years. I shall endeavor as much as possible to take with me your judgment and understanding. I do not want to excite your passions. I don't want to state anything which shall do that, and I ask you therefore to give me a patient and quiet hearing, because the facts that I shall have to put before you will take at least as much time as this meeting can possibly give to me.

I propose first to take a few of the leading Southern statesmen to show you what they have done in times past, what have been their acts, and what their words, and then to ask you to say whether they are the sort of people who are in favor of freedom.

The first representative man of the Southern States is Mr. Jefferson Davis. Mr. Jefferson Davis is a planter—a Southern planter—who was educated at West Point. The first public act of his life, as far as I know, was that he raised a regiment and went to the Mexican war. The Mexican war I believe to have been as atrocious a war as has ever been waged in this world. However, be that as it may, he came back from that war; and what was the next public act of his life? You know very well that a great disgrace has fallen upon many of the States of America because they repudiated their public debts.

Now, the next act of Mr. Jefferson Davis's life was this, that when there was a man—Mr. Walker—who came forward for the governorship of Mississippi upon the platform of making the State pay its debts, he was opposed by Mr. Jefferson Davis, who advocated repudiation of the debt. No doubt in one sense Mr. Jefferson Davis was then the advocate of freedom—the freedom of not paying debts; but that is a freedom which I don't think any Englishman will indorse.

After the Mexican war the United States got a vast tract of new territory, and the question was, what was to be done with it? Then there arose a great struggle between the Free-Soil party and the slave party. The Free-Soil party said "slavery shall not be brought into these Territories." The slave party said that any man should go where he liked with his slaves. Upon that question Mr. Jefferson Davis came out in 1850 in the debate upon what is called Bell's compromise—a compromise that was endeavored to be made by legalizing a doctrine called "squatter's sovereignty," which I may explain to you if I have time. Upon that he said in the Senate: "Never will I consent to any compromise which shall forbid slaves from being taken into the Territories at the option of their owners."

On the 23d of July, 1850, he moved "That all laws existing in the said Territory (California) which deny or obstruct the right of any citizen to remove or reside in such Territory with any species of property legally held in any State of the Union, be and are hereby declared to be null and void."

He was then appointed secretary at war to Mr. President Pierce, and as secretary at war, and throwing the force of the federal government into the struggle in Kansas, he sent troops, turned out the free legislators, and had it not been

for John Brown and such men as he, slavery would have been established in Kansas by Mr. Jefferson Davis.

Then came the question of the reopening of the slave-trade; and, whatever may be said in England, I can prove to you that one of the things that is as clear as the sun at noonday is that the Southern slaveholders, whatever they may say now, have been for years in favor of the reopening of the African slave-trade. Well, upon this occasion in 1859 to which I am alluding, Mr. Jefferson Davis, though he declined to vote in the State of Mississippi for the reopening as far as that State was concerned, for fear lest Mississippi should be swamped by too much of a good thing, yet carefully guarded himself, and said, "I have no coincidence of opinion with those who prate of the inhumanity of the slave-trade." In 1860, when secession was imminent, he moved in the Senate, by way of an amendment to the constitution of the United States:

"That it shall be declared by amendment of the constitution that property in slaves, recognized as such by the local laws of any State, shall be on the same footing as any other species of property, and not subject to be divested or impaired by the local laws of any other State."

The meaning of that is that the Southern slaveholder might take his slaves into New England and that even there they should not be interfered with. Now, I have taken you shortly and rapidly through the career of this representative of the Southern States, and I say that there is not an act of his life which has not been opposed to the sacred cause of freedom.

Mr. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, as you have been told, is the Vice-President of the Confederate States, a thoughtful man—one of the best of Southern slaveholders. Let us see

what his opinions are. This is a portion of a speech of his in 1857 on the slave-trade:

"It is plain that unless the number of the African stock be increased we have not the population, and might as well abandon the race with our brethren of the North in the colonization of the Territories."

I give you the very words of the celebrated statement of Mr. Stephens, which has only been referred to by the previous speakers. He says:

"Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition. It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted; and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, is become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice. It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

Now, I will add nothing to that but this, that every man who believes as I do, that there is another corner-stone for the life of nations, must believe that that corner-stone has always been the great enemy of slavery—aye, and will fall upon it wherever it is found, in America or anywhere else, and crush it to atoms.

If my time were longer I would say a little about Messrs. Mason and Slidell and other Southern leaders, but they are not important enough to be brought forward before this meeting when time presses. I will therefore only tell you this, that Mr. Mason, who is over here in England, going about in society and preaching the cause of the South, was the author of the Fugitive Slave Act. [Cries of "He is here."] I don't know whether he is in the room or not.

[Cries of "Turn him out."] If he is, I would say, "Don't turn him out."

I have now a few words to say on the point, whether or not this Southern Confederacy, which we are told is the cause of freedom, is likely to reopen the African slave-trade. I will give you a few facts which I gather from documents which are as open to any of you as they are to me. In 1857, the governor of South Carolina, in his address to the legislature, said, "Whatever our position, we must have cheap labor, which can be obtained but in one way—by the reopening of the African slave-trade." Now I say this—and I don't believe that anybody can deny it, though I am not so certain of it as I am of the other facts, because I did not see the original draft of the Confederate constitution; but I tell you what I believe to be undoubted. It has been stated at any rate by many Americans who ought to know that in the original draft of that constitution the reopening of the slave-trade was provided for, and that it was taken out merely as a sop to England. I tell you why I believe so. Here is Mr. Spratt, of South Carolina—very well known in America, though perhaps many of you have not heard of him. As a member of the convention which took South Carolina out of the Union he said, "We all know that the constitution of the Confederate States is made for the day—just for the time being—a mere tub thrown out to the whale, to amuse and entertain the public mind for a time." That is the admission of the South Carolinian representative in a protest against the excision of the clause for reopening of the African trade. Then comes the Baltimore convention in 1858. At that convention the question of slavery was brought on, and Mr. Goodwin, of Georgia, said, "I am an African-trade man." and then he goes on to say:

"I want the gentlemen of this convention to visit my plantation, and I say again—if they come to see me—I will show them as fine a lot of negroes of the pure African blood as they will see anywhere. If it is right for us to go to Virginia and buy a negro, and pay $2,000 for him, it is equally right to go to Africa and pay $50."

I won't go through the speeches of the other gentlemen at that convention—a very important convention it was—but I will just read to you the resolutions which they passed. The first was "that slavery is right, and that being right, it could not be wrong to import slaves." The second was to the effect that it is expedient and proper that the African slave-trade should be reopened, and that this convention will lend its influence to promote that end. Gentlemen, I won't detain you further, except to say that in 1859—the year before secession, at Vicksburg, in Mississippi—the states convention passed a resolution for the reopening of the African slave-trade by a large majority. One more fact. In the Arkansas State legislature in the same year the motion disapproving the reopening of the African slave-trade was lost by a majority of twenty-one.

One word more as to the state of things just before secession. Every man in America, especially the men concerned in politics, saw that a great split would come unless something could be done. Accordingly, Congress appointed committees of the Senate and legislature to consider what could be done, by way of altering the constitution, so as to keep the Union together. These committees broke up hopelessly and came to no conclusion. The majority sent in a resolution, and the minority sent in a resolution; but from the beginning to the end of their proceedings there was one thing, and one thing only, considered—slavery. And to show you the

temper of the South at that time—which temper has not been improved since by the war—Mr. Adams, the present minister to this country—the son and grandson of eminent men— a man as distinguished for his moderation as any man in the United States—Mr. Adams, being a member of the committee of the House of Representatives, and anxious by any means he could to retain the Union, signed at first the resolution of the majority. Finding however that no concession would do for those men, he sent in a secial report and protest alone, one part of which was:

"That no form of adjustment will be satisfactory to the recusant States which does not incorporate into the constitution of the United States a recognition of the obligation to protect and extend slavery, and to that I will never consent."

Once more, I have in my hand all the ordinances of the secession States, but I won't trouble you with them because my time is just up. But I will say this—that I have read those documents, and I tell you that not one, nor two, but all of them take up the ground, and that ground only, for seceding—that slavery was in danger and likely to be put down in the Southern States.

Now, what are the people? I have given you specimens of their leading men. I have given you specimens of the public acts of that government which we are told to recognize as a government in favor of freedom. I am sorry to say the people are quite worthy of the government and of their leaders. What said their chief judge in that accursed judgment which he pronounced in the great slave-case, known as the Dred Scott case? "That the African race are so much inferior to white men that they have no rights, and may justly be reduced to slavery for the white man's benefit." That is a decision of the chief judge of the highest

court in the United States, a man who is at the head of the legal body there; and that principle seems to have been ground into the southern portion of the American people. You have all read what has been written by the special correspondent of the "Times" newspaper on this question. What does Mr. Russell say about the Southern people? That in every city dogs are employed to catch runaway slaves. He and all other trustworthy witnesses describe both the people and the government to be as deliberately hostile to freedom as any men that ever lived on the face of this earth. Of course in a meeting of this sort, and in twenty minutes, you cannot prove your case, but I only say this—I challenge any friend of the South to name one single leader there who is not pledged over and over again to slavery. I ask them to name one public act, one single Southern Confederate State, which is in favor of human freedom.

Well, I, an Englishman, find such a case as this. I, an Englishman, an inhabitant of a country of free thought, of free words, and of free men, am asked to indorse such a state of things. I am asked to indorse a people who do these acts, who have expressed these opinions, and to say that their cause is the cause of freedom. I say on the contrary, as I said when I first stood up before you, that the cause of the South is the most hateful, the most enslaving, the most debasing tyranny that has been on the face of the earth for a thousand years.

During this American contest one American has been abused, and I think more unjustly dealt by than any other man in the United States; and the cruel and unfair abuse of Americans by a portion of the press of this country accounts for the bitter feeling in America against England.

In the same "Times" article from which I read to you just now, I find this statement:

"The stock humbug of the Northern people is a pretence of caring about slavery. Mr Cassius Clay is much mistaken if he thinks that his neighbors could suppose that he is the real emancipator for emancipation's sake, or that he has any other object in view except that of deluding Europe with fine words."

Such words as these are enough to make any people bitter; for a more unjust, a more cruel comment on a public man was never put forward. Now, Mr. Cassius Clay has said many foolish things about this country; but just let me say a word or two about his history. He was born in Kentucky—a slave State. When he went to New England to be educated, he looked about him to see what was going on there, and the difference between that country and his own struck him, and made him think. He went back to his own State of Kentucky; and what did he do there? When he saw the state of things on one side of the Ohio—magnificent cultivation—but on the other saw desolation and slavery, he said to himself, I will see if I cannot put an end to this, so far as I am concerned; and he emancipated every slave he had.

And what did he do then? He went about Kentucky, the most dangerous State to act such a part in in all America, and with his life in his hand he lectured against slavery. He was attacked in his lecture-room several times. At one time four men attacked him, and after a desperate fight he was left for dead on the floor. This man, who has emancipated every slave of his, who has been cut to pieces for the sake of emancipation, is the man about whom our great paper says: "Cassius Clay is much deceived in his own imagination if he thought his neighbors could imagine that he was a real emancipator for emancipation's sake."

T. W. HIGGINSON

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, LL. D., distinguished American essayist, lecturer, and opponent of slavery, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 22, 1823, and educated at Harvard University. After studying at the Divinity School, Cambridge, he was ordained, in 1847, pastor of a Unitarian church in Newburyport, but resigned his charge three years later on account of his anti-slavery and abolitionist views being unacceptable to his congregation. In 1850, he was an unsuccessful Free-Soil candidate for Congress. In 1852, he became pastor of a free church at Worcester, Mass., but retired from the ministry in 1858. During these years at Worcester he was active among the anti-slavery agitators, and after the outbreak of the Civil War he served two years in the Federal army, where as Colonel of the First South Carolina volunteers he commanded the first regiment of freed slaves in the national service. He resigned from the service in 1864 on account of ill-health and resided at Newport, R. I., until 1878, when he removed to Cambridge, Mass., which has since been his home. He has been an earnest advocate of female suffrage, and has been active also in promoting the higher education of women. In 1899, he delivered a course of Lowell lectures at Boston upon American Oratory. Colonel Higginson has published, besides a translation of Epictetus (1865–92), "Out-Door Papers" (1863); "Malbone," a romance (1869); "Army Life in a Black Regiment" (1870); "Atlantic Essays" (1871); "The Sympathy of Religions" (1871); "Oldport Days" (1873); "Young Folks' History of the United States" (1875); "Short Studies of American Authors" (1879); "Common Sense about Women" (1881); "Life of Margaret Fuller" (1884); "Larger History of the United States" (1885); "Travellers and Outlaws"; "The Monarch of Dreams" (1886); "Hints on Writing and Speech-making" (1887); "Women and Men" (1888); "An Afternoon Landscape," a collection of verse (1889); "The New World and the New Book" (1892); "Concerning All of Us" (1892); "Book and Heart" (1897); "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic" (1898), and "Cheerful Yesterdays" (1898), perhaps his best-known work.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, MAY 30, 1870

WE meet to-day for a purpose that has the dignity and the tenderness of funeral rites without their sadness. It is not a new bereavement, but one which time has softened, that brings us here. We meet not around a newly-opened grave, but among those which nature

has already decorated with the memorials of her love. Above every tomb her daily sunshine has smiled, her tears have wept; over the humblest she has bidden some grasses nestle, some vines creep, and the butterfly—ancient emblem of immortality—waves his little wings above every sod. To nature's signs of tenderness we add our own. Not "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but blossoms to blossoms, laurels to the laureled.

The great Civil War has passed by—its great armies were disbanded, their tents struck, their camp-fires put out, their muster-rolls laid away. But there is another army whose numbers no presidential proclamation could reduce; no general orders disband. This is their camping-ground, these white stones are their tents, this list of names we bear is their muster-roll, their camp-fires yet burn in our hearts.

I remember this "Sweet Auburn" when no sacred associations made it sweeter, and when its trees looked down on no funerals but those of the bird and the bee. Time has enriched its memories since those days. And especially during our great war, as the nation seemed to grow impoverished in men, these hills grew richer in associations, until their multiplying wealth took in that heroic boy who fell in almost the last battle of the war. Now that roll of honor has closed, and the work of commemoration begun.

Without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion, they gave their lives to their country. Without distinction of religion, of race, of nationality, we garland their graves to-day. The young Roman Catholic convert, who died exclaiming "Mary! pardon!" and the young Protestant theological student, whose favorite place of study was this cemetery, and who asked only that no words of praise might be engraven on his stone—these bore alike the cross in their life-

time, and shall bear it alike in flowers to-day. They gave their lives that we might remain one nation, and the nation holds their memory alike in its arms.

And so the little distinctions of rank that separated us in the service are nothing here. Death has given the same brevet to all. The brilliant young cavalry-general who rode into his last action, with stars on his shoulders and his death-wound on his breast, is to us no more precious than that sergeant of sharpshooters who followed the line unarmed at Antietam, waiting to take the rifle of some one who should die, because his own had been stolen; or that private who did the same thing in the same battle, leaving the hospital service to which he had been assigned. Nature has been equally tender to the graves of all, and our love knows no distinction.

What a wonderful embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the war closed the youngest has gained some new wrinkle, the oldest some added gray hair. A few years more and only a few tottering figures shall represent the marching files of the Grand Army; a year or two beyond that, and there shall flutter by the window the last empty sleeve. But these who are here are embalmed forever in our imaginations; they will not change; they never will seem to us less young, less fresh, less daring, than when they sallied to their last battle. They will always have the dew of their youth; it is we alone who shall grow old.

And, again, what a wonderful purifier is death! These who fell beside us varied in character; like other men they had their strength and their weaknesses, their merits and their faults. Yet now all stains seem washed away; their life ceased at its climax, and the ending sanctified all that went before. They died for their country; that is their

record. They found their way to heaven equally short, it seems to us, from every battle-field, and with equal readiness our love seeks them to-day.

"What is a victory like?" said a lady to the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, madam, except a defeat." Even our great war would be but a tragedy were it not for the warm feeling of brotherhood it has left behind it, based on the hidden emotions of days like these. The war has given peace to the nation; it has given union, freedom, equal rights; and in addition to that, it has given to you and me the sacred sympathy of these graves. No matter what it has cost us individually—health or worldly fortunes—it is our reward that we can stand to-day among these graves and yet not blush that we survive.

The great French soldier, La Tour D'Auvergne, was the hero of many battles, but remained by his own choice in the ranks. Napoleon gave him a sword and the official title "First among the grenadiers of France." When he was killed, the emperor ordered that his heart should be entrusted to the keeping of his regiment—that his name should be called at every roll-call, and that his next comrade should make answer, "Dead upon the field of honor." In our memories are the names of many heroes; we treasure all their hearts in this consecrated ground, and when the name of each is called, we answer in flowers, "Dead upon the field of honor."

ORATION UPON GRANT

DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST 8, 1885

IT was one of the most picturesque moments of the history of Rome when, after the battle of Cannæ was lost and the Roman army almost annihilated—while Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, was measuring by bushels the gold rings of the slain Roman knights—the whole people of the city went out to greet with honor their defeated general Terentius Varro, and to bear to him a vote of thanks from the senate for "not having despaired of the republic."

The vast obsequies celebrated all over the land to-day are not in honor of a defeated general, but of a victorious one; yet the ground of gratitude is the same as in that Roman pageant. Our Civil War, like that between Rome and Carthage, began in defeat and was transformed into victory, because he whom we celebrate did not despair of the republic. From the time when his successes at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg first turned the tide of adversity until the day when he received Lee's surrender it was to him we looked.

Nor was this all. There was in all this something more than mere generalship. Generalship is undoubtedly a special gift, almost amounting to genius—a man is born to it, as he is for poetry, or chess-playing, or commerce; and as in those other vocations, so in this, his success in one direction does not prove him equally strong in all. There are many ways in which General Grant does not rank with the greatest of the sons of men. He was wanting in many of the gifts and even tastes which raise man to his highest; he did not greatly care

for poetry, philosophy, music, painting, sculpture, natural science. The one art for which he had a genius is one that must be fleeting and perishable compared to these; for the human race must in its progress outgrow war. But a remarkable personal quality never can be ignored; if not shown in one way it will be shown in another; and this personal quality Grant had. Let us analyze some of its aspects.

He was great, in the first place, through the mere scale of his work. His number of troops, the vast area of his operations, surpassed what the world had before seen. When he took 15,000 prisoners at Fort Donelson, the capture was three times as large as when Burgoyne surrendered, in the only American battle thought important enough to be mentioned by Sir Edward Creasy in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

When, on July 4, 1863, he took Vicksburg, he received what was then claimed to be the greatest capture of men and armament since the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps since the beginning of recorded history. He captured 15 generals, 31,600 soldiers and 172 cannon. For victories less than this Julius Cæsar was made dictator for ten years and his statue was carried in processions with those of the immortal gods. Cæsar at Pharsalia took but 24,000 prisoners; Napoleon at Ulm, 23,000; Hannibal at Cannæ but 20,000. Yet these in Grant's case were but special victories. How great, then, his power when at the head of the armies of the United States! Neither of these great commanders ever directed the movements of a million men. The mere coarse estimate of numbers, therefore, is the first measure of Grant's fame.

But mere numbers are a subordinate matter. He surpassed his predecessors also in the dignity of the object for which he fought. The three great generals of the world are usually

enumerated—following Macaulay—as being Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon. Two of these fought in wars of mere conquest, and the contests of the third were marred by a gloomy fanaticism, by cruelty and by selfishness. General Grant fought to restore a nation, that nation being the hope of the world. And he restored it. His work was as complete as it was important. Cæsar died by violence; Napoleon died defeated; Cromwell's work crumbled to pieces when his hand was cold. Grant's career triumphed in its ending; it is at its height to-day.

It was finely said by a Massachusetts statesman that we did not fight to bring our opponents to our feet, but only to our side. Grant to-day brings his opponents literally to his side when they act as pall-bearers around his coffin.

The next thing remarkable about him was the spirit in which he fought. He belonged in his whole temperament to the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic type of generals, and not to the French or Latin type. It is said that in the Duke of Wellington's despatches you never find the word "glory," but always the word "duty," while in those of Napoleon Bonaparte you never find the word "duty," but always "glory." Grant was in this respect like Wellington. In his early western campaign he wrote to his father: "I will go on and do my duty to the best of my ability, and do all I can to bring the war to a speedy close. I am not an aspirant for anything at the close of the war. . . . One thing I am well aware of: I have the confidence of every man in my command." Of course he had. Once convince men that your motive is duty and their confidence is yours.

When we come to the mere executive qualities involved in fighting, we find that Grant habitually combined in action two things rarely brought together—quickness and persever-

ance. That could be said of him which Malcolm McLeod said of Charles Edward, the Pretender: "He is the bravest man, not to be rash, and the most cautious man, not to be a coward, that I ever saw."

He did not have the visible and conspicuous dash of Sherman or Sheridan; he was rather the kind of man whom they needed to have behind them. But in quickness of apprehension and action, where this quality was needed, he was not their inferior, if they were even his equals. He owed to it his first conspicuous victory at Fort Donelson. Looking at the knapsacks of the slain enemy, he discovered that they held three days' rations, and knew, therefore, that they were trying to get away. Under this stimulus he renewed the attack and the day was won.

Moreover, it is to be noticed that he was, in all his action as a commander, essentially original—a man of initiative, not of routine. He was singularly free from the habit of depending on others. When in Egypt an official gave him an Arabian horse and advised that, at first, he should simply pace the horse up and down, with one or two attendants to hold him, Grant, who had at West Point been the best rider in his class, said briefly, "If I can mount a horse I can ride him, and all the attendants can do is to keep away." It was the same with him through his military life; if he could mount the horse he could ride it; and what caused all to turn to him, as much as anything, was this knowledge that he was an original force, not an imitator or dependent.

And to crown all these qualities was added one more, that of personal modesty. When, at Hamburg, Germany, he was toasted as "the man who had saved the nation," he replied, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the country." He put down the pride of the

German officers, the most self-sufficient military aristocracy of the world, by quietly disclaiming the assumption of being a soldier at all. He said to Bismarck: "I am more a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, though I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars—the Mexican as a young lieutenant, and later [mark the exquisite moderation of that "and later"]—I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure." Such a remark from the greatest captain of the age disarmed even German criticism.

When we turn from the military life of Grant to his civil life, we find him at great disadvantage and entering untried on a sphere where it is, perhaps, still too early to judge him. He had been trained in the army, a bad school for civil service through this reason, that an army officer is obliged, if in command, to select his subordinates, trust a great deal to them, stand by them under attack and not interfere very much with them till they lose his confidence and he drops them. It is almost impossible for him, as can be done in a counting-room or a workshop, to watch his subordinates, check them, guide them and correct their mistakes from day to day. The chief drawbacks of President Grant's administration came from this habit, and now that it is past we can see that they left the man himself unstained. There were, undoubtedly, men of the highest character with whom he was brought in close contact whom he could not appreciate and with whom he could not well act. Thus he never did justice to Charles Sumner, but we may well admit, at this distance of time, that Sumner did not quite do justice to him.

There is no doubt, I suppose, that Grant would have died a happier man had he for a third time been raised to the Presi

dency. There is nothing strange in this. Nobody ever longed to be an ex-President, and anybody might honorably long to be set above even Washington by having a third Presidential term. To call this Cæsarism was idle; it was not in Grant to make one conscious step to impair the liberties of his country. Whether his third administration would not have damaged those liberties indirectly and unconsciously, we never shall know; the majority of Americans apparently either feared some such result, or found the precedent too dangerous to venture on. The step never was taken at any rate; and the nation is perhaps safer that it was not, but we must guard against connecting this ambition in Grant's case with anything base or unscrupulous.

He was never tried by this test of a third term of power; but a third term of ordeal came to him in a wholly unexpected way, and increased his hold upon us all. He told Bismarck, as we have seen, that he never entered on a war without regret or retired from it without pleasure. But he was destined to enter on just one more campaign—against pain and disease combined with sudden poverty. It was a formidable coalition. It is sometimes said that it is easier to die well than to live well; but it is harder than either to grow old, knowing that one's great period of action is past, and weighed down with the double weight of hopeless financial failure and irremediable bodily pain. Either bankruptcy or physical torture has by itself crushed many a man morally and mentally; but Grant's greatest campaign was when he resisted them both. Upon such a campaign as this he might well, as he said, shrink from entering; but having been obliged to enter upon it, he was still Grant. Thousands of Americans have felt a sense of nearness to him and a sense of pride in him during the last few months such as they never

felt before. He was already a hero in war to us. The last few months have made him a hero of peace, *miles pacificus*.

It has been already said that the supreme generals of the world were Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon. Grant was behind all three of these in variety of cultivation and in many of the qualities that make a man's biography picturesque and fascinating. He may be said to have seemed a little prosaic, compared with any one of these. But in moral qualities he was above them all; more truthful, more unselfish, more simple, more humane. He fell short of Washington in this, that he was not equally great in war and statesmanship; but his qualities were within reach of all; his very defects were within reach of all; and he will long be with Washington and Lincoln the typical American in the public eyes. It is this typical quality after all that is most valuable. What we need most to know is not that exceptional men of rare gifts or qualities may arise here—they may arise anywhere—but that there is such an average quality among us that when a great personal leadership is wanted it will be forthcoming, after a few experiments. This is the secret of that popular preference always so obvious for an obscure origin in case of a great man. The preference is equally recognized among the philosophers; "the interest of history," says Emerson, "is in the fortunes of the poor." Indeed the deeper feeling of the whole world has always recognized this —it is to the proudest monarchy in Europe, the Castilian, that we owe the phrase, "the son of his own works"[1]—Grant was the son of his own works. His fame rests upon the broadest and surest of all pedestals, as broad as common humanity. He seems greatest because he was no detached or ideal hero, but simply the representative of us all.

[1] "El hijo de sus obras."

FOR SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-PROTECTION

[Speech at the Annual Meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, held at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 1, 1887.]

I HAVE the sensations of a revolutionary veteran, almost, in coming back to the city of Philadelphia and remembering our early meetings here in that time of storm, in contrasting the audiences of to-day with the audiences of that day, and in thinking what are the difficulties that come before us now as compared with those of our youth. The audiences have changed, the atmosphere of the community has changed; nothing but the cause remains the same, and that remains because it is a part of the necessary evolution of democratic society and is an immortal thing.

I recall those early audiences; the rows of quiet faces in Quaker bonnets in the foreground; the rows of exceedingly unquiet figures of Southern medical students, with their hats on, in the background. I recall the visible purpose of those energetic young gentlemen to hear nobody but the women, and the calm determination with which their boot-heels contributed to put the male speakers down. I recall their too assiduous attentions in the streets outside when the meetings broke up; and if there was any of that self-sacrifice which the chairman seems to imply, it did not refer to anything that actually took place inside the hall, although even the attempt on a man's part to get to the other end of his speech was sometimes attended with difficulties. The real test of chivalry, if there was one, consisted in the subsequent escorting through the streets of Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony in the Bloomer dresses of those days, in the midst

of a somewhat uncomplimentary and peripatetic audience of small boys.

The times have changed. Much has come and gone since then. The Southern medical students have disappeared from the room, and almost, it may be, from Philadelphia. The change of fashion has swept away the Quaker bonnets in one direction and the Bloomer trousers in another.

The grand voices that cheered us then in great measure have passed away. The heroic, changeless, firm, granite attitude of Garrison, the fascinating eloquence of Phillips, and the womanly counsel of Lucretia Mott are all only noble memories for those who recall them; but the same cause fills this hall and these hearts to-day. The same cause is ours, fresher and younger because thirty years have gone by.

We need feel no anxiety about it. It comes before us to-day with no new arguments, no new illustrations, only with new tests and new methods. It comes, not with the vague and bodiless traditions of the past, but with the twenty-six thousand women voters of Kansas to-day behind it to strengthen it. It is the cause of the future, the cause of the American people, the inevitable, logical result of all our reasons, the recognition of which alone justifies us in calling ourselves Republicans. Its future is absolutely certain. Those who join themselves with it join to something that they can hold to. It is true of this, as Frederick Douglass said years ago of another organization, "This is the deck; all else is the sea."

I consider it, Mr. Chairman, a great merit of the cause, that as the time goes on, and as it widens so greatly the sphere of its adherents, it brings in a great variety of forces to suggest new arguments; it gives different points of view; different positions. We are not now that simple homogene-

ous body, all united on much the same arguments, all coming to the result in much the same way, that we were at the outset. It has developed, as the anti-slavery movement developed, a great variety of angles of incidence, a great variety of points of view; and the spirit and freshness and vigor of these meetings must come in a large degree from the freedom of those who stand on this platform to speak their own thought and approach the great question in their own way.

Who of us that served in the anti-slavery ranks does not remember those conflicts of opinion on the platform that seemed at times likely to rend the whole movement asunder? I remember dear old Stephen Foster, that man of iron. I remember with delight the time when he followed me in a speech in an anti-slavery convention at Worcester. He said at the outset, "I love my friend Higginson; but if there is anything I abhor, it is such sentiments as he has been expressing."

That was the genuine thing; that was reform. Reformers are not always alike capable of that strict combination, that firm concentration, which makes conservatism so powerful. No liberal sect is ever found like the Roman Catholic Church in its power of cementing and organizing and binding. The force of reform is its individual enthusiasm, resulting from each person following out his own best view.

Reformers are like Esquimaux dogs. Do you know how Esquimaux dogs are fastened to the sledge? The owner of the dogs takes his sledge, catches his dog with difficulty, and fastens him by a single thong to the sledge. He catches another dog, puts his thong upon him and fastens him too. He has twenty dogs at last all harnessed to the sledge, each by his separate thong. Why does he waste his labor in that

way? Because, whenever the experiment has been tried of putting Esquimaux dogs into a single combined harness, the trouble was, they turned around and ate each other up.

That is the trouble with reformers. If you try to make them think alike and act alike, destruction follows. Each for himself, each approaching his movement in his own way, and we have strength. I myself have tested the ability of the woman suffrage reformers to recognize this individuality of opinion; and those who know the recent history of this reform know it is a proof of the catholicity of this meeting that I have been invited to stand here among the speakers.

I believe myself that the woman suffrage reform has many points of view, and that in some points of view it is almost perilous to approach it. I believe that we never can safely rest the enfranchisement of any large number of people upon any attempt to predict with precision the specific or even the general tendency of the votes which they shall cast. I dread all prediction of that kind for the woman suffrage movement. I rejoiced to hear the first speaker [Mrs. Haggart] say this evening that if she knew that every bad woman in the country would be first at the polls, she still should advocate woman suffrage just the same.

If it were only mere policy, if it takes its chance of success only on the chance of a prediction, it is unsafe. It must rest on a principle to establish its permanent work and value.

I dare say that in many respects woman's voting would afford a better class of voters than the voters we have now, but I do not wish to enfranchise her for this reason. It might be a question then how long she would stay a better class after she had voted. I knew a man once who advocated woman suffrage on the ground that voting was necessarily

demoralizing; that we had had men voting for a great while and they had brought the country to the verge of ruin; that women would unquestionably, in the course of fifty years, if enfranchised do the same thing, but that there would be fifty years in the meanwhile and that the country would last his time, which was all he cared for.

I distrust that line of argument. How do we know, it might be said, how much of the present virtue of women comes from the absence of voting? The argument proves to my mind too much. I believe that the majority of women would vote well. So we believed when we enfranchised the blacks, that the majority of them would vote well. But the thing we absolutely knew was and the only thing we knew, that whether they would vote well for the country or not the difference between their having the ballot and not having it meant for them freedom or slavery, and it was for that reason that we enfranchised them.

We took the chances of all the rest. Have they voted well? It is hard to say. They half ruined South Carolina financially. We know that. They voted against prohibition in Texas. We know that. That they would vote against civil service reform is exceedingly probable if they once knew clearly enough what it was. What we know is that because we enfranchised them they are still free, and that is enough for us to know. That stamps success upon their enfranchisement, although a thousand Senator Ingallses rise with their little voices at this late hour to protest against it and say it was a mistake.

So it is in regard to women. I believe and hope that the majority of women would vote as my friend, Mrs. Howe, thinks, for peace. But I know on the other hand that a Southern statesman said to me that the war was prolonged

two years after the men would have given up, because the women of the South would not let them. That same man told me that in his opinion the practice of duelling at the South was sustained to this day not by the voices of the men but of the women.

Thus, while I believe that the vast majority of women would throw their influence for peace, I yet know the possibilities of a minority and I do not wish to rest their enfranchisement on that ground. I believe that the great majority of women would vote for honest government if they only understood it, if they would study it so as to understand it; but I cannot forget that all the ingenuity of Wall Street has never devised so perfectly ingenious and successful an instrument of fraud as the Woman's Bank of Boston, entirely the product of a woman's brain; and I do not wish to rest the demand for suffrage on the superior honesty of women.

I believe that women would be the custodians of public property, as they are the custodians of private property. You know that almost every young married man if he succeeds in making both ends meet on his limited income at the end of the first year owes it to his wife; and commonly ends in confessing that he lived more economically the first year of his marriage than the last year of his bachelorhood.

We may claim therefore that women are good, practical custodians of property; and yet I cannot forget that the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ has just published from the educated daughter of a member of Congress, a Pennsylvania woman, one of the most determined and desperate pleas in favor of German socialism that I have ever seen in print. And I cannot forget that it was a woman, Louise Michel, who uttered the other day the wish that on the day of the execu-

tion of the Chicago anarchists every court of justice in the world might have dynamite put under it and be exploded forever.

I do not therefore wish to claim woman suffrage on any basis of absolute prediction of what will be. In this I do not represent all of those who are with me. I may belong to a more conservative class of woman suffragists. I am sometimes told I am too conservative. I do not even dare to rest it on the ground as many do that the superior insight of women will make them better judges of public characters and enable them to penetrate more keenly the devices of scoundrels. I willingly believe that women may often have a good eye for a demagogue. The women of Kansas seem to have proved that when they disposed of Senator Ingalls.

But I am one of those who believe that in Massachusetts a service was rendered to the nation when we finally laid General Butler on the shelf; and I am not at all sure that the women of Massachusetts would have done it. I think we did a good thing, irrespective of party, when we put President Cleveland into the presidency, and I have been repeatedly told that if it had been left to women he never would have been chosen.

I do not venture therefore to rest the argument for woman suffrage on the ground that women are a race of perfectly ideal saints who are to step up to our voting-places and vote a millennium as soon as we enfranchise them. I do not know any speaker for woman suffrage who goes so far as that, though some might go further in that direction than I should. When George Eliot made one of her characters say, "I am not denying that women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men," I recognize the truth

of it, and I recognize that those women, to match the men, have got to be enfranchised like the rest.

I believe, as I said, that every great extension of the franchise brings its dangers. Has there been a moment since the inauguration of our government that there has not been somebody to declare the failure of universal suffrage among men and say that our voting list was too large already? It is the price we pay for democratic government. We might have recognized it beforehand; indeed, it was recognized beforehand. Fisher Ames in comparing a monarchy and a republic, said: "A monarchy is a fine, well-built ship; it is beautiful to look at; it sails superbly. The difficulty is that sometimes it strikes a rock and then it goes down. But a republic," he said, "is a kind of a great clumsy raft. You can float anywhere on it; it will never sink but your feet are always in the water."

I have no expectation that the admission of women to the ballot will enable us to keep dry shod upon the raft, and I am as sure as I can be of anything in the future that when women are enfranchised they will have some of their own sins to answer for, and not be able to devote themselves entirely to correcting the sins of men.

So surely as you have women statesmen you will have women politicians; you will have women bosses, women wire-pullers, women intriguers. The talent that devised the Woman's Bank will be brought to bear, as far as its power goes, upon the bank of the nation. The power that advocates socialism now in the abstract would advocate it then in the concrete. All this is in the future. It is to be expected. No great extension of the suffrage, and there never was any so great as this, ever failed to bring with it risks and drawbacks on the way; but the result of those risks and

drawbacks is a true republic, the result is a consistent democracy. The result is a nation in which a man can hear the glories of the republic sung, and not blush, as he has to now, at the thought that those boasts are built upon the disfranchisement of half the human race.

Why, in view of these incidental uncertainties, should women be enfranchised? That is the point where all suffragists, however they may differ as to methods or processes, come together at last. No matter how we may differ in details upon the platform you will find if you venture to take advantage of those differences that we are a good deal like those old-fashioned fighting Highlanders in Sir Walter Scott's story, of whom Bailie Nicol Jarvie declares that no matter how they may quarrel among themselves they are always ready to combine at last against "all honest folk that hae money in their pockets." Our combination is a mild one so far as the pockets go. It is incarnated in Miss Cora Scott Pond, the only person whom I have ever encountered in my long experience of reformers who could make a speech and ask for a little contribution and then take it up and make the audience feel grateful to her.[1]

That part of the duty we do well. We do well also the more strenuous and difficult parts, if, indeed, there is any part of a reform more difficult on the whole than raising money to carry it along.

I believe in woman suffrage for the sake of woman herself. I believe in it because I am the son of a woman and the husband of a woman and the father of a prospective woman. I remember that at one of the first woman suffrage meetings I ever attended one of the first speakers was an odd fellow from the neighboring town, considered

[1] Miss Pond's collection was being taken up during the speaker's remarks.

half a lunatic. That didn't make much impression in those days when we were all considered a little crazy, but he was a little crazier than the rest of us. He pushed forward on the platform, seeming impatient to speak and throwing his old hat down by his side, he said, "I don't know much about this subject nor any other; but I know this, my mother was a woman." I thought it was the best condensed woman suffrage argument I ever heard in my life.

Woman suffrage should be urged in my opinion not from any predictions that amount to certainty, that claim anything like certainty as to what women will do with their votes after they get them, but on the ground that by all the traditions of our government, by all the precepts of its early founders, by all the axioms that lie at the foundation of all our political principles, woman needs the ballot for herself, for self-respect on the one side and for self-protection on the other.

There was a time when whatever woman studied in school the idea of teaching her the principles of government, of her studying political economy, would have seemed an absurdity. it was hardly thought of. Her path lay outside of it. She was not brought in contact with it. There was no loss of self-respect in those days to her in finding that in every great system of government she was omitted, and that, as Tennyson says in his "Princess," in every great revolution

> "Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights;
> No woman named."

How is it now? Go into the nearest grammar school tomorrow and what may you happen upon? A mixed class of boys and girls reciting the constitution of the United States, or some one of the various manuals upon the history of politics or the organization of our government—reciting it to-

gether, side by side, perhaps reciting it to a woman. Or you may go even into a college sometimes and find a whole class of young men reciting to their teacher in political economy out of a handbook written by a woman, Millicent Garrett Fawcett.

After those boys and girls have attained their maturity and voting day comes, then they separate as they come near the voting-place, and every boy goes inside the door to put what he has learned in the school, of that teacher, into practice; and the girls and their teacher pass along, powerless to express in action a single one of the principles they have been so studiously learning. I have watched that thing and wondered how women could bear it as they do; and at last I encountered one woman who seemed to me to take on the whole the most sensible view I ever encountered in the matter, who told me that again and again on election day she had gone out and walked up and down opposite the voting-place in her ward with tears streaming from her eyes to see every ignoramus and every drunkard in the neighborhood going in there to cast his vote, and she, a woman, unable to do anything to counteract it.

This is what I mean by a woman needing the ballot for self-respect. She comes to the centennial celebrations here —I forget just which the last one was that they had in Philadelphia but they have them every few years—she hears the great names cited, the great authorities, she goes home and she looks up what those authorities said, how they defined civil government or how they defined freedom. She takes Benjamin Franklin for instance, "that eminent Philadelphian," as he is called in Philadelphia; "that eminent Bostonian who temporarily resided in Philadelphia," as they call him in Boston. She looks in his writings and she finds

that great statesman saying, about 1770, so distinctly that words cannot make it clearer, that "they who have no voice nor vote in the electing of representatives do not enjoy liberty but are absolutely enslaved to those who have votes and to their representatives." And what is the woman to think of that?

Fifty years ago the man who was long considered the leading jurist of the West, Judge Timothy Walker, of Cincinnati, when asked "What is the legal position of woman in America?" said, "Write out as best you can the definition of legal slavery and when you have done that you have the legal position of a woman." The woman finds that; she sees such statements as that earlier or later. How can she feel? How can she help feeling that same loss of self-respect which a Jewish woman of the Jewish faith in old times could hardly help feeling when she heard men giving thanks to the Lord that they were not born women and heard women with humble voices saying, "I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast made me according to thy will?"

How could she help feeling as she would feel in a Mohammedan country when she found that in the great and most sacred mosques the edict was that no idiot, lunatic, or woman can enter here. The woman of old times who did not read books of political economy or attend public meetings could retain her self-respect; but the woman of modern times with every step she takes in the higher education finds it harder to retain that self-respect while she is in a republican government and yet not a member of it. She can study all the books that I saw collected this morning in the political economy alcove of the Bryn Mawr College; she can read them all; she can master them all; she can know more about them perhaps than any man she knows; and yet to put one

thing she has learned there in practice by the simple process of putting a piece of paper into a ballot-box—she could no more do that than she could put out her slender finger and stop the planet in its course. That is what I mean by woman's needing woman suffrage for self-respect.

Then as to self-protection. In what does protection consist for us Americans? In the power of writing a remonstrance in the newspaper when the conductor of a train does not stop as he promised or when an ash barrel is not taken at the proper moment from before our back door? Is that the power that we have for self-protection? It is indeed the beginning of power. It is power because it has the ballot behind it; because the street department and the railroad department know that they have to do with that part of the community who have votes to back up what they say. Take away those votes and how little is the power.

The woman has the voice but not the vote. We know that there have been great changes in the position of woman, great improvements in the law in regard to women. What brought about those improvements? The steady labor of women like those on this platform, going before legislatures year by year and asking those legislatures to give them something they were not willing to give, the ballot; but as a result of it to keep the poor creatures quiet some law was passed removing a restriction. The old English writer, Pepys, in his diary, after spending a good deal of money for himself, finds a little left and buys his wife a new gown because he says, "It is fit the poor wretch should have something to content her." I have seen many laws passed for the advantage of women and they were generally passed on that principle.

I remember going before the legislature of Rhode Island

once with Lucy Stone, and she unrolled with her peculiar persuasive power the wrong laws that existed in that Commonwealth in regard to women and after the hearing was over the chairman of the committee, a judge who has served for years on that committee, came down and said to her, "I have come to say to you, Mrs. Stone, that all you have said this morning is true, and that I am ashamed to think that I who have been chairman for years of this judiciary committee should have known in my secret heart that it was all true and should have done nothing to set those wrongs right until I was reminded of it by a woman."

Again and again I have seen that experience. Women with bleeding feet, women with exhausted voices, women with worn-out lives have lavished their strength to secure ordinary justice in the form of laws, which a single woman inside the State House, a single woman there armed with the position of member of the legislature and representing a sex who had votes could have got righted within two years.

Every man knows the weakness of a disfranchised class of men. The whole race of women is disfranchised and they suffer in the same way. It is not that men are so selfish. It is not that they intend to do so much wrong to women; but any of you who have served in a legislative body as I have know how difficult a thing it is to get attention for anything or any class of persons not represented on the floor; while a single person who stands on the floor clothed with his rights, with the other persons who have rights behind him, can command attention though he be in the smallest minority. A single naturalized citizen in the legislature can secure justice for all naturalized citizens. A single Roman Catholic member can secure justice for all Roman Catholic

citizens; because though he may have been personally in the minority he represents votes behind him.

The woman represents no votes and she is weak. The best laws that are made for her in any State in the Union are no sure guarantee for her. They may be altered at any time so long as she is not there to speak for herself. Some Russian emperor, when he was told by an admirer, "Your Majesty, what do your people need of a constitution? Your Majesty is as good as a constitution to your people," said, "Then I am but a happy accident; that is all."

The best legislation women can get is nothing more than a happy accident unless women are there to defend it after they have got it. Again and again things have been given to them after the labor of years, and, perhaps, those same things have been taken from them.

In the legislature of New York women were vested with the power a few years ago to control their own offspring as against the will of a dead father. A year or two passed by, the law was revoked and the power was lost. For several years back in Massachusetts a married woman has had the right under the law to dispose by will of five thousand dollars' worth of real estate if held in her own name. The woman who had saved up her own earnings, who had made her own investments, who held real estate in her own name, could, to the extent of five thousand dollars, dispose of it by will.

The last legislature, as that keen observer, Mr. Sewell, tells us, by striking out a single word in a single statute, the word "intestate," took away that power and the woman no longer can dispose of her five thousand dollars. No attention was attracted, no agitation came because there was no woman there to take it up and call attention to it.

I served two years in the Massachusetts legislature and I remember that during one of those years there came up a bill which attracted very little attention in regard to the right of settlement in our towns. The point seemed a little complicated and I passed it by, being busy with other matters; but an official at the State House, Mr. H. B. Wheelwright, an official of the Board of State Charities, a man of great experience, came to me and said, "Do you understand that bill?" I said, "No. I was engaged on other matters and paid but little attention to it." He said, "Let me explain it to you." He sat down and explained it to me and showed me that should that bill pass hundreds of women in our factory towns in Massachusetts would fail of obtaining, as they had heretofore obtained under certain conditions, a settlement in those towns.

I asked those around me if they had noticed it. They had not. I found on investigation that the bill had come from the representatives of a certain town and that the whole bill was got up to meet a certain particular case. It was to relieve the overseers of the poor in that town from the duty of disposing of a single family; and for the sake of that, by this bill, thus quietly introduced, hundreds and perhaps thousands of women would suffer.

I took the points that he gave me, I made the statement, becoming simply his mouthpiece in the matter, and the bill was easily defeated. But had a single woman been on the floor herself to take note of the bills that came up that concerned her sex do you suppose a bill like that would have come as it did near to passage? If there is anything that is sure in public affairs it is that we can trust people to look after themselves.

I remember I was speaking of the ignorance of the men

recently naturalized who had been before the Bureau of State Charities, and another State House official said to me, "There is not an emigrant however ignorant he may be who after he has lived six months in Massachusetts, fails to understand three sets of laws as well as you or I do; the settlement laws, the pauper laws, and the penal laws. They understand it whether we do or not." Self-interest is what sharpens. When you get women voting and not till then will you have women substantially and permanently protected.

It is for the self-respect and self-protection of women that I want woman suffrage. If they vote for good temperance laws, so much the better. If they make property secure, so much the better. But the real need of the suffrage is for women themselves. Self-respect and self-protection, these are what the demand rests upon; and in proportion as we concede to that demand we shall have a nation that also has for its reward self-protection and self-respect.

How long will women have to point out these things? How long will men with feebler voices, because less personal and less absorbingly interested, have to aid them in pointing them out? It is not enough to have our material successes. It is not enough to have the magnificent record of our long civil war and of the period of reconstruction that has followed. This nation won the respect of the world by its career in war. What it has now before it is so to legislate for equal justice as to retain the world's respect during coming centuries of happy peace.

GEORGE W. CURTIS

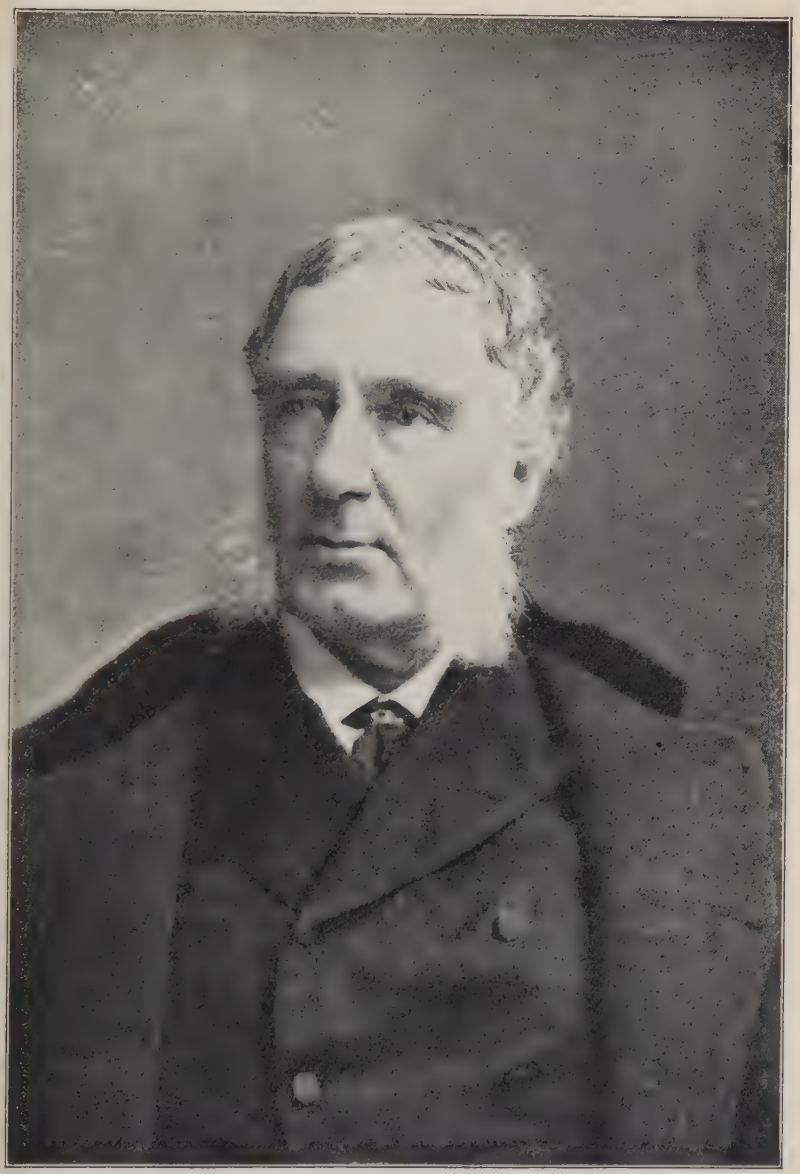
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, American man of letters, publicist, and orator, was born at Providence, R. I., Feb. 24, 1824, and died on Staten Island, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1892. After attending school at Jamaica Plain, Mass., he removed to New York with his father in 1839, and was for a time engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1842, he became a member of the Brook Farm Community in Massachusetts. Four years later he spent some years travelling in Germany, Italy, Syria, and Egypt. Returning to this country in 1850, he became a writer for the "New York Tribune," and a few years later was one of the editors of "Putnam's Monthly." He entered with fervor into the anti-slavery contest, speaking for the Republicans in 1856, and delivering in that year a memorable oration, here reproduced, on the duty of the American scholar to politics. From 1857 until his death he was political editor of "Harper's Weekly," and contributed to "Harper's Monthly" the series of papers known as the "Editor's Easy Chair." In his later years he was eminent as an advocate of Civil Service Reform. In 1871, he was appointed by President Grant member of a commission to embody rules for the regulation of the civil service, and for some years before his death was president of the National Civil Service Reform Association, and chancellor of the University of the State of New York. His chief writings are: "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus-Eating," "Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I," and a monograph on "Washington Irving."

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, AUGUST 5, 1856

GENTLEMEN, the scholar is the representative of thought among men, and his duty to society is the effort to introduce thought and the sense of justice into human affairs. While other men pursue what is expedient, and watch with alarm the flickering of the funds, he is to pursue the truth, and watch the eternal law of justice.

But if this be true of the scholar in general, how peculiarly is it true of the American scholar, who, as a citizen of a Re-



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

public, has not only an influence by his word and example, but, by his vote, a direct agency upon public affairs. In a Republic which decides questions involving the national welfare by a majority of voices, whoever refuses to vote is a traitor to his own cause, whatever that cause may be; and if any scholar will not vote, nor have an opinion upon great public measures, because that would be to mix himself with politics, but contents himself with vague declamation about freedom in general, knowing that the enemies of freedom always use its name, then that scholar is a traitor to liberty, and degrades his order by justifying the reproach that the scholar is a pusillanimous trimmer.

The American scholar, gentlemen, has duties to politics in general; and he has, consequently, duties to every political crisis in his country; what his duties are in this crisis of our national affairs I shall now tell you as plainly as I can. The times are grave, and they demand sober speech. To us young men the future of this country is intrusted. What names does history love, and every honest man revere? The names of those who gave their youth and strength to the cause which is waiting for us to serve it.

The object of human government is human liberty. Laws restrain the encroachment of the individual upon society in order that all individuals may be secured the freest play of their powers. This is because the end of society is the improvement of the individual and the development of the race. Liberty is therefore the condition of human progress, and, consequently, that is the best government which gives to men the largest liberty and constantly modifies itself in the interest of freedom.

The laws of society, indeed, deprive men of liberty, and even of life, but only when by crime they have become in

jurious to society. The deprivation of the life or liberty of the individual under other circumstances is the outrage of those rights which are instinctively perceived by every man, but are beyond argument or proof.

Human slavery annihilates the conditions of human progress. Its necessary result is the destruction of humanity; and this not only directly by its effect upon the slave, but indirectly by its effect upon the master. In the one it destroys the self-respect which is the basis of manhood, and is thus a capital crime against humanity. In the other it fosters pride, indolence, luxury, and licentiousness, which equally imbrute the human being. Therefore, in slave States there is no literature, no art, no progressive civilization.

Manners are fantastic and fierce; brute force supplants moral principle; freedom of speech is suppressed because the natural speech of man condemns slavery; a sensitive vanity is called honor, and cowardly swagger, chivalry; respect for woman is destroyed by universal licentiousness; lazy indifference is called gallantry, and an impudent familiarity, cordiality. To supply by a travesty of courage the want of manly honor, men deliberately shoot those who expose their falsehoods. Therefore they go armed with knives and pistols, for it is a cardinal article of a code of false honor that it is possible for a bully to insult a gentleman. Founded upon crime, for by no other word can manstealing be characterized, the prosperity of such a people is at the mercy of an indignant justice. Hence a slave society has the characteristics of wandering tribes, which rob, and live, therefore, insecure in the shadow of impending vengence. There is nothing admirable in such a society but what its spirit condemns; there is nothing permanent in it but decay. Against nature, against reason, against the human instinct, against the

divine law, the institution of human slavery is the most dreadful that philosophy contemplates or the imagination conceives.

Certainly, some individual slaveholders are good men, but the mass of men are never better than their institutions; and certainly some slaves are better fed and lodged than some free laborers; but so are many horses better fed and lodged than some free laborers; is, therefore, a laborer to abdicate his manhood and become a horse; and, certainly, as it exists, God may, in a certain sense, be said to permit it; but in the same way God permitted the slaughter of the innocents in Judea, and he permitted the awful railway slaughter not a month ago near Philadelphia. Do you mean that as comfort for the mothers of Judea and the mothers of Pennsylvania?

History confirms what philosophy teaches. The eastern nations and the Spanish colonies, Rome in her decline, and the southern States of America, display a society of which the spirit is similar however much the phenomena may differ. Moral self-respect is the first condition of national life, as labor is the first condition of national prosperity; but the laborer cannot have moral respect unless he be free.

The true national policy therefore is that which enobles and dignifies labor. Cincinnatus, upon his farm, is the ideal of the citizen. But slavery disgraces labor by making the laborer a brute, while it makes the slaveholder the immediate rival of the free laborer in all the markets of the world. Hence, Tiberius Gracchus, one of the greatest of Roman citizens, early saw that in a state where an oligarchy at the same time monopolized and disgraced labor, there must necessarily be a vast demoralized population who would demand support of the state and be ready for the service of the

demagogue, who is always the tyrant. Gracchus was killed, but the issue proved the prophet.

The canker which Rome cherished in her bosom ate out the heart of Rome, and the empire whose splendor flashed over the whole world fell like a blighted tree. Not until slavery had barbarized the great mass of the Romans did Rome fall a prey to the barbarians from abroad.

Gentlemen, it is a disgrace for all of us, that in this country, and in this year of our history, the occasion should require me to state such principles and facts as these. History seems to be an endless iteration. But it is not so. Do not lose heart. It only seems so because there has been but one great cause in human affairs—the cause of liberty. In a thousand forms, under a thousand names, the old contest has been waged. It divided the politics of Greece and Rome, of England, France, America, into two parties; so that the history of liberty is the history of the world. . . .

Do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen, thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty. There is no intellectual or moral life without liberty. Therefore, as a man must breathe and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty, first of all; and as the American scholar is a man and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done.

Young scholars, young Americans, young men, we are all

called upon to do a great duty. Nobody is released from it. It is a work to be done by hard strokes, and everywhere. I see a rising enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is not an election; and I hear cheers from the heart, but cheers are not votes. Every man must labor with his neighbor, in the street, at the plough, at the bench, early and late, at home and abroad. Generally we are concerned in elections with the measures of government. This time it is with the essential principle of government itself. Therefore, there must be no doubt about our leader. He must not prevaricate, or stand in the fog, or use terms to court popular favor, which every demagogue and traitor has always used. If he say he favors the interest of the whole country, let him frankly say whether he think the interest of the whole country demands the extension of slavery. If he declares for the Union, let him say whether he means a Union for freedom or for slavery. If he swear by the constitution, let him state, so that the humblest free laborer can hear and understand whether he believes the constitution means to prefer slave labor to free labor in the national representation of the Territories. Ask him as an honest man, in a great crisis, if he be for the Union, the constitution, and slavery extension, or for "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease—loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers, and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents. wife, child, mistress, and

go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plough, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love as beautiful, to those young men as it is to us, who stand upon their graves. But because they were so dear and beautiful those men went out bravely to fight for them and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell and were buried; but they can never die. Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom. And yet, no victim of those days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching in this summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas.

Gentlemen, while we read history we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years ago, Leonidas stood against Xerxes we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor thank God that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylæ, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it if they cannot conquer. And so long as liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves, and mighty as the sea.

Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of freedom. I call upon you to say, with your voices, whenever

the occasion offers, and with your votes, when the day comes, that upon these fertile fields of Kansas, in the very heart of the continent, the upas tree of slavery, dripping death-dews upon national prosperity, and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the vine, and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine whether this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall, by its failure, be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.

The voice of our brothers who are bleeding, no less than of our fathers who bled, summons us to this battle. Shall the children of unborn generations, clustering over that vast western empire, rise up and call us blessed or cursed? Here are our Marathon and Lexington; here are our heroic fields. The hearts of all good men beat with us. The fight is fierce — the issue is with God. But God is good.

ORATION AT CONCORD

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, APRIL 19, 1875

WE ARE fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over, the earth blossoms with renewed life, and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who, on this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the contest which made that country independ-

ent. Here beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom in our day the spirit of the revolutionary fathers visibly descended, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town with its neighbors who share its glory has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living—twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered—with prayer and eloquence and song you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change and the development of the country that the revolutionary clash of arms was already vague and unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbela and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes from which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind—they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose pride was that before living memory they had been minute-men of American Independence.

But with us how changed! War is no longer a tradition half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes! it has wrung how many of the hearts before me! North and South we know the pang. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest, but are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded everywhere by multitudes in the vigor of their prime—behold them here to-day sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators, magistrates—yes, the chief magistrate of the Republic—whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us with resistless eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes. We can measure the sacrifice, the courage, the devotion, for we have seen them all. Green hills of Concord, broad fields of Middlesex, that heard the voice of Hancock and of Adams, you heard also the call of Lincoln and of Andrew, and your Ladd and Whitney, your Prescott and Ripley and Melvin, have revealed to us more truly the Davis and the Buttrick, the Hosmer and the Parker, of a hundred years ago. . . .

The minute-men and militia, who in the history of our English race have been always the vanguard of freedom. The minute-man of the Revolution—who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guarantee of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and kissing wife and children, marched to die or to

be free. He was the son and lover, the plain shy youth of the singing school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say with the old English cavalier:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day — him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here among these peaceful

fields; here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and eighty-six years later gave it first also for a truer union and a larger liberty; here in the heart of Middlesex county, of Lexington and Concord, and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty! as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge. But should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity — betray in any way their cause — spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you, in saving America, to save the hopes of man.

At the end of a century we can see the work of this day as our fathers could not; we can see that then the final movement began of a process long and unconsciously preparing, which was to intrust liberty to new forms and institutions that seemed full of happy promise for mankind. And now for nearly a century what was formerly called the experiment of a representative republic of imperial extent and power has been tried. Has it fulfilled the hopes of its founders and the just expectations of mankind? I have already glanced at its early and fortunate conditions, and we know how vast and splendid were its early growth and development. Our material statistics soon dazzled the world. Europe no longer sneered but gazed in wonder, waiting and watching. Our population doubled every fifteen years, and our wealth every ten years. Every little stream among the hills turned a mill; and the great inland seas, bound by the genius of Clinton to the ocean, became the highway of boundless commerce, the path of unprecedented empire. Our farms were the granary of other lands. Our cotton fields made England rich. Still we chased the whale in the Pacific Ocean and took fish in the tumbling seas of Labrador. We hung our friendly lights

along thousands of miles of coast to tempt the trade of every clime; and wherever, on the dim rim of the globe there was a harbor, it was white with American sails. Meanwhile at home the political foreboding of federalism had died away, and its very wail seemed a tribute to the pacific glories of the land.

> "The ornament of beauty is suspect,
> A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air."

The government was felt to be but a hand of protection and blessing; labor was fully employed; capital was secured; the army was a jest; enterprise was pushing through the Alleghanies, grasping and settling the El Dorado of the prairies, and still braving the wilderness, reached out toward the Rocky Mountains, and reversing the voyages of Columbus, rediscovered the Old World from the New. America was the Benjamin of nations, the best beloved of heaven, and the starry flag of the United States flashed a line of celestial light around the world, the harbinger of freedom, peace, and prosperity.

Such was the vision and the exulting faith of fifty years ago. "Atlantis hath risen from the ocean!" cried Edward Everett to applauding Harvard; and Daniel Webster answered from Bunker Hill, "If we fail, popular governments are impossible." So far as they could see, they stood among the unchanged conditions of the early republic. And those conditions are familiar. The men who founded the republic were few in number, planted chiefly along a temperate coast, remote from the world. They were a homogeneous people, increasing by their own multiplication, speaking the same language, of the same general religious faith, cherishing the same historic and political traditions, universally educated, hardy, thrifty, with general equality of for-

tune, and long and intelligent practice of self-government, while the slavery that existed among them, inhuman in itself, was not seriously defended, and was believed to be disappearing. But within the last half century causes then latent, or wholly incalculable before, have radically changed those conditions, and we enter upon the second century of the republic with responsibilities which neither our fathers nor the men of fifty years ago could possibly foresee.

Think, for instance, of the change wrought by foreign immigration, with all its necessary consequences. In the State of Massachusetts to-day the number of citizens of foreign birth who have no traditional association with the story of Concord and Lexington is larger than the entire population of the State on the day of battle. The first fifty years after the battle brought to the whole country fewer immigrants than are now living in Massachusetts alone. At the end of that half century, when Mr. Everett stood here, less than three hundred thousand foreign immigrants had come to this country, but in the fifty years that have since elapsed that immigration has been more than nine millions of persons. The aggregate population in the last fifty years has advanced somewhat more than threefold, the foreign immigration more than thirtyfold, so that now immigrants and the children of immigrants are a quarter of the whole population. This enormous influx of foreigners has added an immense ignorance and entire unfamiliarity with republican ideas and habits to the voting class. It has brought other political traditions, other languages and other religious faiths. It has introduced powerful and organized influences not friendly to the republican principle of freedom of thought and action. It is to the change produced by immigration that we owe the first serious questioning of the public school

system, which was the nursery of the early republic, and which is to-day the palladium of free popular government.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not lamenting even in thought the boundless hospitality of America. I do not forget that the whole European race came hither but yesterday, and has been domesticated here not yet three hundred years. I am not insensible of the proud claim of America to be the refuge of the oppressed of every clime, nor do I doubt in her maturity her power, if duly directed, to assimilate whole nations, if need be, as in her infancy she achieved her independence, and in her prime maintained her unity. But if she has been the hope of the world, and is so still, it is because she has understood both the conditions and the perils of freedom, and watches carefully the changing conditions under which republican liberty is to be maintained. She will still welcome to her ample bosom all who choose to be called her children. But if she is to remain the mother of liberty, it will not be the result of those craven counsels whose type is the ostrich burying his head in the sand, but of that wise and heroic statesmanship whose symbol is her own heaven-soaring eagle, gazing undazzled even at the spots upon the sun.

Again, within the century steam has enormously expanded the national domain, and every added mile is an added strain to our system. The marvellous ease of communication both by rail and telegraph tends to obliterate conservative local lines and to make a fatal centralization more possible. The telegraph, which instantly echoes the central command at the remotest point, becomes both a facility and a temptation to exercise command, while below upon the rail the armed blow swiftly follows the word that flies along the wire. Steam concentrates population in cities. But when the government

was formed the people were strictly rural, and there were but six cities with eight thousand inhabitants or more. In 1790 only one thirtieth of the population lived in cities, in 1870 more than one fifth. Steam destroys the natural difficulties of communication; but those very difficulties are barriers against invasion, and protect the independence of each little community, the true foundation of our free republican system. In New England the characteristic village and local life of the last century perishes in the age of steam. Meanwhile the enormous accumulation of capital engaged in great enterprises, with unscrupulous greed of power, constantly tends to make itself felt in corruption of the press which molds public opinion, and of the legislature which makes the laws. Thus steam and the telegraph tend to the concentration of capital and the consolidation of political power, a tendency which threatens liberty, and which was wholly unknown when the Republic began, and was unsuspected fifty years ago. Sweet Liberty is a mountain nymph, because mountains baffle the pursuer. But the inventions that level mountains and annihilate space alarm that gracious spirit, who sees her greater insecurity. But stay, heaven-eyed maid, and stay forever! Behold, our devoted wills shall be they invincible Alps, our loyal hearts thy secret bower, the spirit of our fathers a cliff of adamant that engineering skill can never pierce nor any foe can scale!

But the most formidable problem for popular government which the opening of our second century presents springs from a source which was unsuspected a hundred years ago, and which the orators of fifty years since forbore to name. This was the system of slave labor which vanished in civil war. But slavery had not been the fatal evil that it was, if with its abolition its consequences had disappeared. It

holds us still in mortmain. Its dead hand is strong, as its living power was terrible. Emancipation has left the Republic exposed to a new and extraordinary trial of the principles and practices of free government. A civilization resting upon slavery, as formerly in part of the country, however polished and ornate, is necessarily aristocratic and hostile to republican equality, while the exigencies of such a society forbid that universal education which is indispensable to wise popular government. When war emancipates the slaves and makes them equal citizens, the ignorance and venality which are the fatal legacies of slavery to the subject-class, whether white or black, and the natural alienation of the master-class, which alone has political knowledge and experience, with all the secret conspiracies, the reckless corruption, the political knavery, springing naturally from such a situation, and ending often in menacing disorder that seems to invite the military interference and supervision of the government — all this accumulation of difficulty and danger lays a strain along the very fibre of free institutions. For it suggests the twofold question whether the vast addition of the ignorance of the emancipated vote to that of the immigrant vote may not overwhelm the intelligent vote of the country, and whether the constant appeal to the central hand of power, however necessary it may seem, and for whatever reason of humanity and justice it may be urged, must not necessarily destroy that local self-reliance which was the very seed of the American Republic, and fatally familiarize the country with that employment of military power which is inconsistent with free institutions, and bold resistance to which has forever consecrated the spot on which we stand.

These are some of the more obvious changes in the conditions under which the Republic is to be maintained. I men-

tion them merely; but every wise patriot sees and ponders them. Does he therefore despond? Heaven forbid! When was there ever an auspicious day for humanity that was not one of doubt and of conflict? The robust moral manhood of America confronts the future with steadfast faith and indomitable will, raising the old battle-cry of the race for larger liberty and surer law. It sees clouds, indeed, as Sam Adams saw them when this day dawned. But with him it sees through and through them, and with him thanks God for the glorious morning. There is, indeed, a fashion of scepticism of American principles even among some Americans, but it is one of the oldest and worst fashions in our history. There is a cynicism which fondly fancies that in its beginning the American Republic moved proudly toward the future with all the splendid assurance of the Persian Xerxes descending on the shores of Greece, but that it sits to-day among shattered hopes, like Xerxes above his ships at Salamis. And when was this golden age? Was it when John Adams appealed from the baseness of his own time to the greater candor and patriotism of this? Was it when Fisher Ames mourned over lost America like Rachel for her children, and would not be comforted? Was it when William Wirt said that he sought in vain for a man fit for the Presidency or for great responsibility? Was it when Chancellor Livingston saw only a threatening future because Congress was so feeble? Was it when we ourselves saw the industry, the commerce, the society, the church, the courts, the statesmanship, the conscience of America seemingly prostrate under the foot of slavery? Was this the golden age of these sentimental sighs, this the region behind the north wind of these reproachful regrets? And is it the young nation which with prayer and faith, with untiring devotion

and unconquerable will, has lifted its bruised and broken body from beneath that crushing heel, whose future is distrusted?

Nay, this very cynicism is one of the foes that we must meet and conquer. Remember, fellow citizens, that the impulse of republican government, given a century ago at the old North Bridge, has shaken every government in the world, but has been itself wholly unshaken by them. It has made monarchy impossible in France. It has freed the Russian serfs. It has united Germany against ecclesiastical despotism. It has flashed into the night of Spain. It has emancipated Italy and discrowned the Pope as king. In England, repealing the disabilities of Catholic and Hebrew, it forecasts the separation of church and state, and step by step transforms monarchy into another form of republic. And here at home how glorious its story! In a tremendous war between men of the same blood — men who recognize and respect each other's valor — we have proved what was always doubted, the prodigious power, endurance and resources of a republic, and in emancipating an eighth of the population we have at last gained the full opportunity of the republican principle. Sir, it is the signal felicity of this occasion that on the one hundredth anniversary of the first battle of the war of American independence, I may salute you, who led to victory the citizen soldiers of American liberty, as the first elected President of the free Republic of the United States. Fortunate man! to whom God has given the priceless boon of associating your name with that triumph of freedom which will presently bind the East and the West, the North and the South, in a closer and more perfect union for the establishment of justice and the security of the blessings of liberty than these States have ever known.

Fellow citizens, that union is the lofty task which this hallowed day and this sacred spot impose upon us. And what cloud of doubt so dark hangs over us as that which lowered above the colonies when the troops of the King marched into this town, and the men of Middlesex resolved to pass the bridge? With their faith and their will we shall win their victory. No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capital, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge, and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearth-stone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1884

MASSACHUSETTS is always rich in fitting voices to commemorate the virtues and services of her illustrious citizens, and in every strain of affectionate admiration and thoughtful discrimination, the legislature, the pulpit, and the press — his old associates, who saw the glory of his prime — the younger generation which cherishes the tradition of his devoted life—have spoken the praise of Wendell Phillips. But his native city has justly thought that the great work of his life was not local or limited; that it was as large as liberty and as broad as humanity, and that his name, therefore, is not the treasure of a State only, but a national possession. An orator whose consecrated eloquence, like the music of Amphion raising the wall of Thebes, was a chief force in giving to the American Union the impregnable defence of freedom, is a common benefactor; the West may well answer to the East, the South to the North, and Carolina and California, Minnesota and New York, mingle their sorrow with that of New England, and own in his death a common bereavement.

At other times, with every mornful ceremony of respect, the commonwealth and its chief city have lamented their dead sons, conspicuous party leaders, who, in high official place, and with the formal commission of the State, have worthily maintained the ancient renown and the lofty faith of Massachusetts. But it is a private citizen whom we com-

memorate to-day, yet a public leader; a man always foremost in political controversy, but who held no office, and belonged to no political party; who swayed votes, but who seldom voted, and never for a mere party purpose; and who, for the larger part of his active life, spurned the constitution as a bond of iniquity, and the Union as a yoke of oppression. Yet, the official authority which decrees this commemoration — this great assembly which honors his memory — the press, which from sea to sea has celebrated his name — and I, who at your summons stand here to speak his eulogy, are all loyal to party, all revere the constitution and maintain the Union, all hold the ballot to be the most sacred trust, and voting to be the highest duty of the citizen.

As we recall the story of that life, the spectacle of to-day is one of the most significant in our history. This memorial rite is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction; it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration that a life of transcendent purity of purpose, blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness, and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a patriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contemplating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine.

It is not the Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and Lexington — Samuel Adams, the father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere.

The revolutionary tradition was the native air of Wendell Phillips. When he was born in this city, seventy-three years ago last November, some of the chief revolutionary figures still lingered. John Adams was living at Quincy, and Thomas Jefferson at Monticello; Elbridge Gerry was governor of the State, James Madison was President, and the second war with England was at hand. Phillips was nine years old when, in 1820, the most important debate after the adoption of the constitution, the debate of whose tumultuous culmination and triumphant close he was to be the great orator, began, and the second heroic epoch of our history, in which he was a master figure, opened in the long and threatening contest over the admission of Missouri. Unheeding the transactions which were shaking the land and setting the scene of his career, the young boy, of the best New England lineage and prospects, played upon Beacon Hill, and at the age of sixteen entered Harvard College. His classmates recall his manly pride and reserve, with the charming manner, the delightful conversation, and the affluence of kindly humor which was never lost. He sauntered and gently studied; now a devoted student, not in the bent of his mind, nor in the special direction of sympathy, forecasting the reformer, but already the orator and the easy master of the college platform; and still, in the memory of his old companions, he walks those college paths in unfading youth, a figure of patrician port, of sovereign grace — a prince coming to his kingdom.

The tranquil years at the university ended, and he graduated in 1831, the year of Nat. Turner's insurrection in Virginia; the year, also, in which Mr. Garrison issued the "Liberator," and, for unequivocally proclaiming the principle of the Declaration of Independence was denounced as

a public enemy. Like other gently nurtured Boston boys, Phillips began the study of law, and, as it proceeded, doubtless the sirens sang to him, as to the noble youth of every country and time.

If, musing over Coke and Blackstone, in the full consciousness of ample powers and of fortunate opportunities, he sometimes forecast the future, he doubtless saw himself succeeding Fisher Ames, and Harrison Gray Otis, and Daniel Webster, rising from the bar to the legislature, from the legislature to the senate, from the senate — who knew whither? — the idol of society, the applauded orator, the brilliant champion of the elegant repose and the cultivated conservatism of Massachusetts.

The delight of social ease, the refined enjoyment of taste in letters and art, opulent leisure, professional distinction, gratified ambition — all these came and whispered to the young student. And it is the force that can tranquilly put aside such blandishments with a smile, and accept alienation, outlawry, ignominy, and apparent defeat, if need be, no less than the courage which grapples with poverty and outward hardship, and climbs over them to worldly prosperity, which is the test of the finest manhood. Only he who fully knows the worth of what he renounces gains the true blessing of renunciation.

The time during which Phillips was studying law was the hour of the profoundest moral apathy in the history of this country. The fervor of revolutionary feeling was long since spent, and that of the final anti-slavery contest was but just kindled. The question of slavery, indeed, had never been quite forgotten. There was always an anti-slavery sentiment in the country, but there was also a slavery interest, and the invention of the cotton-gin in 1789 gave slavery the most

powerful and insidious impulse that it had ever received. At once commercial greed was allied with political advantage and social power, and the active anti-slavery sentiment rapidly declined.

Ten years after the invention of the cotton-gin, the General Convention of the Abolition Societies deplored the decay of public interest in emancipation. Forty years later, in 1833, while Phillips was still studying law, the veteran Pennsylvania Society lamented that since 1794 it had seen one after another of those societies disband, until it was left almost alone to mourn the universal apathy.

When Wendell Phillips was admitted to the bar in 1834, the slave interest in the United States, entrenched in the constitution, in trade, in the church, in society, in historic tradition, and in the prejudice of race, had already become, although unconsciously to the country, one of the most powerful forces in the world. The English throne in 1625, the old French monarchy in 1780, the English aristocracy at the beginning of the century, were not so strong as slavery, in this country fifty years ago. The grasp of England upon the American colonies before the Revolution was not so sure, and was never so menacing to liberty upon this continent, as the grasp of slavery upon the Union in the pleasant days when the young lawyer sat in his office careless of the anti-slavery agitation, and jesting with his old college comrades over the clients who did not come.

But on an October afternoon in 1835, while he was still sitting expectant in his office, the long-awaited client came, but in what an amazing form! The young lawyer was especially a Boston boy. He loved his native city with that lofty pride and intensity of local affection which are peculiar to her citizens. "I was born in Boston," he said long after-

ward, " and the good name of the old town is bound up with every fibre of my heart." In the mild afternoon his windows were open and the sound of unusual disturbance drew him from his office. He hastened along the street, and suddenly, a stone's throw from the scene of the Boston massacre, in the very shadow of the old State House, he beheld in Boston a spectacle which Boston cannot now conceive. He saw American women insulted for befriending their innocent sisters, whose children were sold from their arms. He saw an American citizen assailed by a furious mob in the city of James Otis for saying with James Otis that a man's right to liberty is inherent and inalienable.

Himself a citizen-soldier, he looked to see the majesty of the people maintaining the authority of law; but, to his own startled surprise, he saw that the rightful defenders of law against the mob were themselves the mob. The city whose dauntless free speech had taught a country how to be independent he saw raising a parricidal hand against its parent—Liberty.

It was enough. As the jail doors closed upon Garrison to save his life, Garrison and his cause had won their most powerful and renowned ally. With the setting of that October sun vanished forever the career of prosperous ease, the gratification of ordinary ambition, which the genius and the accomplishment of Wendell Phillips had seemed to foretell. Yes, the long-awaited client had come at last. Scarred, scorned, and forsaken, that cowering and friendless client was wronged and degraded humanity. The great soul saw and understood.

" So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

Already the Boston boy felt what he afterward said: "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston over which my mother led my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I will make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave."

And we, fellow citizens, who recall the life and the man, the untiring sacrifice, the complete surrender, do we not hear in the soft air of that long-vanished October day, far above the riot of the stormy street, the benediction that he could not hear, but whose influence breathed always from the ineffable sweetness of his smile and the gracious courtesy of his manner, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it to the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

The scene of that day is an illustration of the time. As we look back upon it it is incredible. But it was not until Lovejoy fell, while defending his press at Alton, in November, 1837, that an American citizen was killed by a raging mob for declaring in a free State the right of innocent men and women to their personal liberty. This tragedy, like the deadly blow at Charles Summer in the Senate chamber twenty years afterward, awed the whole country with a sense of vast and momentous peril.

The country has just been startled by the terrible riot at Cincinnati, which sprang from the public consciousness that by crafty legal quibbling crime had become secure. But the outbreak was at once and universally condemned because, in this country, whatever the wrong may be, reform by riot is always worse than the wrong. The Alton riot, however, had no redeeming impulse. It was the very frenzy of lawlessness, a sudden and ghastly glimpse of the unquenchable fires of passion that were burning under the seeming peace and prosperity of the Union. How fierce and far-reaching

those passions were was seen not only in the riot itself, but in the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting to denounce the appalling wrong to American liberty which had been done in Illinois, lest the patriotic protest of the meeting should be interpreted by the country as the voice of Boston.

But the refusal was reconsidered, and never since the people of Boston thronged Faneuil Hall on the day after the massacre in State street had that ancient hall seen a more solemn and significant assembly. It was the more solemn, the more significant, because the excited multitude was no longer, as in the revolutionary day, inspired by one unanimous and overwhelming purpose to assert and maintain liberty of speech as the bulwark of all other liberty. It was an unwonted and foreboding scene. An evil spirit was in the air.

When the seemly protest against the monstrous crime had been spoken, and the proper duty of the day was done, a voice was heard, the voice of the high officer solemnly sworn to prosecute in the name of Massachusetts every violation of law, declaring, in Faneuil Hall, sixty years after the battle of Bunker Hill, and amid a howling storm of applause, that an American citizen who was put to death by a mad crowd of his fellow citizens for defending his right of free speech, died as the fool dieth.

Boston has seen dark days, but never a moment so dark as that. Seven years before Webster had said, in the famous words that Massachusetts binds as frontlets between her eyes, "There are Boston and Concord, and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." Had they already vanished? Was the spirit of the Revolution quite extinct? In the very cradle of liberty did no son survive to awake its

slumbering echoes? By the grace of God such a son there was. He had come with the multitude, and he had heard with sympathy and approval the speeches that condemned the wrong; but when the cruel voice justified the murderers of Lovejoy the heart of the young man burned within him. This speech, he said to himself, must be answered. As the malign strain proceeded the Boston boy, all on fire, with Concord and Lexington tugging at his heart, unconsciously murmured, "Such a speech in Faneuil Hall must be answered in Faneuil Hall."

"Why not answer it yourself?" whispered a neighbor who overheard him.

"Help me to the platform and I will"—and pushing and struggling through the dense and threatening crowd the young man reached the platform, was lifted upon it, and, advancing to speak, was greeted with a roar of hostile cries. But riding the whirlwind undismayed, as for many a year afterward he directed the same wild storm, he stood upon the platform in all the beauty and grace of imperial youth — the Greeks would have said a god descended—and in words that touched the mind and heart and conscience of that vast multitude, as with fire from heaven, recalling Boston to herself, he saved his native city and her cradle of liberty from the damning disgrace of stoning the first martyr in the great struggle for personal freedom.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, and Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American— the slanderer of the dead."

And even as he spoke the vision was fulfilled. Once more

its native music rang through Faneuil Hall. In the orator's own burning words those pictured lips did break into immortal rebuke. In Wendell Phillips, glowing with holy indignation at the insult to America and to man, John Adams and James Otis, Josiah Quincy and Samuel Adams, though dead, yet spake.

In the annals of American speech there had been no such scene since Patrick Henry's electrical warning to George III. It was that greatest of oratorical triumphs when a supreme emotion, a sentiment which is to mold a people anew, lifted the orator to adequate expression.

Three such scenes are illustrious in our history. That of the speech of Patrick Henry at Williamsburg, of Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, of Abraham Lincoln in Gettysburg —three, and there is no fourth. They transmit, unextinguished, the torch of an eloquence which has aroused nations and changed the course of history, and which Webster called "noble, sublime, God-like action." The tremendous controversy indeed inspired universal eloquence. As the cause passed from the moral appeal of the Abolitionists to the political action of the Liberty party, of the Conscience Whigs and Free-Soil Democrats, and finally of the Republican party, the sound of speech, which in its variety and excellence had never been heard upon the continent, filled the air.

But supreme over it all was the eloquence of Phillips, as over the harmonious tumult of a great orchestra, one clear voice, like a lark high-poised in heaven, steadily carries the melody. As Demosthenes was the orator of Greece against Philip, and Cicero of Rome against Catiline, and John Pym of England against the Stuart despotism, Wendell Phillips was distinctively the orator, as others were the statesmen, of the anti-slavery cause.

When he first spoke at Faneuil Hall some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Edward Everett upon the academic platform. From all these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster and Everett and Clay there was always a great organized party or an entrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion.

They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of political tradition, and of established institutions. Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the new orator, announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and denouncing established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and

feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done?—Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raphael?

The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> "Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips?—No, no! It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

How terribly earnest was the anti-slavery contest this generation little knows. But to understand Phillips we must recall the situation of the country. When he joined the Abolitionists, and for more than twenty years afterward, slavery sat supreme in the White House and made laws in the capitol. Courts of justice were its ministers and legislatures its lackeys.

It silenced the preacher in the pulpit, it muzzled the editor at his desk, and the professor in his lecture-room. It set a price upon the head of peaceful citizens, robbed the mails, and denounced the vital principle of the Declaration of Independence as treason. In States whose laws did not tolerate slavery, slavery ruled the club and the drawing-room, the factory and the office, swaggered at the dinner table, and scourged, with scorn, a cowardly society.

It tore the golden rule from school books, and from the prayer book the pictured benignity of Christ. It prohibited in the free States schools for the hated race, and hunted women who taught children to read. If forbade a free people to communicate with their representatives, seized territory to extend its area and confirm its sovereignty, and plotted to steal more to make its empire impregnable and the free Republic of the United States impossible. Scholars, divines, men and women in every church, in every party, raised individual voices in earnest protest. They sighed against a hurricane. There had been such protest in the country for two centuries—colonial provisions and restrictions—the fiery voice of Whitfield in the south—the calm persuasion of Woolman in the middle colonies—the heroism of Hopkins in Rhode Island—the eloquence of Rush in Pennsylvania. There had been emancipation societies at the North and at the South, arguments and appeals and threats in the congress of the confederation, in the constitutional convention, in the Congress of the Union; there had been the words and the will of Washington, the warning of Jefferson, the consenting testimony of the revered fathers of the government; always the national conscience somewhere silently pleading, always the finger of the world steadily pointing in scorn.

But here, after all the protest and the rebuke and the

endeavor, was the malign power, which, when the constitution was formed, had been but the shrinking Afrite bound in the casket, now towering and resistless. He had kicked his casket into the sea, and, haughtily defying the conscience of the country and the moral sentiment of mankind, demanded absolute control of the Republic as the price of union — the Republic, anxious only to submit and to call submission statesmanship.

If, then, the work of the Revolution was to be saved, and independent America was to become free America, the first and paramount necessity was to arouse the country. Agitation was the duty of the hour. Garrison was certainly not the first Abolitionist; no, nor was Luther the first Protestant. But Luther brought all the wandering and separate rays of protest to a focus, and kindled the contest for religious freedom. So, when Garrison flung full in the face of slavery the defiance of immediate and complete abolition, slavery, instinctively foreseeing its doom, sprang to its feet and joined with the heroism of despair in the death-grapple with liberty, from which, after a generation, liberty arose unbruised and victorious.

It is hard for the survivors of a generation to which Abolitionist was a word suggesting the most odious fanaticism — a furious declamation at once nonsensical and dangerous, a grotesque and sanctimonious playing with fire in a powder-magazine—to believe that the names of the representative Abolitionists will be written with a sunbeam, as Phillips says of Toussaint, high over many an honored name. But history, looking before and after, readjusts contemporary judgments of men and events. In all the essential qualities of heroic action Luther, nailing his challenge to the church upon the church's own door, when the church was supreme in

Europe, William Tell, in the romantic legend, serenely scorning to bow to the cap of Gesler, when Gesler's troops held all the market-place, are not nobler figures than Garrison and Phillips, in the hour of the complete possession of the country by the power of slavery, demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation.

A tone of apology, of deprecation or regret, no more becomes an American in speaking of the Abolitionists than in speaking of the Sons of Liberty in the Revolution, and every tribute of honor and respect which we gladly pay to the illustrious fathers of American independence is paid as worthily to their sons, the pioneers of American freedom.

That freedom was secured, indeed, by the union of many forces. The Abolition movement was moral agitation. It was a voice crying in the wilderness. As an American movement it was reproached for holding aloof from the American political method. But in the order of time the moral awakening precedes political action. Politics are founded in compromise and expediency, and had the Abolition leaders paused to parley with prejudice and interest and personal ambition, in order to smooth and conciliate and persuade, their duty would have been undone. When the alarm-bell at night has brought the aroused citizens to the street they will organize their action.

But the ringer of the bell betrays his trust when he ceases to startle. To vote was to acknowledge the constitution. To acknowledge the constitution was to offer a premium upon slavery by granting more political power for every slave. It was to own an obligation to return innocent men to unspeakable degradation and to shoot them down if, with a thousandfold greater reason than our fathers, they resisted oppression. Could Americans do this? Could honest men do

this? Could a great country do this and not learn, sooner or later, by ghastly experience, the truth which George Mason proclaimed—that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities? The Union, said Wendell Phillips, with a calmness that enchanted while it appalled—the Union is called the very ark of the American covenant; but has not idolatry of the Union been the chief bulwark of slavery, and in the words and deeds and spirit of the most vehement "Union saviours" who denounce agitation, can any hope of emancipation be described?

If, then, under the sacred charter of the Union, slavery has grown to this stupenduous height, throwing the shadow of death over the land, is not the Union as it exists the foe of liberty, and can we honestly affirm that it is the sole surviving hope of freedom in the world? Long ago the great leaders of our parties hushed their voices and whispered that even to speak of slavery was to endanger the Union. Is not this enough? Sons of Otis and of Adams, of Franklin and of Jay, are we ready for union upon the ruins of freedom? *Delenda Carthago! Delenda Carthago!*

Even while he spoke there sprang up around him the marshalled host of an organized political party which, raising the constitution as a banner of freedom, marched to the polls to make the Union the citadel of liberty. He, indeed, had rejected the constitution and the Union as the bulwark of slavery. But he and the political host, widely differing, had yet a common purpose, and were confounded in a common condemnation. And who shall count the voters in that political army, and who the generous heroes of the actual war, in whose young hearts his relentless denunciation of the Union had bred the high resolve that, under the protection of the constitution and by its own lawful power, the slave

Union which he denounced should be dissolved in the fervid glory of a new Union of freedom?

His plea, indeed, did not persuade his friends, and was furiously spurned by his foes. "Hang Phillips and Yancey together, hang the Abolitionist and the fire-eater and we shall have peace," cried mingled wrath and terror as the absorbing debate deepened toward civil war. But still, through the startling flash and over the thunder-peal with which the tempest burst, that cry rang out undismayed, *Delenda Carthago!*—The awful storm has rolled away. The warning voice is stilled forever. But the slave Union whose destruction he sought to dissolve, and the glorious Union of freedom and equal rights which his soul desired, is the blessed Union of to-day. . . .

When the war ended, and the specific purpose of his relentless agitation was accomplished, Phillips was still in the prime of his life. Had his mind recurred to the dreams of earlier years, had he desired, in the fulness of his fame and the maturity of his powers, to turn to the political career which the hopes of the friends of his youth had forecast, I do not doubt that the Massachusetts of Sumner and of Andrew, proud of his genius and owning his immense service to the triumphant cause, although a service beyond the party line, and often apparently directed against the party itself, would have gladly summoned him to duty. It would, indeed, have been a kind of peerage for this great Commoner. But not to repose and peaceful honor did this earnest soul incline. "Now that the field is won," he said gayly to a friend, "do you sit by the camp-fire, but I will put out into the underbrush." The slave, indeed, was free, but emancipation did not free the agitator from his task. The client that suddenly appeared before him on that memorable October day was

not an oppressed race alone; it was wronged humanity; it was the victim of unjust systems and unequal laws; it was the poor man, the weak man, the unfortunate man, whoever and whatever he might be. This was the cause that he would still plead in the forum of public opinion. "Let it not be said," he wrote to a meeting of his old Abolition friends, two months before his death, "that the old Abolitionist stopped with the negro, and was never able to see that the same principles claimed his utmost effort to protect all labor, white and black, and to further the discussion of every claim of humanity."

Was this the habit of mere agitation, the restless discontent that followed great achievement? There were those who thought so. But they were critics of a temperament which did not note that with Phillips agitation was a principle, and a deliberately chosen method to definite ends. There were still vast questions springing from the same root of selfishness and injustice as the question of slavery. They must force a hearing in the same way. He would not adopt in middle life the career of politics, which he had renounced in youth, however seductive that career might be, whatever its opportunities and rewards, because the purpose had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to form public opinion rather than to represent it, in making or in executing the laws. To form public opinion upon vital public questions by public discussion, but by public discussion absolutely fearless and sincere, and conducted with honest faith in the people to whom the argument was addressed—this was the service which he had long performed, and this he would still perform, and in the familiar way.

His comprehensive philanthropy had made him, even

during the anti-slavery contest, the untiring advocate of other great reforms. His powerful presentation of the justice and reason of the political equality of women, at Worcester, in 1857, more than any other single impulse launched that question upon the sea of popular controversy. In the general statement of principle, nothing has been added to that discourse. In vivid and effective eloquence of advocacy it has never been surpassed. All the arguments for independence echoed John Adams in the Continental Congress; all the pleas for applying the American principle of representation to the wives and mothers of American citizens echo the eloquence of Wendell Phillips at Worcester. His, also, was the voice that summoned the temperance voters of the Commonwealth to stand up and be counted; the voice which resolutely and definitely exposed the crime to which the busy American mind and conscience are at last turning—the American crime against the Indians. Through him the sorrow of Crete, the tragedy of Ireland, pleaded with America. In the terrible experience of the early anti-slavery debate, when the church and refined society seemed to be the rampart of slavery, he had learned profound distrust of that conservatism of prosperity which chills human sympathy and narrows the conscience. So the vast combinations of capital, in these later days, with their immense monopolies and imperial power, seemed to him sure to corrupt the government and to obstruct and threaten the real welfare of the people. He felt, therefore, that what is called the respectable class is often really, but unconsciously and with a generous purpose, not justly estimating its own tendency, the dangerous class. He was not a party politician; he cared little for party or for party leaders. But any political party which in his judgment represented the dangerous tendency was a

party to be defeated in the interest of the peace and progress of all the people.

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not sometimes profoundly mistaken? No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion—yet it was the Union in arms that saved liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln—but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just mind recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves, and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

No man, I say, can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national policies, of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and, firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement, good fame rests secure. Eighty years ago, in this city, how un-

sparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, and ambition, for his exasperating impracticability—he, the Colossus of the Revolution! And Thomas Jefferson? I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Cœur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But, when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest American patriots — and their fellow citizens of every party bowed their heads and said, Amen. I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot, and no American life — no, not one — offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived — severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to books and pictures and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortu-

nate and the friendless knew; the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings; the ceaseless charity untold; the strong sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affections that must not here be named; the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale; that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall; the surrender of ambition; the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man — these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone! As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide Republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if with perfect faith and hope assured America would still stand and "bid the distant generations hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, an American congressman and diplomat, was born at Zanesville, O., Sept. 30, 1824, and died at New York, Sept. 10, 1889. Educated at Ohio State University and Brown University, he studied and practiced law, and in 1853 became editor of the "Statesman," a journal published in Columbus, O. After serving for a year as secretary of legation at Lima, Peru, he entered Congress from Ohio in 1857, serving there continuously until March, 1865. During this period he supported the policy of the administration in voting supplies and men to carry on the war for the Union, but frequently criticized its course in other matters. He removed to New York and in 1868 again entered Congress, this time as representative from New York. Here he retained his seat for twelve years. He introduced and secured the passage of the bill creating the life-saving service, and also brought forward the bill for increasing the pay of the letter carriers, who in after years erected a bronze statue of their benefactor in New York city. In 1885, he was minister for two years to Turkey, and subsequently served another term in Congress as representative. Mr. Cox, or as he was playfully called "Sunset" Cox, was a popular as well as effective speaker, and won considerable reputation as a humorist. He travelled much and wrote also concerning his travels. His published works embrace: "The Buckeye Abroad" (1851); "Puritanism in Politics" (1863); "Eight Years in Congress" (1865); "A Search for Winter Sunbeams" (1870); "Why We Laugh" (1876); "Free Land and Free Trade" (1876); "Arctic Sunbeams" (1882); "Orient Sunbeams" (1882); "Memorial Eulogies" (1883); "Three Decades of Federal Legislation" (1885); "A Diplomat in Turkey" (1887); "The Isles of the Princes" (1887) and "The Four New States" (1889).

THE BEAUTIES OF DIPLOMACY

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 9, 1876

NOW, gentlemen, I will go to Greece although there is hardly a grease spot left! However there is something very interesting in connection with Greece which I would like to refer to. I do not think it has been exhausted altogether. The gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Springer] anticipated me a little as I was the first man to

find out the interesting letters which he has quoted. My friend, Judge Holman, also anticipated me but he did not find, read, nor comment on the most interesting epistles. Here is one:

Legation of the United States,
Athens, March 8, 1875.
(Received April 5.)

Sir.—A magnificent ball took place at the palace on the 3d instant. On that occasion the American minister had the honor to be selected to lead a contra-dance with the queen.

Now that is something that I like. It makes me wish to defend in one sense the minister to Greece. I will defend anybody that has been so abused as this minister. Why what do we not owe to Greece? Think of it! The land where "burning Sappho loved and sung," and all the rest of Byron's fine ode, which you, Mr. Chairman, rehearsed in your boyhood. Think of Athens—the eye of Greece and the Piræus which has been called the "eyesore of Greece." Think of the arts of war and peace which Greece illustrated two thousand years ago! Think of Marathon and Salamis, and the "ships by thousands" which used to lay below, but which do not lay around there at all now, especially with our starry flag at their mast!

Think of Thermopylæ and her three hundred, of the Pyrrhic phalanx and Anacreon, Suli's rock and Sunium's marbled steep; and then, swan-like, die for love of Greece, after Byron's draught of Samian wine! Think of the Acropolis. Think of those old heroes that modern Greeks name their children after—Æschylus, Thersites, Agamemnon, and Ulysses—never forget Ulysses,—Epaminondas, and Pericles, and Sophocles, and Alcibiades, and Themistocles, and Euripides, and all the other D D's belonging to the early days of ancient Greece.

Yet, sir, as my friend from Indiana [Mr. Holman] well

said, our representatives, when they go to Greece go to th tomb of departed greatness. Greece gave art, science, logic and poetry to the ages. She is entitled to a minister fron the United States of America, not on account of any specia living people that are there, or any special commerce whic they have with us, for they only send us, I believe, from tw to ten thousand pounds of Zante currants every year; bu Greece has a nomadic population of goat-herds, and we ough to improve on a certain kind of goat that we have in thi country.

Is there here any man who will not assist us to prote and raise Greece to her ancient fame? Let him read Cla and Webster, if not Plato and Aristotle. Let him read th catalogue of the Homeric heroes! True, her streams ar dried up, her soil barren, her olive-trees cut up by the roo for fuel, and her very grass made the food of her nomad goats; but is it not Greece? Some cynic may ask befo voting appropriations for our minister, who honors the de past and the great heroes of that dead past, "What Cithera's isle to the grasshopper-despoiled West? Wh is Milos, from whence the famous statue of Venus came, Salamis with the fame of Themistocles, when Mississippi under the ban and its plantations are overgrown with sedge grass? What the Piræus, where Socrates questioned the sailors, or what the academy under whose olive-trees the divine Plato sat while the bees of Hymettus settled on hi lips, when the Texas border is ravaged by greasers and American cattle driven to Cortina's ranches by the thousand?

What are Morea's hills with their golden and purple sun sets, when beyond our sunset, contractors cheat the govern ment and Indians on meat and flour? What the violet wreathed city of Minerva, when in the great metropolis o

New York, "farther west," the tenement houses teem with skeleton starvelings? Let imagination paint in rainbow colors the verdureless and yellow isles of Greece and sing them again in Byron's muse, but what are these to the demoralized and overflowed bacon of Alabama? When there is sung the glories of Bacchus and the mazy dance of the Bacchantes, who is to tell the mysteries of the crooked juices of the maize of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri?

And if further the same cynic asks why King George of Greece plays with his pet birds while the bandits prowl, plunder, and murder; if it is said that Greece is the land of ruins, brigands, and beggars, and the little kinglet of Schleswig-Holstein is held on his throne by other powers, may we not respond, "It is Greece, the Greece of Aristotle and Homer to which we send expensive ambassadors?"

We ought to go further in our pride and protection for this grave of greatness. We ought to bring out of the ruins of the Acropolis some of those rare works of art that were left by Lord Elgin when he surreptitiously carried off so many to the British museum. I plead as well for art as for the poor inhabitants of Greece. They ought to be in some way or other protected by our minister.

There are many new members here who probably do not know that two years ago we had an executive document, No. 54 of the second session of the Forty-second Congress, sent here by a Colonel Steinberger, who went to what is called the Navigator islands. He was on a special mission from our government. I do not know just what it was for. Perhaps there was a land job in it. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico.*[1] But he went out to these islands and there he was soon hand and glove with King Lunalilo. He is now premier. There

[1] Every unknown is regarded as marvellous.

he is now, sitting under the bread-fruit trees, with the little monkey clinging with prehensile grip to their limbs, and he (I do not mean the monkey) wrapped around with the Star Spangled Banner of our country; only seventy-five hundred miles from San Francisco, eight thousand miles from China and four thousand miles from Juan Fernandez! There our banner floats!

O, how proud we were when we knew that our banner was floating over those basaltic rocks, washed by the waves as they rolled over coral reefs, with fishes among them of all kinds and colors! Then to think that away off, where no good man had ever gone, except some of the Botany Bay shipwrecked convicts to convert the natives to our religion; how beautiful it was in this centennial year to feel that General Grant had sent out Colonel Steinberger to bring those islands within our own influence and confederacy! If we can do so much for people who are so far off, why not jump from Samoa sixteen thousand miles to Greece, and there revive through our diplomacy its ancient glories under our centennial tutelage.

In Greece we have a minister whom I like. I do not want to see him dismissed. He is a man that can dance a contra-dance with the Queen, and such a queen as Queen Olga—a grand duchess of Russia! And Russia may almost be called the leading power of Europe. We should be proud to think of such a minister! How did they dance it?

> "Hands across and down the middle
> To the tune of flute and fiddle."

Mr. Chairman, I have seen such promiscuous dancing. Byron referred to the Pyrrhic dances of classic Greece, but that dance is obsolete. I have seen the Kabyles in northern Africa with their strange swaying dances. I have seen some

dancing in the aisles of this House that forcibly reminded me of the dervishes of the East. I have seen some ravishing dancing by the señoritas of Seville.

But, sir, I pause. We have here a gentle professor [Mr. Monroe], at one time a very good professor at Oberlin, and a good man. He is, or was, a very religious man. He is well educated, but did he know when he was speaking for Greece and its minister the other day and quoting its history—did he know that our minister there had been dancing a contradance? Did he know that he was thus desecrating the old religious Presbyterian principles? No, sir, I repudiate such an idea. How can he vote against Greece in this bill?

Sir, the letter which the gentleman from Illinois sent up to be read was not exactly read by the clerk in the proper tones. I proceed to read it through:

"The spacious salons were filled at half-past nine, and the festivities continued until half-past five in the morning. The arrangements throughout were of the most admirable character. An elaborate supper for eight hundred guests was laid in the royal *salle à manger* and in the two large adjoining rooms, while the ministers of state and the diplomatic corps were entertained by the king and queen in the beautiful private apartments of their majesties."

I would like to know what they had to eat on that festive occasion. What did they drink? Was it champagne or was it Burgundy? Did they have imported from Spain the rare Montillado? Did they have Rüdesheimer, or did they have Hochheimer or some other "heimer" from the Rhine? What were they drinking? Was it the Vin D'Asti from Italy or Tokay from Hungary? What was their *menu?* Was it drawn from Apicius or the "mouth officers" of Lucullus? Was it inspired by Brillat Savarin or Delmonico? I think

some man on the Republican side of the House who is interested in retrenchment ought to have the question raised and inquiry made as to what was going on on that occasion in respect to the edibles and drinking; for I hold that the first duty of an American diplomat is to drink nothing but pure old American Bourbon whiskey.

Moreover, the utility of this wonderful diplomatic system which I am now defending, for I think it will prove of great utility, is the right to have inquiry as to the peculiar diplomatic dress our minister wore when he danced with the Queen of Greece.

Did he wear a spike-tailed coat; were his hands covered with graceful kids; were they of the Alexandrine pattern and was his hair parted in the middle? How was the Queen dressed? How did she manage that white-satin dress so as not to take the color from her cheeks as represented in another interesting dispatch? We want to know all about it, how long was her train; and, if not, why not?

Now, Mr. Chairman, I had the other day a little troublesome matter with my friend from Maine [Mr. Hale], as to which I wish to express my regret. I called him by an endearing epithet, but I felt a little bad about it. I went to the Corcoran Art Gallery on Saturday to relieve myself from this feeling.

I never felt the necessity of keeping a minister at Greece until I walked, thoughtful, silent, among the mutilated plaster casts of the Corcoran Gallery on Saturday. There were orators without lungs, statesmen without brains, soldiers without arms, and Venuses without robes. Here was a torso Demosthenes and a one-eyed Homer; there was a Theseus garrotting a spavined Centaur. The gentleman from Kentucky will understand what a spavined Centaur is. All

about were the fauns, satyrs, Apollos, and Dianas which Greece gave to art and art to the ages: although the only art of modern Greece consists in the ransoming of travellers from brigands, and the farming out of revenues for the sick man of the Levant, and feeding goats. Yet that is a strong reason for a minister to look after art, brigands, and revenue.

If the British Queen—whose empire is based on the wisdom and the rocks of ages, and whose star and course of empire is eastward through her newly acquired Suez canal to her hundreds of millions in India, and whose footsteps of empire are marked at Malta, Corfu, and in the isles of Greece—could not protect her subjects from brigandage and murder within sight of the Acropolis, does it not become our duty, as the mighty limb of her magnificent trunk, to throw our shadow over that sterile soil where Marathon looks on the sea? Is not this our bounden duty this centennial year? Are we not inviting all the nations to our carnival of industry and jubilee of freedom? What would that interesting occasion be without a wooden horse from Greece within thy gates, O city of brotherly love!

Moreover, do we not reach out to other isles than those of Greece and other lands remote? Does not Massachusetts, through an honored son and an ex-member of Congress, give law to the realm of King Kalakaua? Has not our vessel with our proud starry flag borne a Pennsylvanian, Colonel Steinberger, to the distant Samoan group of the southwestern seas, eight thousand miles from our coast, near the tropic of Capricorn? Has he not there eaten of the bread-fruit with the kings of the group and a group of kings, made himself premier over their councils and king of the ex-cannibal islands? If we can do this in the isles of King Lunalilo amid the ancient vesicular lava-beds, amagladaloids, and basalt,

where, over coralline ledges, amid which disport fish banded and spotted with green and crimson, the wild waves are singing our everlasting glory hallelujah; why may we not reach out from Pago-Pago and the slopes of Upolu and Savaii to the land where Homer ruled as his demesne and Sappho sang her sad refrain to the Ægean, into whose bosom she sprang and from whose bosom her favorite deity arose.

If we can use the contingent fund as we have to reach Pago-Pago and its interesting converts to polygamous Christianity why may we not extend an enterprising rule and roving into that land where Pericles ruled, Demosthenes spoke, Sophocles sang, and even Paul preached? Did we not last year to gratify an Ohio member, appropriate thousands for a new survey of Judea? And if so why may not Mars Hill have its geologist and the Morea its photographs?

Gentlemen may tell us that we have no commerce with Greece, and therefore require no minister there. Gentlemen may say that our ships and clippers no longer plow the historic waves rendered classic by the prows of Ulysses and the pinnaces of Agamemnon. True, our ship-building is a myth; but Greece is the land of myths. True, the decadence of our shipping calls for little or no men-of-war; but what an interesting study for our minister are the men-of-war who went out to take Troy forty-five hundred years ago and besought and besieged that city till the young men went west! But is it not a strong reason for the encouragement of our navigation? If we had our olden commerce, there would be no need of its fostering. We must have ancient Greece to teach us the art of navigation and revive our shipping.

REVIVAL OF AMERICAN SHIPPING

[The House having under consideration the bill (H. R. 6937) to authorize the purchase of foreign-built ships by citizens of the United States for use in the foreign carrying trade, Mr. Cox, of New York, said:]

MR. SPEAKER,—In most cases, either of social or physical grievance or disease, the way to reach the remedy is to study the causes so as to remove them. The sickness even unto death of our marine is a partial exception to this mode of treatment. Many of the causes which produced the effect which we deplore have done their worst and have expired as active energies. To their operation have been added new causes which congressional supineness and injurious policies have intensified. So that indeed it may be said that if our navigation and commerce are to be restored the remedy must be as heroic as the case is desperate.

We are progressing somewhat in the search for remedies. We are eliminating delusive proposals, such as subsidies. It is not necessary to discuss subsidies, so called, any more. Subsidy is an obsolete and disgraced system.

While referring to a generous postal service as one of the fair methods of supporting our marine, I do not ask that the Treasury should be an eleemosynary institution for the running of ships. No one of the minority of the committee has proposed to create for our decrepit navigation charity hospitals.

In presenting a petition for a special committee on shipping revival to the Senate in last July the Senator from Maine [Mr. Frye] was at a loss where to send it. "There is no committee that takes the slightest interest in it," he ex-

claimed, "no head of department has jurisdiction over the subject. It is an orphan, without any orphan's court or guardian. It is a waif without a home. It is a tramp to whom nobody is bound to give cold victuals even."

At last it found sheltering arms in the committee whose report is before us. We, at least, give it the benefit of many repealing and a few enacting statutes.

It is beyond doubt that the origin of our navigation laws was a compact with slavery. This David A. Wells has shown most vividly in his volume on the "Mercantile Marine." New England was engaged in shipping and in transporting and selling slaves to the South. She desired to hold the monopoly of that trade. This she procured for a period by the extension of the time for the extinction of the slave-trade to 1808. The compact was completed by the navigation laws of 1790 and 1792. Tonnage dues and imposts gave to the American the entire commerce and prohibited foreign ship-owners from engaging in our trade. Again, in 1816, 1817, and 1820 the odious British navigation laws against which our fathers rebelled were re-enacted by Congress. Every discrimination possible was made against foreigners.

These laws, whose origin is found in the horrors of the middle passage and whose history is a part of the most disgraceful experience of our country, have ceased to protect American shipping.

Although there is an apparent concurrence by all the committee in the bill reported, some of the committee reserved the right to differ. They prefer some modes to others. Besides, it is a question, since the burdens now sought to be removed existed when shipping interests were prosperous, whether their removal will revive those interests.

There is so much contrariety of opinion between those interested that it is a wonder that even an approximation has been made to some partial relief.

Indeed the protection of these laws by the whirligig and revenges of time is given to the foreigner, to the Briton. We drive to him the carrying of our persons and property; load him with largesses of freight and fare, and forbid our own people from enjoying even a share in the hundred and odd millions which our laws transfer out of our produce and producers to the pocket of the foreigner! If this be done to protect our ship-builder it fails; if it be done to protect our ship-owner it fails. The owner if he would build here must do it at a loss of fifteen or thirty per cent. If he would buy, he must buy ships only thus built. Thus builder and owner are burdened by the clinging of this Old Man of the Sea. If we can build as cheap here as abroad we need no protection; if we cannot build as cheap here as abroad, who can afford to buy? The sea is open field, where the guerdon falls to him who can procure his vessel in the best market.

This open competition as to purchase and use of ships of all kinds has changed, or ought to change, the laws which govern our marine. The laws of eighty years ago are not suited to our changed condition. Those laws suited sail, not iron or steam. As soon think of returning to the stage-coach or the footman for land conveyance, or to the skin boat of the Esquimaux, or junk of the Chinese for sea transportation, as to run the ocean fleet of to-day under the ancient laws. Nay, as well think of discarding the new motors of physics and their energies as return even to the wooden paddles of the early Cunarder, with its petty 1,200 tonnage and its little subsidy.

Thus the very causes which produced our disasters are as

obsolete and inoperative as the slave-trade itself. The very model upon which our navigation laws was moulded has been shattered, and our shipping to-day, with all these restrictions, guards, and prohibitions, is as useless and uninteresting as the "fat weed that rots on Lethe's wharf."

It matters, therefore, little to examine into the causes which produced the decay of our marine. When we see other nations improving their marine by liberal policies while our government has neglected to adopt them, the solution is easy. As well expect the boor of Russia, with his old modes of farming his wheat, to compete with the American farmer with his new implements of labor and time-saving, as the United States rival Germany and England in shipping without the marine instrumentalities which these nations employ.

Another and kindred reason for the loss of our carrying trade and the failure to restore it, is that other countries have laid hands on that which slipped from us in our preoccupation during the civil war. For others, vessels are now at work; for others, vessels are being built on the best models. The seamen, the skill, the capital, and the enterprise of others hold the lines of sea adventure. Possession, with its concomitant advantages, is not ours. We have to struggle valiantly for what others have already.

So that, Mr. Speaker, to remove this mountain in our path we must remodel the whole industrial system of our own half-hemisphere, and we must turn and overturn natural laws of supply and demand in other spheres of labor and locality. This being impossible, what remains for us except tentative legislation, the repeal of burdens on navigation here, of a liability on a ship-owner there, a reasonable compensation for mails, in many directions; and as the best

thing, in the judgment of our wisest economists and merchants, freedom for all stores and materials and liberty to purchase vessels wherever we please to buy.

If these remedies fail, then the country must await some catastrophe in the shape of a great foreign war, which, like the Crimean, calls our marine into being and activity; but even then we must have the right to buy freely, else it will be useless to regard the opportunity. Or perhaps some exceptional progress may be made in the building of ships or the motive power of its enginery. This may give us a fresh start and added momentum, such as England received in her iron-ship building. . . .

The relief, whatever it is, must come as well to the ship-using as to the ship-building interest. Even if we remove all the burdens upon the use of ships it will avail nothing so long as the ships cannot be bought or made as cheaply at home as abroad.

If, therefore, our tariff laws will not allow us to build or our navigation laws to buy, of what use is the bill of the majority? What is the necessity of taking burdens from the running of vessels which we have not and can not buy or build?

Hence the minority report explicitly says that—

"While the committee are generally agreed upon the measures proposed the minority are constrained to notice the fact that the most vital and prominent relief, by the freedom of materials for ships from custom dues and the right to purchase ships abroad is utterly ignored in the majority report. In the opinion of the minority nothing could be more futile, not to say absurd, than to deal with a vital disease by remedies which only affect the superficial ailments whose removal would leave the patient in as dangerous a plight as ever."

Go on, gentlemen! Modify your shipping laws, remove burdens, extend privileges, copy the British code! We will aid you in the experiment as far as you go and would bid you go further, to fare better. Compensate for mail service; make ship-supplies free; adapt your rules to the new class of seamen; make a new and inexpensive consular code for their discharge and return home; prohibit the advance wages and "blood money;" allow a Norwegian or Italian to be an American mate; limit the liability of ship-owners; reduce the hospital tax; modify the tonnage tax, or repeal it altogether; erase from every State statute the local taxation on shipping; ay, even erect a bureau like the British Board of Trade as the special cherub to keep watch over poor Jack; do all these as your committee suggests. Do more! Out of your treasury or out of the tonnage fund, mostly collected from foreign shipping, make a sort of allowance for the use of certain American materials in building ships; and yet like the young man in Scripture, one thing ye will lack. You may copy the English statutes as liberalized in 1849 in allowing Englishmen to buy ships where they pleased, and in 1854, when they opened their coasting trade to all the world. "Begin," as your majority say Great Britain did, "begin a complete revision of the merchant-shipping statutes, so as to remove every obstacle and give every facility," and then you may have some dim hope of the resurrection of our wrecked marine!

We now pay our own steamships the same rates we pay to foreigners. The British line to China receives the same and no more than the Pacific Mail Company; and the British steamers, three lines of them running from New York to Rio de Janeiro, take letters at two cents. Of the vast number of British steamships in the trans-Atlantic trade but one

in twenty has a special mail contract, and none of the German ships have any. Nevertheless, both the majority and minority agree that the compensation for mail-carrying ought to be a *quantum meruit*, not a subsidy; and we are ready to indorse an amendment based on fair postage paid for similar service on established routes upon the inland.

The following is a summary of burdens to which an American ship of 1,000 tons is subjected beyond such a ship under a foreign flag in a year: From three months' extra pay, $100; from transportation of disabled sailors, $100; from hospital tax, $32; from consular fees, $40; from duty on stores, $100; a total of $372.

A first-class iron sailing ship of 1,000 tons would cost in Scotland $62,000. Such a ship built here would cost $80,000; a difference of $18,000. On this sum, interest at 6 per cent.; insurance, 7 per cent.; wear and tear, 7 per cent.; in all 20 per cent., entailing a yearly loss in sailing of $3,600, which is vastly more against us than the paltry $372 of infinitesimal "burdens."

In a steamship the difference is greater still. When we had to compete with England in wooden ships of a less cost than hers, we could beat her, as she beats us now that her ships cost less than ours. That is the whole story as to the cost of running our ships and the relief we obtain by this bill on these smaller items, counting it in dollars and cents. . . .

I pause here, Mr. Speaker, to ask first what are our navigation laws? Wherein do they obstruct the revival of our shipping?

Briefly they are: That a vessel of the United States engaged in the foreign trade must be registered to entitle it to the rights and privileges of a vessel of the United States;

and to be so registered must be built within the United States and belong wholly to citizens of the United States or be captured in war and condemned as a prize, or be adjudged forfeited for breach of the laws of the United States, being wholly owned by citizens of the United States. No vessel can be registered, or if registered, entitled to the benefits and privileges of a vessel of the United States, if owned in whole or in part by any citizen of the United States who usually resides in a foreign country, during the continuance of such residence, unless he be a consul of the United States or agent for a partner in some house of trade consisting of citizens of the United States, actually carrying on trade within the United States, or if owned in whole or in part by any naturalized citizen of the United States who resides more than one year in the country from which he came, or for more than two years in any foreign country, unless he be a consul or agent of the United States. No vessel registered as a vessel of the United States licensed or authorized to sail under a foreign flag and to have the protection of any foreign government during the existence of the rebellion can be deemed or registered as a vessel of the United States, or to have the rights and privileges of such vessels, except under provisions of law especially authorizing such register. A register may be issued to a vessel built in a foreign country when such vessel shall be wrecked in the United States and be purchased and repaired by a citizen of the United States, if the repairs equal three fourths of the cost of such vessel when repaired.

The navigation laws are practically dead for the purpose of their being. Let us—

> "Rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things"

Is it not, Mr. Speaker, marvellous that in this majority report the confession is naively made that our merchant shipping laws remain the same as they were originally framed more than fourscore years ago, and that they were all that were needed so long as the English laws were the same? And yet the majority stop short of the one prominent and majestic feature of the newly constituted English system: Liberty to build and buy! The majority say that "our error was in not imitating England in so modifying our laws as to give the American marine the same advantages in this respect that English shipping was given under English laws;" and yet it would perpetuate the error by a blindly selfish persistence in the very laws which England repealed! Well, sir, if England is to be our exemplar, if her maritime success is a sign that her laws worked beneficently, then let the obstructions which she removed be removed by us. This the minority propose in the amendments for free materials and free ships.

Without, therefore, arguing at length any of the lesser propositions in the majority report, it is enough to say that the acquiescence in most of the measures proposed was hearty and earnest by the whole committee; while the reluctance as to one proposition, the "drawback," so called, was somewhat mitigated by the belief that the amendment for free materials might prove more acceptable. And if, as the minority hope, both should be adopted little harm could result as the nullification of the bad consequences of the one would be nearly perfect by the adoption of the other. Or if there should be an option allowed the builder to choose either the "drawback" or free materials under my amendment, the adoption of the drawback thus coupled would not be without some utility. But if no compromise be tendered

in the interest of freedom of materials or ships, I want no allowance fixed on the treasury, no leech to draw its blood such as this drawback will then be. . . .

Adroitly recognizing "the stimulus given by the tariff to all protected domestic industries, and especially to American labor," California reminds us that "her shipping business has been thereby ruined, sacrificed to the general good; her property rendered worthless without compensation for the benefit of the public at large." The irony of this appeal is so very elusive and delicate that one must quote it for full appreciation:

"For while the protected domestic market recoups the high cost and guarantees a profit on all protected articles of American manufacture, the cost of building our vessels is raised by the same means, but our market is not likewise protected. On the contrary, our shipping in the foreign trade must compete without any possible protection from our government in the free, open market of the world, which of course hires vessels where it can hire cheapest. If high interest on high cost, high wages, taxes, fees, repairs, etc., make $1,000 per month the cost of running an American ship, while low interest on low cost, low wages, and the absence of taxes, fees, or repairs bring down the cost of running an English ship to $500 per month, who does not perceive that the English vessel will make money where the American owner must soon become bankrupt? Yet this is the actual condition of the shipping business now, and such it has been since the enactment of our present high tariff.

"That under these circumstances common justice to our injured class, regard for the national honor abroad, as well as for the national economy which requires the retention in our own country of the enormous freights paid on American exports to other nations, and the national safety in case of foreign war—all these motives justify us in the demand that we should be placed as far as possible in such a position as if there were no tariff; and that such legislation should be

promptly enacted as will place American ship-owners on an equality with those of England. Unloose the fetters; remove the weights imposed on us by our ill-fitting and outgrown laws; leave us free, as are the English, to utilize our abundant materials, our energy and skill, and doubt not American mechanics and sailors will soon again overtake their rivals on the seas.

"The foreign carrying trade has been struck with a deadly mildew."

Exclaims a leading journal of Portland, Maine:

"The decadence of her shipping interests is the sacrifice Maine pays to give 15 to 20 per cent. dividends to other branches of industry. She has paid it that Maine's shipping interests shall receive the protection which the wolf gives to the lamb."

The saddest part of this plaint is that Maine by her own members here mildewed her own interests; and while not confessing the blighting policy of protection, still joins California in begging for federal aid.

In urging this measure the San Francisco traders evidently felt the orphanage of navigation and the hopelessness of asking for a repeal of the navigation laws. Which way soever they looked they saw the image of protection, like Pluto's countenance—iron and inexorable. Piteously they pleaded that their plan was "not a subsidy levied on many industries to benefit a few, but simply the payment of a debt due by the many enterprises which are prospering by means of the tariff to the one which has been ruined by it." They pleaded as those who owned the cargo which was jettisoned to save the vessel, and that they should be made good by a general average contribution.

In this rhetorical masquerade they meant to say: "Behold us, the victims of your robbery! True, you may have robbed

us under pleasing disguises; your self-seeking may have made your larcenies unwitting; still as pirates of the land you have destroyed our fair and free trade upon the water. And as you have thriven upon this piracy, be generous to your despoiled victims, as you have in your coffers the loot you stole from us. Be patriotic and devoted in this paramount matter and in our death agony! No longer continue to help Great Britain at our expense after rifling us for the general welfare!"

It is upon such reasoning as this that we are asked to allow this drawback; and if there be, as Bastiat held, a reciprocity in brigandage, let us steal back from those who stole from us, that we may have some compensation for our losses by the restoration of something of our own. Let us cultivate a mutuality in rascality! . . .

If it be said again that the repeal of the navigation laws will destroy our ship-yards, we reply that there is nothing on our stocks of much general consequence in iron ship-building; and since the business will not remunerate without subsidies or bounties or general taxes on all the people for one interest let us try the experiment which other nations have tried successfully, namely: buy abroad, since we cannot build at home.

It is argued that because a great many poor ships are built in England, those are the ships that we would buy if we could! Undoubtedly there are many poor carriages built in England. We are at liberty to import land vehicles, while we cannot import vehicles to be used on the water. When we do import carriages we import the best. The Americans are not fools. Let the buyer of a horse or a ship beware. Why should not trade and labor be left a little to natural laws? Are there not regulations more powerful than Con-

gress can make? Repeal burdens and restraints; stop the talk about stimulation; practise non-intervention—these are maxims only less radical and wholesome than the natural prescripts which ordain them.

Could we have seen ten or twenty years ago to-day what others saw we might have had to-day a splendid fleet of screw steamers under our flag. The earnings might have been saved to us. We relied on our own ship-yards, and in 1881 but eight of the 44,463 tons of steamers built on our seaboard were for the ocean, or only one per cent. of the British tonnage built the same year. Our citizens, had they been allowed, would have bought the ships of iron and steel we could not build. One of the oldest ship-builders and owners of the United States, formerly a member here, writes me that had we had the privilege of buying iron ships there would to-day have been two hundred of them under our flag; and he says:

"I do not believe there would have been many more ships in the world than at present, only we should have had our share; our sons would have had employment and our country would have been so much richer. I have three sons, masters of ships. I shall never build another wooden ship; but I would if I could go into the iron ships; they last longer. There have been great improvements in them the past five years, and we would have received the benefit of them."

Why not allow the merchant, if he thinks he can do it, to get his ship abroad and try at least to run it? He will not charge the treasury for his failure and loss.

In time, as in Germany, the ownership leads to repair, and repair to building. The number of ship-yards and workshops increases and the tonnage leaps up under this impulse. That which seemed a mustard-seed becomes a mighty tree. Every nation has tried the free-ship experiment but the

United States, and we are lowest to-day in our proportionate share of the navigation of the world. No one can say it is a failure until it is tried. All other schemes—and especially its opposite, protection—have been tried and failed. The commercial eminence of Great Britain, not to speak of Germany, France, Italy, and Norway, is supreme logic for the trial of the experiment. Germany is the best illustration; she has not as good coal and iron as we have, but she began to buy her ships on the Clyde, as we might have done a score of years ago. She is now building her own iron steamships. She builds now more than she buys. She has never subsidized. Her tonnage in 1856-57, when ours began to decline, was but 166,000 tons; last year she had 950,000; ours in eleven years dropped from 4,400,000 to 600,000, and all its vast income was lost.

Last week I read that a new steel steamship, the Rugia, of 6,500 tons, was turned out for our trade from the Vulcan Works at Stettin, warranted for the safety of 1,200 passengers, with steel life-boats and steam steering-gear and a refinement in the reversal of her engines in seven seconds. German growth has been in iron screw-steamers, which she began to buy abroad. They could not afford to wait, this phlegmatic people, for their own ship-yards to arise, but began to repair in the blacksmith shops and little foundries of their "free towns," and now where the little furnace glowed mighty engines are made to mate the ocean in its wildest tempest!

Even Japan has a fleet of fifty-seven iron steamers, and China leaves us laggard and unprogressive. Fifty years of Cathay—nay, twenty years—is worth more than a century of our experience.

Twenty years ago Norway and Sweden traded with us and

had but 20,000 tons in the trade; now they have 850,000. The Viking is abroad and we are stupidly looking on. Everybody is making money out of our carrying and commerce but ourselves. What avails it that ours is the largest carrying trade of any nation since we do not do the work? It adds to the humiliation.

It makes the humiliation worse to consider the losses in money as well as the prestige at sea.

The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Randall] has called upon the treasury for the amount of ocean freights on exports and imports during the year ending June 30, 1882. Much loose understatement will be set at rest by the report. It may be reached by the average percentage on the values. . . .

Looking at the wall of adamant which shuts us in from all the world and shuts the world out from us in this once famous enterprise of ours, can we draw hope from the prospect? The gigantic results of an hundred years of national existence and energy are not discouraging. Over mountains and through valleys, upon rivers, across continents and under oceans, our enterprises by rail and telegraph have developed our resources. They astound by their marvels. And yet halting on the shores of two vast oceans we have said to the land, or rather the voice of either ocean has said to these enterprises and products of the mine and field: "Thus far, but by our help no farther. The illimitable ocean is beyond and its trident is in another's grasp." Upon the west we face the Orient, rich in the elements of commerce. We had hoped once that the Pacific would have been an American lake. That hope is dead. On the east we almost touch Europe, with its teeming industries, peoples, and civilizations; but they come to us in their own vessels and bear away

our produce. In this we have no pay, part, nor lot. On the south we were reaching across gulf and sea to the tropics at our doors and to the republics of our continent. Once we had mutual relations with the Dominion on our north; but this and all such visions of material supremacy and splendor have faded. The ocean coast still gives us its thunderous line of breakers, its seven thousand miles and more indented with harbors of safety and bays of wondrous beauty. The net-work of our hundred thousand miles of railway still trembles with its immense freight, the garnered opulence of our sky, sun, soil, and mine. Cotton, corn, and petroleum —the triumvirate of our common weal—head the stately procession in which a thousand forms of labor and graces of art move and chant their praises to our smiling and copious land.

The time was when amid the glory and pride of our country our models of ships and adventure at sea were the theme of lyre and the praise of eloquence. It was comfort and wealth in peace, hope and safety in war.

It was the horn of plenty and the nursery of seamen for the maintenance of our independence and rights. Why should America not have her part in these glories of the sea? Was she not discovered by the genius, daring, and devotion of Columbus? Were not our colonies created into commonwealths by the men who braved the dangers of the sea to found here new empires? Our country is born of the sea! Its freedom is of the wind and wave.

Shall these praises be forever an echo of the past? Are we to take no part in the enlightenment and progress in science and art, of which commerce is the procreant cause and infallible gauge? Has the sea rolled back and away from us at the command of the insolent monarchs of capital?

To one born inland the sea has a weird and wondrous mystery. I have studied its moods as a lover those of his mistress. Through the generosity of my fellow legislators here we have been able to mitigate somewhat of its terrors. Its enchantment has led me over liquid leagues on leagues to remotest realms. Not alone does it enchant because of its majestic expanse, its resistless force, its depth and unity, its cliffs, bays, and fiords, its chemical qualities, its monstrous forms, its riches and rocks, its tributes, its graves, its requiem, its murmur of repose and mirror of placid beauty, but for its wrath, peril, and sublimity. These have led adventurous worthies of every age, by sun, star, and compass over its trackless wastes, and returned them for their daring untold wealth and the eulogy of history.

But it is for its refining, civilizing, elevating influences upon our kind that the ocean lifts its mighty minstrelsy. Unhappy that nation which has no part in the successes of the sea. Happy in history those realms like Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Greece, Italy, Spain, and Norway, whose gathered glories are symboled in the trident. Happy in the present are those nations who, under the favoring gales of commerce, the fostering economies of freedom, and the unwavering faith in the guidance of Providence, bear the blessings of varied industry to distant realms and bring back to their own the magnificent fruits of ceaseless interchange. Happy that nation whose poet can raise his voice to herald the hope and humanity of its institutions in the grandeur of the familiar symbol of Longfellow:

> "Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

Amid this divided marine dominion, in which one power alone has half the rule of the ocean, shall America sit scepterless and forlorn—dethroned, ignoble, dispirited, and disgraced? The ensign of our nationality takes its stars from the vault of heaven. By them brave men sail. It is now an unknown emblem upon the sea. We welcome every race to our shores in the vessels of other nations. Our enormous surplus, which feeds the world, is for others to bear away. We gaze at the leviathans of commerce entering our harbors and darkening our sky with the pennons of smoke; but the thunder of the engines is under another flag and the shouting of the captains is in an alien tongue. Others distribute the produce, capitalize the moneys, gather the glories, and elevate their institutions by the amenities and benignities of commerce, and we, boasting of our invention, heroism, and freedom, allow the jailers of a hated and selfish policy to place gyves upon our energy, and when we ask for liberty to build and for liberty to buy imprison our genius in the sight of these splendid achievements.

Mr. Speaker, if you would that we should once more fly our ensign upon the sea, assist us to take off the burdens from our navigation and give to us the first, last, and best—the indispensable condition of civilization by commerce—liberty.

THOMAS STARR KING

THOMAS STARR KING, American Unitarian clergyman, orator, and author, the son of a Universalist clergyman, was born at New York city, Dec. 16, 1824, and died at San Francisco, March 4, 1864. After the death of his father he was, in 1840, appointed an assistant teacher in a school at Charlestown, Mass. In 1842, while principal of a school in West Medford, Mass., he studied for the Universalist ministry under Hosea Ballou, and after a few years spent in preaching at Boston and its neighborhood was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian church in the latter city, where he remained eleven years. During this period his remarkable eloquence made him one of the most popular preachers in Boston, while on the lecture platform he was highly successful. Among his lectures those on "Substance and Show," "Socrates," and "Sight and Insight" were perhaps the most generally popular. In 1860, he accepted a call to a Unitarian church in San Francisco, where he met with much success. In the political canvass of 1860 he urged with great eloquence the paramount duty of supporting the Union cause, and to his patriotic efforts the preservation of California to the Union at that period may be said to be due. While the Civil War was in progress, he was active in behalf of the sanitary commission. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature and was one of the first to direct public attention to the beauties of the Yosemite Valley and of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. San Francisco preserves his memory by a statue erected in 1889 in the Golden Gate Park in that city. He was the author of "The White Hills: their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry" (1859); "Patriotism and Other Papers" (1865); "Christianity and Humanity" (1877); and "Substance and Show, and Other Lectures" (1877).

ON THE PRIVILEGE AND DUTIES OF PATRIOTISM

FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE "SUMMER LIGHT GUARD" NOVEMBER 18, 1862

LET us waste no words in introduction or preface. I am to speak to you of the privilege and duties of American patriotism.

First the privilege. Patriotism is love of country. It is a privilege that we are capable of such a sentiment. Self-love is the freezing point in the temperature of the world. As the heart is kindled and ennobled it pours out feeling and

interest, first upon family and kindred, then upon country, then upon humanity. The home, the flag, the cross,—these are the representatives or symbols of the noblest and most sacred affections or treasures of feeling in human nature.

We sometimes read arguments by very strict moralists which cast a little suspicion upon the value of patriotism as a virtue, for the reason that the law of love, unrestricted love, should be our guide and inspiration. We must be cosmopolitan by our sympathy, they prefer to say. Patriotism if it interferes with the wider spirit of humanity is sectionalism of the heart. We must not give up to country "what is meant for mankind."

Such sentiments may be uttered in the interest of Christian philanthropy but they are not healthy. The divine method in evoking our noblest affections is always from particulars to generals. God "hath set the solitary in families," and bound the families into communities, and organized communities into nations; and he has ordained special duties for each of these relationships and inspired affections to prompt the discharge of them and to exalt the character.

The law of love is the principle of the spiritual universe, just as gravitation is the governing force of space. It binds each particle of matter to every other particle, but it attracts inversely as the square of the distance and thus becomes practically a series of local or special forces, holding our feet perpetually to one globe, and allowing only a general unity which the mind appropriates through science and meditation with the kindred but far-off spheres. The man that has most of the sentiment of love will have the most intense special affections. You cannot love the whole world and nobody in particular. If you try that it will be true of you as of the miser who said, "what I give is nothing to nobody."

However deep his baptism in general good will a man must look with a thrill that nothing else can awaken into the face of the mother that bore him; he cannot cast off the ties that bind him to filial responsibilities and a brother's devotion; and Providence has ordained that out of identity of race, a common history, the same scenery, literature, laws, and aims,—though in perfect harmony with good will to all men,—the wider family feeling, the distinctive virtue, patriotism, should spring.

If the ancient Roman could believe that the yellow Tiber was the river dearest to heaven; if the Englishman can see a grandeur in the Thames which its size will not suggest; if the Alpine storm-wind is a welcome home-song to the Swiss mountaineer; if the Laplander believes that his country is the best the sun shines upon; if the sight of one's own national flag in other lands will at once awaken feelings that speed the blood and melt the eyes; if the poorest man will sometimes cherish a proud consciousness of property in the great deeds that glow upon his country's annals and the monuments of its power,—let us confess that the heart of man, made for the Christian law, was made also to contract a special friendship for its native soil, its kindred stock, its ancestral traditions,—let us not fail to see that where the sentiment of patriotism is not deep, a sacred affection is absent, an essential element of virtue is wanting, and religion barren of one prominent witness of its sway.

But why argue in favor of patriotism as a lofty virtue? History refuses to countenance the analytic ethics of spiritual dreamers. It pushes into notice Leonidas, Tell, Cincinnatus, Camillus, Hampden, Winkelried, Scipio, Lafayette, Adams, Bolivar, and Washington, in whom the sentiment has become flesh, and gathered to itself the world's affections and honors.

It asks us, "What do you say of these men? These are among the brighter jewels of my kingdom. Thousands of millions fade away into the night in my realm, but these souls shine as stars, with purer lustre as they retreat into the blue of time. Is not their line of greatness as legitimate as that of poets, philosophers, philanthropists, and priests?"

Nay, the Bible is opened for us, to stimulate and increase our love of country. Patriotism is sanctioned and commended and illustrated there by thrilling examples: by the great patriot-prophet Moses, who, during all those wilderness years bore the Hebrew people in his heart; by Joshua who sharpened his sword on the tables of stone till its edge was keen as the righteous wrath of heaven and its flame fierce as a flash from Sinai, as it opened a path through an idolatrous land for the colonization of a worthier race and a clean idea; (O that there were enough of that steel in America to-day to make a sword for the leader of the Union armies!) by the great statesman Samuel, to whom every Jew may point with pride as the Hebrew Washington; by David, who, for the glory of his nation wielded the hero's sword and tuned the poet's harp, by the long line of the fire-tongued prophets whose hearts burned for their country's redemption while they proclaimed the "higher law;" by the lyric singers of the exile, like him who chanted the lament, which seems to gush from the very heart of patriotism, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. . . . Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

Yes, and when we pass higher up than these worthies of the older inspiration to him the highest name, him from whom we have received our deepest life, him whose love embraced

the whole race in its scope, the eternal and impartial love made flesh, who pronounced the parable of the good Samaritan and shed the warmth of that spirit through his life into the frosty air of human sentiment, do we not read that he felt more keenly the alienation of his countrymen according to the flesh than he felt the spear-point and the nails, and paused over the beautiful city of David to utter a lament whose burden swept away the prospect of his own lowering destiny,—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered your children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Although the highest office of revelation is to point to and prepare us for "a better country, even a heavenly," no one can rightly read the pages of the Bible without catching enthusiasm for his earthly country, the land of his fathers, the shelter of his infancy, the hope of his children.

It is a privilege of our nature, hardly to be measured, that we are capable of the emotion of patriotism, that we can feel a nation's life in our veins, rejoice in a nation's glory, suffer for a nation's momentary shame, throb with a nation's hope. It is as if each particle of matter that belongs to a mountain, each crystal hidden in its darkness, each grass-blade on its lower slopes, each pebble amid its higher desolation, each snowflake of its cold and tilted fields could be conscious all the time of the whole bulk and symmetry and majesty and splendor of the pile,—of how it glows at evening, of how it blazes at the first touch of morning light, of its pride when it overtops the storm, of the joy it awakens in hearts that see in it the power and glory of the Creator. It is as if each could exult in feeling—I am part of this organized majesty; I am an element in one flying buttress of it, or its firm-poised

peak; I contribute to this frosty radiance; I am ennobled by the joy it awakens in every beholder's breast!

Think of a man living in one of the illustrious civilized communities of the world and insensible to its history, honor, and future,—say of England! Think of an intelligent inhabitant of England so wrapped in selfishness that he has no consciousness of the mighty roots of that kingdom, nor of the toughness of its trunk, nor of the spread of its gnarled boughs! Runnymede and Agincourt are behind him, but he is insensible to the civil triumph and the knightly valor. All the literature that is crowned by Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, the noblest this earth ever produced from one national stock, awakens in him no heart-beat of pride. He reads of the study blows in the great rebellion, and of the gain to freedom by the later and more quiet revolution, and it is no more to him than if the record had been dropped from another planet.

The triumphs of English science over nature, the hiss of her engines, the whirl of her wheels, the roar of her factory drums, the crackle of her furnaces, the beat of her hammers, the vast and chronic toil that mines her treasures, affect him with no wonder and arouse no exultant thrill of partnership. And he sees nothing and feels nothing that stirs his torpid blood in the strokes and sweep of that energy before which the glory of Waterloo and Trafalgar is dim, which has knit o the English will colonies and empires within a century which number nearly one fourth of the inhabitants of the globe.

The red flag of England hung out on all her masts, from all her house-tops, and from every acre of her conquests and possessions, would almost give this planet the color of Mars if seen through a telescope from a neighboring star.

What a privilege to be a conscious fibre of that compacted force! If I were an Englishman I should be proud every hour of every day over my heritage. I believe I should now and then imitate the man who sat up all night to hate his brother-in-law, and sit up all night to exult in my privilege. And as an Englishman I should keep clear of the pollution of sympathy with the American rebellion. The man who is dead to such pride ought not to be rated as a man.

And is it any less a privilege to be an American? Suppose that the continent could turn towards you to-morrow at sunrise and show to you the whole American area in the short hours of the sun's advance from Eastport to the Pacific! You would see New England roll into light from the green plumes of Aroostook to the silver stripe of the Hudson; westward thence over the Empire State, and over the lakes, and over the sweet valleys of Pennsylvania, and over the prairies, the morning blush would run and would waken all the line of the Mississippi; from the frosts where it rises, to the fervid waters in which it pours, for three thousand miles it would be visible, fed by rivers that flow from every mile of the Alleghany slope and edged by the green embroideries of the temperate and tropic zones; beyond this line another basin, too, the Missouri, catching the morning, leads your eye along its western slope till the Rocky Mountains burst upon the vision and yet do not bar it; across its passes we must follow as the stubborn courage of American pioneers has forced its way till again the Sierra and their silver veins are tinted along the mighty bulwark with the break of day; and then over to the gold fields of the western slope, and the fatness of the California soil, and the beautiful valleys of Oregon, and the stately forests of Washington the eye is drawn as the globe turns out of the night-shadow, and when the Pacific waves

are crested with radiance you have the one blending picture nay, the reality of the American domain! No such soil, sc varied by climate, by products, by mineral riches, by forest and lake, by wild heights and buttresses, and by opulent plains,—yet all bound into unity of configuration and bordered by both warm and icy seas,—no such domain was ever given to one people.

And then suppose that you could see in a picture as vast and vivid the preparation for our inheritance of this land: Columbus haunted by his round idea and setting sail in a sloop to see Europe sink behind him, while he was serene i the faith of his dream; the later navigators of every prom nent Christian race who explored the upper coasts; th "Mayflower" with her cargo of sifted acorns from the hardy stock of British Puritanism, and the ship whose name w know not that bore to Virginia the ancestors of Washington the clearing of the wilderness and the dotting of its clea ings with the proofs of manly wisdom and Christian trus then the gradual interblending of effort and interest an sympathy into one life, the congress of the whole Atlanti slope to resist oppression upon one member, the rally of ever State around Washington and his holy sword, and again th nobler rally around him when he signed the constitution, and after that the organization of the farthest west with north and south into one polity and communion; when this was finished, the tremendous energy of free life under the stimulus and with the aid of advancing science, in increasing wealth, subduing the wilds to the bonds of use, multiplying fertile fields, and busy schools, and noble workshops, and churches hallowed by free-will offerings of prayer, and happy homes, and domes dedicated to the laws of States that rise by magic from the haunts of the buffalo and deer, all in less

than a long lifetime; and if we could see also how, in achieving this, the flag which represents all this history is dyed in traditions of exploits by land and sea that have given heroes to American annals whose names are potent to conjure with, while the world's list of thinkers in matter is crowded with the names of American inventors and the higher rolls of literary merit are not empty of the title of our "representative men;" if all that the past has done for us and the present reveals could thus stand apparent in one picture, and then if the promise of the future to the children of our millions under our common law and with continental peace could be caught in one vast spectral exhibition, the wealth in store, the power, the privilege, the freedom, the learning, the expansive and varied and mighty unity in fellowship, almost fulfilling the poet's dream of

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world,"

you would exclaim with exultation, "I, too, am an American!"

You would feel that patriotism next to your tie to the divine love is the greatest privilege of your life; and you would devote yourselves out of inspiration and joy to the obligations of patriotism, that this land so spread, so adorned, so colonized, so blessed, should be kept forever against all the assaults of traitors, one in polity, in spirit, and in aim!

Gentlemen, this is what we ought to do, what we should try to do; we should seize by our imagination the glory of our country, that our patriotism may be a permanent and a lofty flame. Patriotism is an imaginative sentiment. Imagination is essential to its vigor; not imagination which distorts facts, but which sweeps a vast field of them and illumines it. It comprehends hills, streams, plains, and val-

leys in a broad conception, and from traditions and institutions, from the life of the past and the vigor and noble tendencies of the present, it individualizes the destiny and personifies the spirit of its land, and then vows its vow to that.

It is of the very essence of true patriotism, therefore, to be earnest and truthful, to scorn the flatterer's tongue, and strive to keep its native land in harmony with the laws of national thrift and power. It will tell a land of its faults as a friend will counsel a companion. It will speak as honestly as the physician advises a patient. And if occasion requires, an indignation will flame out of its love like that which burst from the lips of Moses when he returned from the mountain and found the people to whom he had revealed the austere Jehovah and for whom he would cheerfully have sacrificed his life worshipping a calf.

We condense all the intimations of these last thoughts in saying that true patriotism is pledged to the idea which one's native country represents. It does not accept and glory in its country merely for what it is at present and has been in the past, but for what it may be. Each nation has a representative value. Each race that has appropriated a certain latitude which harmonizes with its blood has the capacity to work out special good results and to reveal great truths in some original forms.

God designs that each country shall bear a peculiar ideal physiognomy, and he has set its geographical characteristics as a bony skeleton and breathed into it a free life spirit, which, if loyal to the intention, will keep the blood in health, infuse vigor into every limb, give symmetry to the form, and carry the flush of a pure and distinct expression to the countenance. It is the patriot's office to study the laws public growth and energy, and to strive with enthusiastic

love to guard against every disease that would cripple the frame, that he may prevent the lineaments of vice and brutality from degrading the face which God would have radiant with truth, genius, and purity.

He was the best patriot of ancient Greece who had the widest and wisest conception of the capacities and genius of Greece, and labored to paint that ideal winningly before the national mind, and to direct the flame of national aspiration, fanned by heroic memories, up to the noblest possibilities of Grecian endeavor. The truest patriot of England would be the man whose mind should see in the English genius and geography what that nation could do naturally and best for humanity, and, seizing the traditional elements that are in harmony with that possibility, should use them to enliven his own sympathies and to quicken the nation's energy. We might say the same of Russia and of Italy. The forward look is essential to patriotism.

And how much more emphatically and impressively true is this when we bring our own country into the foreground! We have been placed on our domain for the sake of a hope. What we have done and what has been done for us is only preparation, the outline sketching of a picture to be filled with color and life in the next three centuries. Shall the sketch be blurred and the canvas be torn in two? That is what we are to decide in these bitter and bloody days.

Our struggle now is to keep the country from falling away from the idea which every great patriot has recognized as the purpose towards which our history, from the first, has been moving. God devised the scheme for us of one republic. He planted the further slope of the Alleghanies at first with Saxon men; he has striped the Pacific coast with the energy of their descendants, protecting thus both avenues

of entrance to our domain against European intrusion; but the great wave of population he has rolled across the Alleghanies into the central basin.

That is the seat of the American polity. And an imperial river runs through it to embarrass and to shame and to balk all plans of rupture. The Mississippi bed was laid by the Almighty as the keel of the American ship, and the channel of every stream that pours into it is one of its ribs. We have just covered the mighty frame with planking, and have divided the hull into State compartments. And the rebels say, "Break the ship in two." They scream, "We have a right to, on the ground of the sovereignty of the compartments and the principles of the Declaration of Independence; we have a right to, and we will!" The loyal heart of the nation answers, "We will knock out all your Gulf compartments and shiver your sovereign bulkheads, built of ebony, to pieces, and leave you one empty territory again before you shall break the keel." This is the right answer. We must do it, not only for our own safety, but to preserve the idea which the nation has been called to fulfil, and to which patriotism is called and bound to be loyal. Ay, even if there were one paragraph or line in the Declaration of Independence that breathed or hinted a sanction of the rebellion! Geology is older than the pen of Jefferson; the continent is broader than the Continental Congress, and they must go to the foundations to learn their statesmanship.

The Procrustes bed of American patriotism is the bed of the Mississippi, and every theory of national life and every plan for the future must be stretched on that; and woe to its wretched bones and sockets if it naturally reaches but halfway!

Providence made the country, too, when the immense basin

should be filled with its fitting millions, to show the world the beauty and economy of continental peace. It is a destiny radically different from that of Europe, with its four millions of armed men, that has been indicated for us. By the interplay of widely different products into one prosperity—cotton and cattle, tobacco and corn, metals and manufactures, shipyards and banking-rooms, forests and fields,—and all under one law, and all enjoying local liberty,—sufficient centralization, but the mildest pressure on the subordinate districts and the personal will—Providence designed to bless us with immense prosperity, to develop an energy unseen before on this globe, and to teach the nations a lesson which would draw them into universal fraternity and peace.

The rebels have tried to frustrate this hope and scheme. Patriotism, which discerns the idea to which the nation is thus called, arms to prevent its defeat. They say that there shall not be such unified prosperity and all-embracing peace for the future hundreds of millions on our domain. We say that there shall. And we arm to enforce our vision.

But is not that a strange way to establish peace, by fighting on such a scale as the Republic now witnesses? Is it not a novel method to labor for economy of administration and expense in government by a war which will fetter the nation with such a debt? We answer, the rebellion gave the challenge, and now victory at any cost is the only economy. Carnage, if they will it, is the only path to peace.

> "For our own good
> All causes shall give way; we are in blood
> Stept in so far, that, should we wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Yes, if we return, all our blood and treasure are wasted. The peace we gain by victory is for all the future, and for uncounted millions. The debt we incur by three years'

fighting will be nothing compared with the new energy and security aroused, nothing to the next hundred years. And it will establish the idea to which the land was dedicated.

But do you say that if we conquer the rebellious area, we must hold it in subjection by a standing army which will be very costly and is contrary to the American idea? Very well, if we do not conquer, if the rebels gain a strong and arrogant independence, we must keep up an immense standing army. It would cost more to watch them than it will to hold them. For we should be obliged in watching them to watch Europe too. We prefer to pay money to hold rather than to watch; and if we pay our money I suppose we can take our choice.

Patriotism says, and says it in the interest of peace and economy and final fraternity, "Fight and conquer even at the risk of holding them for a generation under the yoke." Fight, though, on such a scale that there will be no need of holding them; that they will gladly submit again to the rule which makes the Republic one and blesses all portions with protection and with bounty. Fight till they shall know that they kick against fate and the resistless laws of the world! Patriotism calls on the cabinet and the head of the nation and the generals who give tone to the campaign to forget the customs and interests of peace till we shall gain it by the submission of the rebels and the shredding of their last banner into threads.

The stake is worth this style of fighting. For it is the peace of our grandchildren, the interblended prosperity of the continent, the economy of centuries, the abolition of standing armies for a thousand years, the indefinite postponement of war, the idea of America, that we are to bend up thus "each corporal agent" to secure. Fight with hose-

pipes and lavender water if you want perpetual hatred and indefinite slaughter; fight with sheets of schrapnel and red-hot shot if you want to see the speedy dawn again of American peace and good will!

And Providence still further dedicated this land as the better home for labor, and to a polity that honors and blesses labor. Not equal rights so much as new honor to the workman is the idea which our polity is divinely called to emblazon and to guard. For this and to help this our immense fields were shrouded in darkness until a race should be ready who would bring a free ballot-box with them, and an untitled church, and a free Bible, and the seed of public schools, and a spirit that should shake at last the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence into literature like dew-drops in the morning from a tree. Into whatever movement or conceptions the doctrine of the sacredness of man and the worth of labor flows, there patriotism discerns the proper march of the tide of American thought and spirit.

Whatever denies and cramps and opposes, that is hostile to the call and destiny of the younger continent. For whatever in America blasphemes the rights of labor and bars the education of the workman smites the soil to that extent with blight, degrades literature, drains public spirit, chains the wheel of progress, insults the New Testament, and flouts the nobler traditions of the land.

I need not tell you that the rebellion is guilty of this too. It sins against the Mississippi; it sins against the coast line; it sins against the ballot-box; it sins against oaths of allegiance; it sins against public and beneficent peace; and it sins worse than all against the corner-stone of American progress and history and hope,—the worth of the laborer, the rights of man. It strikes for barbarism against civilization.

We have taken the carbon of labor from Europe and tried to promote it into the diamond. Under the true American system a journeyman machinist in his striped shirt becomes General Nathaniel P. Banks. The rebel idea is hostile to all this crystallization. Keep all labor in its grimy and carbon state, they say; and so they choose it and perpetuate it of a color that will fulfil their arrogant conception.

Patriotism calls us to brace our sinews against this hideous apostasy and to see that the land is not severed by it. Our unity gone, our economical peace broken up, standing armies imposed on us forever, European intrigue and antagonism our law,—and all for the doctrine that labor may rightfully be trodden into the mire,—what a close of the book of our national story! What a robbery of the crown from our once proud forehead!

Gentlemen, it is a privilege that we can feel a patriotism which sets our present struggle in such relations and coolly sees that our country has been dedicated to a mission and a service so vast and eminent. The duties correspond to the privilege. One great duty is to feel the privilege more keenly, and by the inspiration of it stand strong for the country's unity.

Especially against any intimation from foreign powers of intervention to stop our war and break our integrity. If France tries it we will arm as France armed against the intervention of Europe in her great Revolution, and hurled the circling armies back! If England tries it we will say to her as Macaulay said with admirable vigor and eloquence in the House of Commons when the secession of Ireland was threatened: "The Repeal of the Union we regard as fatal to the empire and we never will consent to it; never, though the country should be surrounded by dangers as great as

those which threatened her when her American colonies, and France, and Spain, and Holland were leagued against her, and when the armed neutrality of the Baltic disputed her maritime rights; never, though another Bonaparte should pitch his camp in sight of Dover castle; never, till all has been staked and lost; never, till the four quarters of the world have been convulsed by the last struggle of the great English people for their place among the nations." It was an island utterly disjoined from England and separated more widely by blood and belief than by the chafing sea, of whose threatened secession these words were spoken by the most widely read English orator of this generation. How much more fitly and honorably can we urge the spirit of them if England should attempt to break our hold upon integral portions of our empire, the very courses of our rivers, the very land for which we have paid our millions and our blood! Let the spirit sweep through our loyal millions which Macaulay thus uttered; let us become such a battery that fervor and determination of that temperature shall leap out whenever the thought of foreign intervention is breathed. Then Europe will be careful enough how she touches the awful galvanic pile. Patriotism of that temper will be a peace-preserver.

And another duty of patriotism now is to call for the declaration of a new policy in the war.

Many of you have heard of the eloquent sailor preacher of Boston, Father Taylor. No man is more patriotic; no man is more powerful in prayer. A few weeks ago he prayed thus for our excellent chief magistrate in Boston: (those of you who have heard him will conceive with what vitality and emphasis he shot out the adjectives) "O Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God

like old Abraham! Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel-worms; don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity!"

Now we ought to begin to beseech Abraham, and to pray heaven in his behalf and ours, that the "keel-worms" shall not through his delay or scruples bore through the sheathing of the nation's integrity.

The time has come when we must look more at the actual constitution of the nation than at the paper constitution through which the rebel chiefs have struck their daggers. The time has come when it should be said and known and proclaimed with the trumpet of the President that we strike to exterminate the power of the slave-aristocracy of the rebel region.

The slave-oligarchy of the rebel States, if the war is to end in our favor, must be shorn of all their power for mischief. Otherwise the war, though we conquer, does not end in our favor. By the necessity of their position they stand thus hostile. Hostility to the American spirit steams like an intellectual malaria from their plantations. They breathe it invisibly and perforce. They are enemies by fate to all that as loyal Americans we honor and all that we are fighting to save.

In the now rebellious States there are less than three hundred thousand of them. We must crush their power. Any other issue to the war is simply chopping off the rattles from the snake instead of drawing the fangs. And to crush their power, we must strike the fetters from their bondmen. And we must say soon that our purpose is nothing less than this, that we shall hold on until we accomplish this.

Some would do this as a crusade in favor of the freedom of the black race. I would do it as a wise and statesmanlike

blow for the permanent interest of all the white race in our empire, and to insure the unity and peace of the continent for centuries. Thus we make America homogeneous. . . . Thus we give the war a principle. Thus we strike at the root of our differences, our dangers, our sorrows, and our mighty wrong. The rebel aristocracy have staked their power upon this challenge. If they fail they have lost, and we must see that they both fail and lose. . . .

O, that the President would soon speak that electric sentence,—inspiration to the loyal North, doom to the traitorous aristocracy whose cup of guilt is full! Let him say that it is a war of mass against class, of America against feudalism, of the schoolmaster against the slave-master, of workmen against the barons, of the ballot-box against the barracoon. This is what the struggle means. Proclaim it so, and what a light breaks through our leaden sky! The war-wave rolls then with the impetus and weight of an idea.

"The sword!—a name of dread!—yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,—
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or mid fierce crags and bursting rills,—
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;—
Still, still, whene'er the battle's word
Is Liberty,—when men do stand
For Justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the sword!"

Yes, gentlemen, then Heaven will bless the sword!

SENATOR CARPENTER

MATTHEW HALE CARPENTER, an American senator and lawyer, was born at Moretown, Vt., Dec. 22, 1824, and died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1881. He was educated at the United States Military Institute, then studied law at Waterbury, Vt., and was admitted to the Bar in 1847. In the following year he removed to Beloit, Wis., where he soon rose to prominence in his profession. In 1856, he made Milwaukee his home, and when the Civil War broke out he travelled widely in the west, making speeches in behalf of the Union cause. He received the appointment of judge-advocate-general of Wisconsin, and in 1868 was engaged as government counsel in the famous McArdle case, which involved the legality of the Reconstruction Act of 1867. His success in this instance brought him into such notice that he was soon after elected to the United States Senate, serving there from 1869 to 1875. After practicing his profession for a few years, he was in 1879 again returned to the Senate, but did not live to complete his term of office. Senator Carpenter was known politically as "a war Democrat," opposing the Fugitive Slave Law at the outset of his career, advocating emancipation of the slaves as early as 1861, and in 1864 declaring that they must be enfranchised. Among his best-known oratorical efforts in the Senate are his speeches on Johnson's Amnesty Proclamation, on the bill to restore Fitz John Porter, and his defence of President Grant against the attack of Sumner.

MISSION AND FUTURE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL, BELOIT COLLEGE, JULY, 1869

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The American people have just emerged from the thick darkness of national distresses: emerged, as no other nation could reasonably have expected to from such dangers, triumphant, though bleeding at every pore. The first impulse of a great people on being delivered from eminent perils is that of joy and thanksgiving; then comes gratitude for those by whose guidance, under God, safety

has been attained; then a sad reflection upon the fearful sacrifices by which success has been purchased and a tender recollection of those who have fallen in the strife; and finally the composed mind gathers up the teachings of such a fearful experience,—wisdom for the guidance of future years. On the surrender of Lee and Johnston in 1865 our people gave themselves up to the wildest rejoicings; for a time the toils, the trials, the sufferings of four dreadful years were all forgotten; business places were closed, our people rushed out of doors, impromptu processions filled the streets, music led our exultant emotions as far as musical sounds could conduct them; and then the roar of cannon and the shoutings of the multitude took up the joyful strain and bore it in tumult to the skies. Our people are fond of excitement and may be aroused to enthusiasm upon slight provocation. But then the grounds for national rejoicing were adequate and philosophical. Such dangers as had never threatened any government had been averted; such a rebellion as the world had never seen had been suppressed; such results as had never before been accomplished by war had been achieved. We plunged into the war cursed with the institution of slavery,—three millions of our fellow creatures held in bitter bondage; we came forth a nation of free men, equal in civil rights, no longer recognizing any distinctions of caste or color. Our young Republic had successfully ended the experiment of its existence and for the first time took its place—a full, round, high place—among the powers of the earth. We had to thank God, after the storms of war had passed, that we at last possessed what our fathers had hoped and prayed for, "a country, and that a free country."

Our people had shown their gratitude to their leaders in works more substantial than words. They have raised Grant

above the army to the chair of Washington. Sherman they have made their chief captain; an appointment for life with annual salary second only to that of the president. Sheridan they have made the worthy lieutenant of such a captain; and others have been rewarded, and are still to be honored according to their great merits. The widows and orphans of the war have been generously provided for. Everything that could be has been done to smooth the scars of a frightful struggle. We have demonstrated that a great people know how to be both just and generous.

And now, four years after the war and after the immediate and pressing demands upon us have been fully satisfied toward those who survived and came back to us from the battle-field, we have come in the midst of profound peace and general prosperity, on this beautiful day of teeming summer, to show our reverence for those who came not back from the war; and to dedicate to their memory the beautiful hall which you have erected, monumental in form, and useful in fact; thus uniting the memory of the departed with one of the great facilities for acquiring knowledge, a college library.

Pericles delivered his great oration, which Thucydides has preserved for us,—one of the grandest specimens of ancient art,—standing by the unburied remains of those who had fallen on the field and surrounded by weeping mourners whose anguish had not yet been soothed by the healing power of time. Nevertheless, by far the greater part of that oration is devoted to an examination of the character of Athenian institutions; to show that those who had fallen for Athens had not died for a vain or useless thing.

We stand here to-day not in the freshness of individual grief; not to pay the last sad offices of respect to the out-

ward material forms of those we have loved. Over their graves the green grass is waving and tropical flowers are cheerfully blossoming. Time has dried our tears and composed our emotions. The sister comes not to weep for the brother; the father comes not to bend over the ghastly remains of his first born, not yet committed to sepulture. But we come as American citizens to thank God that in our deepest need the patriotism of our people was equal to the hour; we come to reflect rather than to weep; we come to gather up the lessons taught by their example; to consider the fruits of the victory they have secured for us, and hence to deduce our duty as a nation in the great future which opens before us with immortal splendor.

You have just been addressed by Professor Emerson, specially upon the character and services of those whose names are to be engraved upon the tablet of honor in this memorial hall. He knew them personally, loved them well, and has spoken of them with the tenderness befitting his theme, and an earnest eloquence becoming to himself. I shall therefore devote the short time allotted to me to a consideration of the character of our government and its duty in the immediate future.

God never made a man for the sake of making him; nor that he might amass wealth and corrupt himself with its enjoyment. Every man is sent into the world with certain qualities to be cultivated and developed; charged with duties to be performed, and clothed with responsibilities commensurate with his power; sent into the world that some other may be better for his having lived. So with nations; they grow up not for themselves alone; they are ordained of God; they are the instrumentalities by which God accomplishes his purposes towards the human race. They who study

human history, they who believe in the Gospels of Christ—believe that the very hairs of our head are numbered and that not a sparrow falls without his notice—cannot doubt that empires come and go, and states are born and perish, in obedience to his sovereign will. . . .

A little band of patriots, of God-fearing men, lovers of liberty because lovers of God, too few to stand upright in England, too resolute of purpose to submit to tyranny, turned their steps, still westward, and in mid-winter planted the empire of freedom upon this then unpromising continent. It is quite unnecessary, for you are as familiar with it as I am, and time would fail me to dwell upon the details of that settlement, and the settlement of other colonies upon these shores. I only refer to it to ask you, who protected them from famine, from dissensions internal, from dangers external, from the inclemency of the elements, and the hostility of savages? Who gave them the courage and inspired them with the faith equal to their great task? Turn over in your own minds, for I have no time even to refer to the strange incidents in their wonderful history, verifying our belief that God superintends the founding of States; follow the colonies through their infancy, down to the commencement of the revolution which ultimately separated them from the parent State and made us an independent nation, and then say, do you believe God had no part, no design in all those wonderful events? He saw the end from the beginning; and the beginning would not have been if the end had not been intended.

It is true that the love of liberty in their hearts, the tyranny of their king, their fleeing to these shores, their founding of a free commonwealth, their growth to power as a people, were all natural events. No supernatural inter-

vention attests God's purpose in their case. No thunders rolled down the mountains, no summer led them over the wintry sea, no law of nature was reversed for their aid or protection. If we were about to send a colony to take possession of a distant continent, we should make great display about it; have long processions and longer orations. When we send an envoy extraordinary to a foreign power we send him in a government vessel, we land him from beneath the star spangled flag and amid the roar of cannon to notify our foreign neighbor that the United States has sent him to her shores. But God's "ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts." He "speaks in his work." Jesus came an envoy from heaven to earth, not in the glory which he had with his father before the world was; not by angels attended through the opening heavens; but he came not the less directly from the Father. . . .

On the 4th of July, 1776, our fathers met in solemn council and promulgated to the world the principles which were to be our chart as a nation and assumed a place among the nations of the earth. To that event and that day we refer our birth as a nation. Let us consider for a moment the great distinguishing principle upon which our institutions were based. We boast that that was the commencement of a new order of political things. Let us see for a moment in what that declaration differed from prior fundamental articles of political and governmental faith.

The brotherhood of man, the absolutely equal rights of all men, the right of all to participate in the privileges and benefits of civil government, as they share its burdens, although to our minds familiar and self-evident truths, have dawned gradually upon the world and made their way slowly into creeds of men. The Jew denied to every one not a Jew

not only the rights of citizenship in temporalities, but all hope of enjoying the blessings of heaven.

The Gentile might indeed be adopted into the Jewish commonwealth, but as a Gentile he was nobody. When Pericles boasted that in Athens all men enjoyed equal privileges and were preferred for their merits and not for their birth, he spoke in a city of which no inconsiderable portion of its inhabitants were slaves. By all men he meant all Athenians; he did not recognize that any but Athenians were men. Jesus first burst the bonds of national selfishness. He came to establish a kingdom that should know no end, be united with the destinies of no nation, which should survive all and supersede all; and its foundations were laid broadly accordingly.

The Jew, the Gentile, the Scythian, the Barbarian, the bond, the free, the black, and the white, were invited to equal benefits in his kingdom. He first taught principles broad enough to include all nations, races, and colors in a common benefit. The Declaration of our Independence, the cornerstone of our nationality, was man's first attempt to introduce the liberality of Christian principle into the framework of civil government; it was a declaration—not that all Americans, all Englishmen, all Frenchmen were equal—but that all men were equal; no matter where born, no matter whether learned or ignorant, rich or poor, black or white.

It deduced the right to equality before the law, the right to participate in civil government, not from the accident of birth or condition, nor yet from race or color, but from the fact of manhood alone.

Upon this principle, as the one great faith of our people the ideal we intended to realize, the consummation we pledged ourselves to the accomplishment of, our fathers ap

pealed to the God of battles, and succeeded. A more solemn covenant was never entered into between a nation and the God of nations. Upon that principle we stood through eight years of bloody war against one of the most powerful nations on the earth. Without an army, without a navy, without an exchequer, we stood, and withstood all the power of England, because truth will always stand, and right triumph over wrong, while God sits on the throne of the universe.

But after war had established our right to self-government, and we came to fashion a government, this principle was not fully carried out. Slavery existed as a fact, and our fathers temporized with the condition of things. In the constitution they virtually secured the slave-trade until 1808 and substantially guaranteed slavery in the States until the States should abolish it. It is due to our fathers, however, to say that they expected slavery would soon be abolished by the States. No man who signed the constitution expected slavery would survive thirty years. But—and perhaps to show the sad consequence of ever compromising with evil—the event did not realize the expectation.

The introduction of the cotton plant made slavery profitable; and gilded vice too often finds favor. The South first excused, then justified, then clamored for the extension of slavery; and down to the commencement of the rebellion of 1861 no man could see how the nation could purge itself of this monstrous sin. By civil means it could not. The constitution had put it out of the power of the nation by committing it to the States where slavery existed; and those States would not abolish it. Our statesmen in 1850 resolved to cure the evil by wholly ignoring its existence. They solemnly resolved that the subject should never again be alluded to in or out of Congress. That all agitation should

cease. This was securing to the country peace according to the wisdom of time-serving politicians; but their wisdom was quite different from "the wisdom that is from above (which) is first pure, then peaceable."

The so-called "compromise measures" of 1850 were designed to secure peace; but they were a solemn prediction of war. From that moment it was evident that no peaceful measures would be adopted to redress the great wrong of three millions of our people; and then it became evident also that the whole country must soon become slave country or free country. And after ten years of preparation on the part of the South and of criminal inactivity on the part of the North, the two sections drew the sword to determine the question of liberty or slavery for all the States; and during four bloody, dismal years "hope and fear did arbitrate the event."

Grievously had we sinned and grievously did we answer it. Army after army rushed to the conflict; hundreds after hundreds were laid in their graves; the land was baptized with blood. It was in this strife that your companions, whom to-day you honor, went forth with faith in their hearts, prayers on their lips, and the sword in their hand to stand and to fall for truth, for justice, for liberty, and for God. Often in the darkness of those fearful years our sight failed us; we could see no light; but our people stood up strong in faith that God ruled the universe and that our cause was safe.

This faith carried us through the gloom. And finally in God's good time we emerged into the light of a triumphant and honorable peace. In this war our people expiated the sin of slavery and then the curse was withdrawn. And our nation stands to-day regenerated and renewed; won by fearful evidences back to its first love,—universal liberty. Now for

the first time in the history of our nation it is true as a fact, what our fathers announced as a theory, that all men are created equal.

Now our reconstructed Union takes its place among the nations, the standard-bearer and the champion of the rights of man. Our infancy is over, our pupilage past, our manhood attained. We are no longer to flee from city to city to escape observation, no longer to bid men not to mention our works, no longer to feed on the wild figs of Bethany; we have come into our own kingdom, and are ready to make up our jewels.

Let me pause in thought one moment at the close of the late war, and asking you to recall your emotions as the war progressed, your doubts, your fears, the magnitude of the conflict, the bitterness of our enemies, the unfriendly attitude of foreign nations, all the obstacles overcome, the dangers past; then let me ask if you do not believe that the hand of God in an especial manner led us through this sea of troubles to the dry land of peace? If you believe your Bible you do believe that God interfered by special providences to secure the deliverance of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt.

Turn to that history once more and read again of the successive plagues that fell like so many blows upon the heart of Egypt before she would consent that her slaves might go forth. Then consider the similar conduct of the South; how without war, slavery would have been continued; how long after the war had begun the South might have laid down their arms and kept the slaves; how after the war was ended the South might have determined the question of negro suffrage; and how by repeated obduracy, amounting to absolute stupidity, the South has forced the government to free the slaves and finally raise them to the full enjoyment of legal and political rights; then let me ask, do you see no parallel?

Another coincidence and I will leave this part of the subject. It would be interesting to consider, but time forbids, the analogies that run through the universe, moral and material; and to point out how strangely, if it is mere accident, similar things, though ages distant in point of time, are similarly surrounded.

Jesus was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." His public ministry was one of toil and trial. He was bearing the world's burdens, touched at its sorrows, and suffering for its sins. We read of him walking up the mountain, walking on the waters, agonizing in prayer, and weeping at the grave of him whom he loved.

On one occasion, and on one only, he employed the semblance of a triumph. Once he rode into Jerusalem; rode over a way sprinkled with the garments of his disciples and the green branches of Judean palms; rode in triumph, amid the shoutings of the multitude, "Hosanna to the son of David." The day upon which this event transpired is celebrated by the church, and for designation it is styled "Palm Sunday." On the next Friday—"Good Friday"—Jesus gave up his life and was laid in the tomb.

I am not appealing to any superstitious feeling, nor drawing any irreverent comparison; merely noting a remarkable coincidence. President Lincoln took the helm of state amid the storms of war. For four years he suffered the anguish his situation imposed, he mourned with the mourners, he wept and prayed for the deliverance of his people. But finally, on a bright Sabbath morning in April, 1865, Lee surrendered the rebel hosts to Lincoln's captain and the war was ended. The news flew on the wires all over the land. That was a day of national rejoicing. None of us will ever forget it.

On that day the clergy ministered in the usual way at the

altar. And old deacons, accustomed by life-long discipline never to turn their backs upon the "illuminated temple of the Lord," remained to attend the morning and evening sacrifices as usual. But where were the people? In the streets, wild with excitement of joy. There are times when the Christian heart is too full for mere utterance; times when the roar of cannon and the shoutings of the multitude are as genuine—may they not be as acceptable—praise as the chanted psalm or the whispered prayer. So Miriam went forth, celebrating the deliverance from the Red Sea, and led the women of Israel with timbrels and dances, chanting that immortal song of human exultation, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

This first happy day of President Lincoln's official life, the first happy day of our people for four long years, chanced to fall on the "Palm Sunday" of 1865. The next Friday—"Good Friday"—Lincoln was shot. Mere coincident; mere accident; yes, but human history is full of such suggestive accidents.

In passing from our first proposition, that God has established this nation, watched over it in an especial manner, and protected it by special providences; it is encouraging to think that such is the belief of our people. It crops out everywhere; from the pulpit, in the press, in the speeches of our public men, in the conversation of our people. All speak the language of hope, of young, ardent hope, and faith in God's superintending providence. In no other nation is this so eminently true.

Look at the condition of old England to-day and read the suggestive debates in the House of Lords on the Irish Church bill. The lords speak as though they were oppressed with the

belief that there is no future for the monarchy. England stands to-day in the decrepitude of age, folding about her the shabby robes of worn-out custom; "perplexed with the fear of change;" unable to advance; unable to suppress the influences which are advancing step by step to throw open the temple of exclusive and hereditary privilege to the admission of the profane populace. "The voice of the people," when it utters the settled faith of a nation, "is the voice of God." . . .

The brave young men who went forth from this college to suppress the slaveholders' attempt to reverse the decree of God and exalt slavery above liberty, sleep in bloody graves, yet live in our tender and our grateful remembrance. Their example appeals to our manhood and our conscience. They helped to carry our government through a crisis in its existence; to establish it firmly upon immutable truth; and give it the grandest opportunity a nation ever had to benefit mankind. It now devolves upon us who survive to determine whether their lives were laid down in vain. And in no way, I conceive, can we so truly honor them as in studying well and performing faithfully the duty they have helped to cast upon us. If we prove equal to our opportunity, if we stand firmly for justice and for equality among men, if we keep the lamp of liberty trimmed and burning, and allow its light to shine from our altitude throughout the world, we honor them; they have not died in vain; therefore it seems to be appropriate to this occasion to inquire into our new duties and gird ourselves for their performance.

They died for others, not for themselves; and let us so live as to exert the influence of the exalted position they have conferred upon us for the welfare of mankind and not for the attainment of selfish ends.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, an eloquent Irish-Canadian statesman and orator, was born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, April 13, 1825. At the age of seventeen, seeing little chance of advancement at home, he emigrated to America and arrived at Boston in June, 1842. On the 4th of July he addressed the people and astonished them by his eloquence. Two years later, he became chief editor of the Boston "Pilot." He then accepted the offer of Charles Gavan Duffy to aid in editing the "Nation," in Dublin, which became the mouthpiece of what was called "Young Ireland." This paper having incited the famine-stricken people to rebellion, its editor was forced to escape from Ireland. On Oct. 10, 1848, he reached Philadelphia, and on the 26th of that month the New York "Nation" issued its first number under the editorship of the exile. He removed with his family to Montreal, where he established "The New Era." Before the end of his first year in Montreal, he was returned to the Canadian Parliament as one of the three members for Montreal, and became one of the most popular men in Canada, being elected by acclamation and without any opposition in his second, third, and fourth elections. He took his seat as member for Montreal West in the first Parliament of the Dominion on Nov. 6, 1867. He was assassinated on the 6th of April, 1868, after the delivery of one of the most striking speeches ever heard in the Canadian Parliament. The subject was the cementing of the lately-formed union of the provinces by mutual kindness and good-will. Shortly after midnight he left the House and was shot from behind through the head. He is still regarded as the truest counsellor and guide of the Irish race in North America.

"THE LAND WE LIVE IN"

[Delivered before the New England Society of Montreal on the Anniversary of "The Landing of the Pilgrims," December 22, 1860.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—As one of the representatives of the city of Montreal, I feel it to be an act of duty, and a most agreeable duty it is, to attend the reunions of our various national societies, and to contribute anything in my power to their gratification. My respect for all these societies, and my own sense of what is decorous and fit to be said, have, I hope, always confined me to the proprieties of such occasions; but still, if I speak at all, I must speak with freedom, and free speech, I trust, will never be asserted in vain among a society composed of the men of New England and their descendants.

I congratulate you and the society over which you preside, Mr. President, on the recurrence of your favorite anniversary, and not only for your own gratification as our fellow citizens of Montreal, but in the best interests of all humanity in the New World, let us join in hope that not only the sons of New England, but Americans from all other States settled amongst us, will long be able to join harmoniously in the celebration of the arrival of the first shipload of emigrants in Massachusetts Bay on this day, 240 years ago,— a ship which wafted over the sea as large a cargo of the seeds of the new civilization as any ship ever did since the famous voyage recorded in the legends of the Greeks.

It is rather a hard task, this you have set me, Mr. President, of extolling the excellencies of "the land we live in,"— that is, praising ourselves,— especially at this particular season of the year. If it were midsummer instead of midwinter, when our rapids are flashing, and our glorious river sings its triumphal song from Ontario to the ocean; when the northern summer, like the resurrection of the just, clothes every lineament of the landscape in beauty and serenity; it might be easy to say fine things for ourselves, without conflicting with the evidence of our senses.

But to eulogize Canada about Christmas time requires a patriotism akin to the Laplander, when, luxuriating in his train oil, he declares that "there is no land like Lapland under the sun." Our consolation, however, is that all the snows of the season fall upon our soil for wise and providential purposes. The great workman, Jack Frost, wraps the ploughed land in a warm covering, preserving the late-sown wheat for the first ripening influence of the spring. He macadamizes roads and bridges, brooks and rivers, better than could the manual labor of 100,000 workmen. He

forms and lubricates the track through the wilderness by which those sailors of the forest—lumbermen—are enabled to draw down the annual supply of one of our chief staples to the margins of frozen rivers, which are to bear their rafts to Quebec at the first opening of the navigation.

This climate of ours though rigorous, is not unhealthful, since the average of human life in this Province is seven per cent higher than in any other portion of North America; and if the lowness of the glass does sometimes inconvenience individuals, we ought to be compensated and consoled by remembering of how much benefit these annual falls of snow are to the country at large. So much for our climatic difficulties. Let me say a word or two on our geographical position.

Whoever looks at the map — a good map is an invaluable public instructor — not such maps as we used to have, in which Canada was stuck away up at the North Pole, but such maps as have lately appeared in this country — will be tempted to regard the Gulf of St. Lawrence as the first of the Canadian lakes, and our magnificent river as only a longer Niagara or Detroit. His eye will follow up through the greater tidal volume of that river the same parallel of latitude — the 46°—which intersects Germany and cuts through the British Channel; if he pursues that parallel, it will lead him to the valley of the Saskatchewan, and through the Rocky Mountain passes, to the rising settlements of our fellow subjects on the Pacific. It will lead him through that most interesting country — the Red River territory, 500,000 square miles in extent, with a white population of less than 10,000 souls; a territory which ought to be "the Out-West" of our youth — where American enterprise has lately taught us a salutary, though a rebuking lesson, for while we were

debating about its true limits and the title by which it is held, they were steaming down to Fort Garry with mails and merchandise from St. Paul's.

The position of Canada is not only important in itself, but it is important as a "*via media*" to the Pacific; from a given point on our side of Lake Superior to navigable water on the Fraser River has been shown to be not more than 2,000 miles — about double the distance from Boston to Chicago. A railway route with gradients not much, if at all, exceeding those of the Vermont Central, or the Philadelphia and Pittsburg, has been traced throughout by Mr. Fleming, Mr. Hind, Mr. Dawson, Captain Synge and Colonel Pailisser; and though neither Canada nor Columbia are able of themselves to undertake the connection, we cannot believe that British and American enterprise, which risked so many precious lives to find a practicable passage nearer to the Pole, will long leave untried this safest, shortest and most expeditious over land Northwest passage. We cannot despair that the dream of Jacques Cartier may yet be fulfilled, and the shortest route from Europe to China be found through the valley of the St. Lawrence. Straight on to the west lies Vancouver's Island, the Cuba of the Pacific; a little to the north, the Amur, which may be called the Amazon of the Arctic; farther off, but in a right line, the rich and populous Japanese group, which for wealth and enterprise have not been inaptly called the British Isles of Asia. These, Mr. President, are some of our geographical advantages. There are others which I might refer to, but on an occasion of this kind I know the fewer details the better.

Now, one word more as to our people; the decennial census to be taken next month will probably show us to be nearly equal in numbers to the six States of New England,

or the great State of New York, deducting New York City. An element, over a third, but less than one half of that total, will be found to be of French-Canadian origin; the remainder is made up, as the population of New York and New England has been, by British, Irish, German, and other immigrants and their descendants. Have we advanced materially in the ratio of our American neighbors? I cannot say that we have. Montreal is an older city than Boston, and Kingston an older town than Oswego or Buffalo. Let us confess frankly that in many material things we are half a century behind the Americans, while at the same time — not to give way altogether too much — let us modestly assert that we possess some social advantages which they, perhaps, do not. For example we believed until lately — we still believe — that such a fiction as a slave, as one man being another man's chattel, was wholly unknown in Canada. And we still hope that may ever continue to be our boast. In material progress we have something to show, and we trust to have more.

All we need, Mr. President, mixed up and divided as we naturally are, is, in my humble opinion, the cultivation of a tolerant spirit on all the delicate controversies of race and religion, the maintenance of an upright public opinion in our politics and commerce, the cordial encouragement of every talent and every charity which reveals itself among us, the expansion of those narrow views and small ambitions which are apt to attend upon provincialism, and with these amendments, I do think we might make for Christian men, desirous to bring up their posterity in the love and fear of God and the law, one of the most desirable residences in the world, of this "land we live in."

THE POLICY OF CONCILIATION

REMARKS MADE AT A DINNER GIVEN HIM BY HIS CONSTITUENTS AT MONTREAL, MARCH, 1861

THE career I have had in Canada led me chiefly into those parts of the country inhabited by men who speak the English language, and using the opportunities I have had between the time when I ceased to be a newspaper publisher to that of my admission as a member of the Lower Canada bar, I trust I have learned something which may be profitable to me in the position to which you elevated me on trust and in advance.

The result of my observations thus made, is, that there is nothing to be more dreaded in this country than feuds arising from exaggerated feelings of religion and nationality. On the other hand, the one thing needed for making Canada the happiest of homes is to rub down all sharp angles, and to remove those asperities which divide our people on questions of origin and religious profession. The man who says this cannot be done consistently with any set of principles founded on the charity of the Gospel or on the right use of human reason is a blockhead, as every bigot is, while under the influence of his bigotry he sees no further than his nose. For a man who has grown to years of discretion —though some never do come to those years — who has not become wedded to one idea, who, like Coleridge, is as ready to regulate his conduct as to set his watch when the parish clock declares it wrong; who is ready to be taught by high as well as by low, and to receive any stamp of truth — I may say that such a man will come to this conclusion: that there are in all origins men good, bad and indifferent; yet for my own part,

my experience is that in all classes the good predominate. I believe that there have come out of Ireland, noble as she is, those whom she would not recognize as her children; and so with other countries celebrated for the noble characteristics of their population as a whole.

In Canada, with men of all origins and all kinds of culture, if we do not bear and forbear; if we do not get rid of old quarrels, but on the contrary make fresh ones, whereas we ought to have lost sight of the old when we lost sight of the capes and headlands of the old country; if we will carefully convey across the Atlantic half-extinguished embers of strife in order that we may by them light up the flames of our inflammable forests; if each neighbor will try not only to nurse up old animosities, but to invent new grounds of hostility to his neighbor, then, gentlemen, we shall return to what Hobbes considered the state of nature — I mean a state of war. In society we must sacrifice something, as we do when we go through a crowd, and not only must we yield to old age, to the fairer and better sex, and to that youth, which, in its weakness, is entitled to some of the respect which we accord to age; but we must sometimes make way for men like ourselves, though we could prove by the most faultless syllogism our right to push them from the path.

In his great speech respecting the Unitarians, Edmund Burke declared that he did not govern himself by abstractions or universals, and he maintained in that same argument (I think) that what is not possible is not desirable — that the possible best is the absolute best — the best for the generation, the best for the man, since the shortness of life makes it impossible for him to achieve all that he could wish.

I believe the possible best for us is peace and good will. With this belief I did my part to heal up those feuds which

prevailed in Montreal and westward before and at the election of 1857; I felt that someone must condone the past, and I determined, so far as I could be supposed to represent your principles, to lead the way. I tried to allay irritated feeling, and I hope not altogether without success.

We have a country, which, being the land of our choice, should also have our first consideration. I know, and you know, that I can never cease to regard with an affection which amounts almost to idolatry the land where I spent my best, my first years, where I obtained the partner of my life, and where my first-born saw the light. I cannot but regard that land even with increased love because she has not been prosperous.

Yet I hold we have no right to intrude our Irish patriotism on this soil; for our first duty is to the land where we live and have fixed our homes, and where, while we live, we must find the true sphere of our duties. While always ready therefore to say the right word, and to do the right act for the land of my forefathers, I am bound above all to the land where I reside; and especially am I bound to put down, so far as one humble layman can, the insensate spread of a strife which can only tend to prolong our period of provincialism and make the country an undesirable home for those who would otherwise willingly cast in their lot among us. We have acres enough; powers mechanical and powers natural; and sources of credit enough to make out of this Province a great nation, and though I wish to commit no one to my opinion, I trust that it will not only be so in itself, but will one day form part of a greater British North American State, existing under the sanction and in perpetual alliance with the empire, under which it has its rise and growth.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON

GEORGE HUNT PENDLETON, an American politician and diplomat, was born at Cincinnati, O., July 25, 1825, and died at Brussels, Belgium, Nov. 24, 1889. He was educated at the University of Heidelberg, and on his return to the United States studied law and was admitted to the Cincinnati Bar. In 1854, he began his public life as State senator, and in 1856 became Democratic representative to Congress. While in Congress he served on a number of important committees, and in 1864 was candidate for Vice-president on the Democratic ticket with George B. McClellan. In 1866, he was a member of the Philadelphia Loyalist Convention, and three years later an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of Ohio. About this time he took part in advocating a scheme for the payment of bonds in greenbacks. He was elected United States Senator in 1878, and while in the Senate procured the passage of the Civil Service Law, but his warm support of this reform prevented his reëlection to Congress. In 1885, he was appointed minister to Belgium, and died at Brussels while serving in this capacity. Senator Pendleton married a daughter of Francis Scott Key.

ON RECONSTRUCTION; THE DEMOCRATIC THEORY

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MAY 4, 1864

THE gentleman [Mr. Davis of Maryland] maintains two propositions, which lie at the very basis of his views on this subject. He has explained them to the House, and enforced them on other occasions. He maintains that, by reason of their secession, the seceded States and their citizens "have not ceased to be citizens and States of the United States, though incapable of exercising political privileges under the constitution, but that Congress is charged with a high political power by the constitution to guarantee republican government in the States, and that this is the proper time and the proper mode of exercising it." This act of revolution on the part of the seceding States has evoked the most extraordinary theories upon the relations of the

States to the Federal government. This theory of the gentleman is one of them.

The ratification of the constitution by Virginia established the relations between herself and the Federal government; it created the link between her and all the States; it announced her assumption of the duties, her title to the rights, of the confederating States; it proclaimed her interest in, her power over, her obedience to, the common agent of all the States. If Virginia had never ordained that ratification, she would have been an independent State; the constitution would have been as perfect and the union between the ratifying States would have been as complete as they now are.

Virginia repeals that ordinance, annuls that bond of union, breaks that link of confederation. She repeals but a single law, repeals it by the action of a sovereign convention, leaves her constitution, her laws, her political and social polity untouched. And the gentleman from Maryland tells us that the effect of this repeal is not to destroy the vigor of that law, but to subvert the State government, and to render the citizens "incapable of exercising political privileges;" that the Union remains, but that one party to it has thereby lost its corporate existence, and the other has advanced to the control and government of it.

Sir, this cannot be. Gentlemen must not palter in a double sense.

These acts of secession are either valid or invalid. If they are valid, they separated the State from the Union. If they are invalid, they are void; they have no effect; the State officers who act upon them are rebels to the Federal government; the States are not destroyed; their constitutions are not abrogated; their officers are committing illegal acts, for which they are liable to punishment; the States have never

left the Union, but, as soon as their officers shall perform their duties or other officers shall assume their places, will again perform the duties imposed and enjoy the privileges conferred by the Federal compact, and this not by virtue of a new ratification of the constitution, nor a new admission by the Federal government, but by virtue of the original ratification, and the constant, uninterrupted maintenance of position in the Federal Union since that date.

Acts of secession are not invalid to destroy the Union, and valid to destroy the State governments and the political privileges of their citizens. We have heard much of the twofold relations which citizens of the seceded States may hold to the Federal government — that they may be at once belligerents and rebellious citizens. I believe there are some judicial decisions to that effect. Sir, it is impossible. The Federal government may possibly have the right to elect in which relation it will deal with them; it cannot deal at one and the same time in inconsistent relations.

Belligerents, being captured, are entitled to be treated as prisoners of war; rebellious citizens are liable to be hanged. The private property of belligerents, according to the rules of modern war, shall not be taken without compensation; the property of rebellious citizens is liable to confiscation. Belligerents are not amenable to the local criminal law, nor to the jurisdiction of the courts which administer it; rebellious citizens are, and the officers are bound to enforce the law and exact the penalty of its infraction. The seceded States are either in the Union or out of it. If in the Union, their constitutions are untouched, their State governments are maintained, their citizens are entitled to all political rights, except so far as they may be deprived of them by the criminal law which they have infracted.

This seems incomprehensible to the gentleman from Maryland. In his view, the whole State government centres in the men who administer it, so that, when they administer it unwisely, or put it in antagonism to the Federal government, the State government is dissolved, the State constitution is abrogated, and the State is left, in fact and in form, *de jure* and *de facto*, in anarchy, except so far as the Federal government may rightfully intervene. This seems to be substantially the view of the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Boutwell]. He enforces the same position, but he does not use the same language. I submit that these gentlemen do not see with their usual clearness of vision. If, by a plague or other visitation of God, every officer of a State government should at the same moment die, so that not a single person clothed with official power should remain, would the State government be destroyed? Not at all. For the moment it would not be administered; but as soon as officers were elected and assumed their respective duties it would be instantly in full force and vigor.

If these States are out of the Union, their State governments are still in force, unless otherwise changed; their citizens are to the Federal government as foreigners, and it has in relation to them the same rights, and none other, as it had in relation to British subjects in the war of 1812, or to the Mexicans in 1846. Whatever may be the true relation of the seceding States, the Federal government derives no power in relation to them or their citizens from the provision of the constitution now under consideration, but, in the one case, derives all its power from the duty of enforcing the "supreme law of the land," and in the other, from the power "to declare war."

The second proposition of the gentleman from Maryland

is this — I use his language: "That clause vests in the Congress of the United States a plenary, supreme, unlimited political jurisdiction, paramount over courts, subject only to the judgment of the people of the United States, embracing within its scope every legislative measure necessary and proper to make it effectual; and what is necessary and proper the constitution refers in the first place to our judgment, subject to no revision but that of the people."

The gentleman states his case too strongly. The duty imposed on Congress is doubtless important, but Congress has no right to use a means of performing it forbidden by the constitution, no matter how necessary or proper it might be thought to be. But, sir, this doctrine is monstrous. It has no foundation in the constitution. It subjects all the States to the will of Congress; it places their institutions at the feet of Congress. It creates in Congress an absolute, unqualified despotism. It asserts the power of Congress in changing the State governments to be "plenary, supreme, unlimited," "subject only to revision by the people of the United States." The rights of the people of the State are nothing; their will is nothing. Congress first decides; the people of the whole Union revise. My own State of Ohio is liable at any moment to be called in question for her constitution. She does not permit negroes to vote. If this doctrine be true, Congress may decide that this exclusion is anti-republican, and by force of arms abrogate that constitution and set up another, permitting negroes to vote. From that decision of Congress there is no appeal to the people of Ohio, but only to the people of New York and Massachusetts and Wisconsin, at the election of representatives, and, if a majority cannot be elected to reverse the decision, the people of Ohio must submit. Woe be to the day when that doctrine shall be established,

for from its centralized despotism we will appeal to the sword!

Sir, the rights of the States were the foundation corners of the confederation. The constitution recognized them, maintained them, provided for their perpetuation. Our fathers thought them the safeguard of our liberties. They have proved so. They have reconciled liberty with empire; they have reconciled the freedom of the individual with the increase of our magnificent domain. They are the test, the touchstone, the security of our liberties. This bill, and the avowed doctrine of its supporters, sweeps them all instantly away. It substitutes despotism for self-government—despotism the more severe because vested in a numerous Congress elected by a people who may not feel the exercise of its power. It subverts the government, destroys the confederation, and erects a tyranny on the ruins of republican governments. It creates unity — it destroys liberty; it maintains integrity of territory, but destroys the rights of the citizen.

Sir, if this be the alternative of secession I prefer that secession should succeed. I should prefer to have the Union dissolved, the Confederate States recognized; nay, more, I should prefer that secession should go on, if need be, until each State resumes its complete independence. I should prefer thirty-four republics to one despotism. From such republics, while I might fear discord and wars, I would enjoy individual liberty, and hope for a reunion on the true principles of confederation.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

UCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR, an American jurist, son of a Georgia jurist, was born in Jasper Co., Ga., Sept. 1, 1825, and died at Macon, Ga., Jan. 23, 1893. He was educated at Emory College in his native State, studied law, and in 1847 was admitted to the Bar. For a short time he taught mathematics in the University of Mississippi, and then settling in Covington, Ga., practiced his profession there for a few years. He sat in the Georgia legislature in 1853 and then returned to Mississippi and in 1857 entered Congress as representative from that State. Resigning his seat after the ordinance of secession was passed by Mississippi, he entered the Confederate army as colonel of a Mississippi regiment. After the close of the war, he became a professor of political economy in the State University, but at length resigned this post, and in 1872 was elected to Congress, serving as representative till 1877, when he entered the Senate. Though not a frequent speaker in Congress, he was always eloquent and effective. In March, 1885, he was appointed secretary of the interior in President Cleveland's cabinet, resigning in 1888 in order to become an associate-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Lamar was a man of much independence politically. On one occasion his uncompromising stand against inflation of the national currency gave great offence in his State, the legislature of which instructed him to use his influence and vote against the principles he had hitherto held or resign his seat. Lamar refused to do either, and, justifying his position in an eloquent speech before the Senate, received the approbation of men of both parties. Among other noted oratorical efforts of his may be cited his eulogy of Charles Sumner, here appended.

EULOGY OF CHARLES SUMNER

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, APRIL 27, 1874

MR. SPEAKER,—In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange as in looking back upon the past the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten

years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory.

Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illustrated the councils of the government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "he touched nothing which he did not adorn;" not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance, in even a single instance, a matter of indifference; but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of his character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate a hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, ever so widely differing, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

It is of these high moral qualities which I wish to speak; for these have been the traits which in after years, as I have considered the successive acts and utterances of this remarkable man, fastened most strongly my attention, and impressed themselves most forcibly upon my imagination, my sensibilities, my heart. I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. I say nothing of his vast and varied stores of historical knowledge, or of the wide extent

of his reading in the elegant literature of ancient and modern times, or of his wonderful power of retaining what he had read, or of his readiness in drawing upon these fertile resources to illustrate his own arguments. I say nothing of his eloquence as an orator, of his skill as a logician, or of his powers of fascination in the unrestrained freedom of the social circle, which last it was my misfortune not to have experienced. These, indeed, were the qualities which gave him eminence not only in our country but throughout the world; and which have made the name of Charles Sumner an integral part of our nation's glory. They were the qualities which gave to those moral traits of which I have spoken the power to impress themselves upon the history of the age and of civilization itself; and without which those traits, however intensely developed, would have exerted no influence beyond the personal circle immediately surrounding their possessor. More eloquent tongues than mine will do them justice. Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him in fact this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom, he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a

conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural rights to liberty, for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation.

It matters not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the Republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself, or even to civilization; or finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the Republic.

Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it. But here let me do this great man the justice which amid the excitements of the struggle between the sections, now past, I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided in behalf of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward ready to welcome back as brothers and to re-establish in their rights as citizens those whose valor had so nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved, yet he always insisted that the most ample protection and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in

and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing in a single day and without any preliminary tutelage so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of freemen and voters, he would tolerate no half-way measures upon a point to him so vital.

Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically upon the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last any and every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guarantees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether his measures to secure this result showed him to be a practical statesman or the theoretical enthusiast is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must await the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South during the last two years of his life, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings to those to whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the

memory of man. But while it touched the heart of the South and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation.

Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollections of sacrifices endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish, the North to strike the mementoes of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of northern prowess or southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas—a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse it was because the thought occurred that other days were

coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow.

My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fulness of my heart while there was yet time.

How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved; in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered; frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken; and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentments remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if it is not ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people North and South? Bound to each other by a common constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in political organization; one not merely in identity of institutions; one

not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but, more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart. Am I mistaken in this?

Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these my southern brothers, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence.

The North, exultant in her triumph and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory, "My countrymen, know one another, and you will love one another."

SEÑOR CASTILLO

ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, Spanish royalist statesman, premier, and man of letters, was born at Málaga, Spain, Feb. 8, 1826, and assassinated at Santa Agueda, near Vittoria, Aug. 8, 1897. He first made a reputation as a poet, but his historical work won him eminence. His achievements in this and other literary fields gained him an election to the Spanish Academy. At the age of twenty-five he became editor of the Conservative newspaper, "La Patria," and in 1854, when only twenty-seven, he was elected to the Córtes, when his political activity was first manifested that ended only with his tragic death shortly before the culmination of the trouble with the United States. In 1858–59, he was business representative of the Spanish government at Rome. From 1860 to 1864, he was repeatedly a member of the ministry under the Liberal Union. In 1864, he received a cabinet position as minister of the interior, and in 1865 was minister of finance, at which period he drew up the edict for the abolition of slavery. He had been nominally a Liberal for a number of years, but in 1868 became the leader of the Liberal-Conservatives. In the revolutionary period of 1868, he steadfastly maintained the principle of constitutional monarchy in the Constituent Assembly and refused to recognize the republic. On the abdication of Queen Isabella II in 1870, he headed the party that desired to call Prince Alfonso of Asturias to the throne. When in 1874 this aim became successful, the king (Alfonso XII) nominated Cánovas president of the ministry. On June 30, 1876, Cánovas brought about the adoption of the new constitution, which, in a degree satisfied the clergy without being false to Liberal principles. His efforts to restore peace and order to the long disturbed country were successful. From that time on till his decease he was head and front of the Conservative element in the Córtes and chief minister whenever his party was in power. His first retirement from that post was due to the desire of the king not to estrange the Liberals, and his second retirement came from his refusal to make the king's daughter the Princess of Asturias. On the death of the king, in 1885, public affairs seemed so critical that Cánovas resigned and helped Sagasta to form a Liberal ministry, deeming that statesman better qualified to unite the elements of order against the intrigues of the Carlists. At the close of the year 1888, during the reign of the present king, (Alfonso XIII), he again returned to power, and in 1890, with characteristic courage, brought about the adoption into the Conservative programme of a demand for universal manhood suffrage. From this reform he looked for a strengthening of the Conservative and clerical elements. Returning to power as prime minister in July (1890), he carried this programme into effect and also adopted a protective tariff system. His own party, however, became increasingly discordant, breaking up into various groups, and in December, 1892, he resigned and was succeeded for the third time by Sagasta. Returning once more to power in March, 1895, he was confronted by the second great revolt in Cuba. Continued discords in his party caused him to dissolve the Córtes in February, 1896, and in the following year he was assassinated by an Italian anarchist.

Chief among the writings of Cánovas are: "Estudios Literarios" (1868); "Historia del dominio austriaco en España" (1869); a biography of his uncle the poet

Serafino Estébanez Calderon (1883); "Problemas Contemporaneos" (1884); and "Estudios del Reinado de Felipe IV" (1888–90). His poetical works appeared in 1887.

It is noteworthy that Cánovas and Castelar were lifelong personal friends. The conservatism of Cánovas had a fundamentally liberal quality, as indicated by the accompanying example from one of his addresses in which he lays stress on the inevitable tendency of society toward democracy. Juan Rico y Amat has this to say of him:

"Cánovas is the fervent believer of a school, but neither its representative nor its apostle; he is a notable parliamentary orator, but not one of the foremost. His talent, his special merit, consists in having comprehended better than others the true temper of representative government, the policy of which may not ever be radical, absolute, and fixed, but must vary in its application according to the circumstances that give it life, adaptable and accommodating in its form as the interest and convenience of the nation may demand. This policy of circumstance, sole and indispensable base of representative government, the just medium between radical parties, and the symbol of the Liberal Union which was created as a moderate party between those that stand extreme — has always been Cánovas del Castillo's policy."

ON CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM

PERORATION OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED APRIL 11, 1864

BUT, gentlemen, is it not true, passing to a plane a little more elevated and even repeating certain ideas of Señor Barzanallana (for I say frankly that what has most surprised me in the speech of the gentleman is that side by side with conclusions which in my judgment are inexact, dialectically false, it was accented and filled throughout with genuine estimations of politics, of economy, and of history), is it not true, gentlemen, that if we review history at any one of its grand moments,—be it in the Middle Ages, in the epoch of feudalism and of the birth of municipalities or town councils; be it later, at the period of the exaggeration of Catholic influence and the beginning of heretical resistance; be it when absolutism was predominant and aristocracy humiliated; be it in the epoch of the French Revolution, at the instant when all the combustible deadwood of the centuries took fire—is it not true that in all the institutions of

Europe we encounter a singular, an intimate, an indisputable analogy?

Is it by chance that all serious historians have been surprised to find how the organization of the municipality in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in the heart of the Middle Ages, was identical among all the peoples of Europe? Is it by chance that the terrible unity of the Gothic cathedrals is written upon pages of stone? Have you not remarked how here and there the same ideas are realized, how identical institutions arise and pass from one country to another?

It is because the spirit of humanity is one, and all that opposes this unity must fall irremediably to destruction, whatever its strength, whatever its potency?

Such is the truth. And vainly we oppose the operation of the universal spirit; even though a nation by exceptional circumstances may have separated from the general current of civilization as Spain had the misfortune of doing in the sixteenth century, as had England the fortune of doing in that very same epoch; there comes a day when at last it must join it again.

Therefore we ourselves, since the days of theocratic despotism, are incontestably going the road to liberty, and let Señor Barzanallana not doubt it. And England, by another path, in a different manner, is marching to merge herself in continental democracy. No, it cannot be impeded; it is vain to attempt it, for could it be impeded it would give the lie to the unity of the human spirit. The way leads toward democracy, toward a certain democracy in all parts of the world, toward the fall of social inequalities; the way leads toward a common right in all parts of the world, the same in England as in all other nations; a little sooner, a little later, the way will be trod; there is no doubt of it whatever.

Considered in this aspect, not political but social, democracy is inevitable.

Do you believe that perhaps England may with its aristocratic spirit oppose with better resistance the modern spirit, the universal spirit of human kind, than did ancient Spain, the Spain of Philip II, with her inquisition, with her convents, with her little primogenitures, with all her antiquated organization? And you that tremble because that society with those conditions and with that form must be lost, how can you claim that it is a phenomenon peculiar to this country of ours; that it is not an inevitable condition of the march of humanity; that what has already occurred in Spain is not to be reckoned with at last, and in its own time, in England, though in a contrary sense; that what must occur must occur everywhere.

Therefore, gentlemen, because this is true, because it is the certain lesson of history, I defend, I proclaim with intimate and profound conviction, the politics of circumstances and of transactions. Yes; because circumstances are reality itself, circumstances are life itself; to fly from them is to travel toward the impossible, toward the absurd. If you study all the periods of decadence, that same decadence of which Señor Barzanallana has spoken to us this very day, the grand decadence of the Spanish monarchy—in my opinion the greatest that history has to register—you will find at the bottom as its original and fundamental cause not the natural exaggeration of all things proper to the Spaniards,—for this, as I regard it, would be a trivial cause,—but institutions, social conditions battling against inexorably opposing circumstances.

Does Señor Barzanallana know wherein lies the secret of the decadence of Spain from the Emperor Cárlos V to King

Cárlos II? It is because the spirit, the institutions, the politics, the diplomacy, the military pretensions of the time of Cárlos II were the same, identically the same, as those of the time of Cárlos V; were the same without the occasion, without the circumstances, without the force that the circumstances gave of themselves; and because of this there was a descent from tragedy to farce, from the heroic epic to the burlesque. What was grand when it might have been done, when it had to be done, at the time of Cárlos V, was petty, was even a subject for ridicule at the time of Cárlos II. This is the inexorable judgment of history, which is not poesy, which is not pure idealism, but which above all is reason, reality, human.

And in respect to transactions, there is in all societies, in all parties, in all governments, something in which change is not permissible, in regard to which any transaction would be a crime. These are the minority. There are other things, and these are the majority, in which change according to circumstance may take place, must take place, and where it is legitimate. The conservative schools may not, the conservative schools must not, attempt to change any of the fundamental principles of the society in which they live, the society which they are called to conserve. But when they encounter, for example, in our present conditions an artificial institution like the hereditary senatorship; when they encounter an idea its own authors would not venture to put into practice, as in the same instant when they presented hereditary senatorship they proposed also a system of entails: when they encounter a reform in a method of regulations which may in two senses be diametrically opposed, interpreted by two ministers of the same cabinet—it is clear that we treat of matters in relation to which changes may be, must be, ad-

mitted; in relation to which, in my judgment, a crime would be committed if at times and with discretion they might not be changed.

I shall be told, perhaps: It is a concession to radical parties, to revolutionary parties; that those revolutionary parties are thirsty and insatiable, and the more is conceded to them the more they will demand, and in the end they will demand that which cannot be given to them, and then you cannot avoid that which you would avoid through the concessions that you are making. Very well; I say to the Congress with profound conviction: I shall see with more or less feeling, certainly with much feeling, the radical tendencies that certain parties in Spain may take; I shall deplore them and shall ever deplore them; but however I deplore such tendencies the more they are exaggerated, the more they depart from the path of constitutional legality, the more inexorable will be shown my will and my spirit toward them.

No, not with parties, whatever they may be (I will not characterize them or even mention them at this moment), may we transcend the legal limitations of what may legitimately be subject to change, and to whom it is legitimate to give this manner of satisfaction.

But Señor Aparisi told us the other day: "Effect the reunion of the conservative elements, for a great and uncommon battle is in prospect in which it will be necessary for all the defenders of these ideas more or less advanced, more or less liberal, to be at their posts and under their common flags."

And I ask Señor Aparisi and those who think with him: Where will you fix the point of reunion? Where will you have us make the convocation of the conservative forces? Have you ever seen an able general who awaits the enemy

on the extreme frontier in order to defend some ancient oak or some isolated hut? Have you ever seen him go to seek his adversary in the positions convenient to the latter? No; an able general retires to the point where he may summon all his forces, to the point where he may oppose the most vigorous resistance, to the strategic point where he may count upon the greatest support in the country that he is defending. This point which we have to seek is that of the constitution of 1845.

Gentlemen, that constitution which was accepted by so many illustrious persons of the old progressive party, that constitution which to-day is accepted by so many others of the same party, that constitution which at divers times has been accepted by all the conservative factions of the country, that constitution is the sole rallying point and centre for the conservative hosts.

If it is true, therefore, that the battle is coming, that the combat is at hand, you that most claim to be friends of order will not refuse your consent to the point of reunion where is to be found the honor, the interest, the banner, of all true conservatives. Rally there and defend it; and do not attempt more, whatever may be the conviction—which I respect most profoundly — of those who at another time have sought to defend in more advanced positions the conservative interests of the country; do not drag forward to those positions where you will be few and isolated, so many other sincere convictions as have been raised up here from the same bosom of the conservative party to protest against reforms projected or carried into effect. Do not seek to do that, for you will never be able to do it, and even if you were you would do a fatal thing for the very same interests that you claim to defend.

I have nearly finished, gentlemen, and I will conclude with

a few words regarding the melancholy divinations and auguries of Señor Barzanallana in respect to the Spanish nationality.

The gentleman sat down pursuing his system — in my opinion a mistaken one—of picking out small and trifling causes for grand and notorious effects; attributing, I say, following out this system, to this and that French thing that we had introduced—not recollecting at the time that they were not French things but English things that we introduced —a great influence upon the moral decadence of Spanish society.

Señor Barzanallana declared that he could not be a materialist in politics, that he could not agree with the economic school that looked upon everything from the point of view of the interests concerned; that he belongs with those who, on the contrary, behold everything in the light of sentiment, and of those who prefer above all things the grandeur of their country.

I am with the gentleman in such sentiments; but I do not participate—and I am not so familiar with economic studies as the gentleman; they have never constituted my immediate profession—I do not participate, I say, in the error that the material development we are undergoing, that the augmentation of purely material prosperity that now distinguishes us, contributes either little or much to the moral decadence of Spanish society.

On the contrary it is my opinion—and an opinion confirmed in all the events and crises of history; an opinion that, confronted by the poetical exclamations of Señor Barzanallana I hesitate to expose to the consideration of the Chamber—that on the field of reality and in the corridor of history there is no glory whatever for the poverty-stricken nations.

No; individual heroism suffices not; a great self-consciousness in the individual suffices not; the peculiar genius of a nation for figuring grandly in history, and above all in modern history, suffices not. In all those nations where lack of work, industry, conditions of wealth, have brought great poverty upon them, as by a melancholy fatality, this has been followed by a genuine decadence of all their glories, literary and military alike.

You will not maintain, you cannot prove, that there was less moral spirit, less moral consciousness, in the Spanish of the times of Cárlos II than in those of his grand predecessors. You cannot prove that the victors of Rocroy were less valorous than the comrades of Gonzalo de Córdoba.

That would not be true. If you will examine the duel to the death, that lasted for twenty-seven years between the Spanish monarchy and the French monarchy for the first position in the world, you will see that great deeds divide themselves almost equally between the two nations; but after these valorous deeds, after these military actions, France was nevertheless left in the first place and Spain in the last. This was brought about by the diversity of social conditions in which we existed; and of them many examples might be cited, now just as in the old times. And why should we not be able to cite them if this is the inexorable law of history?

The truth must be told the country; it must be told that it is not the remembrance of Lepanto or the remembrance of San Quintin which they lack, but it is examples of patience, of industry, of progress, and of civil virtues that produce the development of public prosperity by means of which the Spanish people can attain the grandeur for which it hungers, and it still has too little thereof.

Such is the existence, such is the reality of history and

neither Señor Barzanallana nor I, nor any poet greater than he and than I (and I mention myself here because I find myself a term of comparison with the gentleman) can vary even if he would the natural and inevitable course of things. Give us the agricultural prosperity, give us the industrial prosperity and the mercantile prosperity of England and I will have no fear that our navies shall be fugitive from theirs; I will not fear that their flag shall float in any part of our territory for any considerable time; I will fear nothing that may permanently wound the heart of a Spaniard who feels his worth.

For my part, therefore, when I see that the conditions of work, of labor, and of industry are developing in my country; when I see that the breeze from abroad—unfortunately the breeze from abroad, but that is whence it comes to us—is awakening among us all the germs of prosperity; when I see that we are progressing, I am tranquil and I do not fear the moral decadence with which we are menaced. Like the vanquished Roman, I do not despair of my country.

[Special translation by Sylvester Baxter.]

BENJAMIN GRATZ BROWN

BENJAMIN GRATZ BROWN, American politician and journalist, was born at Lexington, Ky., May 28, 1826, the son of Mason Brown, a Kentucky jurist, and died at St. Louis, La., Dec. 13, 1885. He was educated at Transylvania and Yale Universities, and studied law at Louisville, where he was admitted to the Bar. He afterwards removed to St. Louis and in 1852 entered the Missouri legislature, of which he continued a member for nearly fifteen years. During this lengthened period he was a conspicuous opponent of slavery, delivering in 1857 a memorable anti-slavery speech. As the editor of the "Missouri Democrat," a radical Republican journal, he was the mouthpiece of the Free-Soil movement in Missouri, and in 1857, as the Free-Soil candidate for governor, was defeated by only five hundred votes against him. At the outset of the Civil War he threw all his influence into the Union cause, raising a regiment, and afterward leading a brigade of militia against Price and Van Dorn, when these Confederate generals invaded Missouri. From 1863 to 1867 he sat in the United States Senate and in 1871, as a Liberal Republican nominee, was elected Governor of Missouri by a majority of 40,000. In 1872, he was nominated for Vice-president by the Democratic party on the ticket with Horace Greeley. The canvass was conducted with extraordinary bitterness and the Democratic party suffered defeat at the polls, Brown meanwhile returning to the practice of his profession.

ON SLAVERY IN ITS NATIONAL ASPECT AS RELATED TO PEACE AND WAR

FROM ADDRESS DELIVERED AT ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862

THE lover of his country is not apt to be discouraged as to the eventual triumph of its arms. The lost battle, the miasmatic campaign, abandoned lines and blown-up magazines are regarded as incidents of war. They are deplored but not held as conclusive or even significant of the ending. There are "signs of the times," however, in our horizon that have a gloomier look than lost battles. And darkest and strangest of all the discouragements that have of late befallen must be considered the spectacle presented by the government in its dealings with this terrible crisis—

reposing itself altogether upon the mere barbarism of force.

One would think when reading the call for six hundred thousand men to recruit our armies, and seeing there no appeal to or recognition of the ideas that rule this century, not less than this hour, that as a government ours was intent on suicide—as a nation we had abandoned our progression. Can it be that those who have been advanced for their wisdom and worth to such high places of rulership do not understand that since this world began the victories of mere brute force have been as inconsequent as the ravages of pestilence and as evanescent as the generations of men. Or can it be that, understanding, they care only for tiding over the present contest to bequeath revolt and internecine war as the inheritance of those who are to come after them. That would be virtual disintegration—national death.

If the government undertakes to abandon the revolution in its very birth-pains—if it intends to have no reference to the ideas of which it is the representative—if it contemplates a disregard of the progressing thought that not only installed it, but has carried it so far forward since installation—if it is determined to found its dominion over subjugated States not in the name of a principle that shall assimilate its conquests and assure their liberties, but of simple power—then will it place itself by its own action in the attitude of other and equally gigantic powers that have attempted the same work and have failed. It may have its day of seeming successes, but even that will entail an age of complications.

Does not Poland, as fully alive to-day, after ninety years of forcible suppression, as on that morning of the first partition, convince us that this thing of the dominion of power

without the assimilation of nations can only continue upon condition of an ever-recurring application of those forces that achieved the first reduction? Does not the uprising and the cry for a united Italy, after five hundred years of fitful effort, continuous conflict, and successive disintegration under the tramp of a multitudinous soldiery, tell how fixed are social laws, how faithful to freedom are peoples, and how certain the retribution following upon those policies of government that sacrifice the future to the present, the moral to the mere material, the consolidating the foundations of a great commonwealth to the hollow conquest, the mock settlement, the outward uniformity. History is full of such illustrations, because history repeats itself.

But I need not go with you further in citing its judgments in condemnation of that reliance upon physical force which deems itself able to dispense with any appeal to principle. We cannot if we would cast behind us the experience of eighteen centuries of Christian amelioration, in which mankind have been learning to rely upon moral and intellectual forces rather than simple violence in their dealings with each other as nations. Not that civilization has surrendered its rights of war, but that it insists that ideas shall march at the head of armies. Napoleon III, when he announced that the French nation alone in Europe made war for an idea, intended to represent it as leading, not relapsing from the civilization of the age. And therein he both uttered a philosophic truth and penetrated the secret of success.

Strip the choicest legions of the inspiration they derive from a controlling, elevating cause—especially that cause whose magic watchword cheers to victory in every land—and in vain will you expect the heroic in action or the miracle

in conquest. It is a coward thought that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. The battles that live in memory —that have seemed to turn the world's equanimity upside down—have been won by the few fighting for a principle as against the multitude enrolled in the name of power. When therefore it is conceded that the mere announcement of a policy of freedom as the policy of this war would paralyze the hostility of all the sovereigns of Europe and wed to us the encouragement of their peoples, why is it that so little faith obtains among our rulers that it would equally strengthen the government here amid the millions of our own land? Have the populations of our States fallen so low —become so irresponsive to the watchwords of liberty that it is not fit to make such an appeal to them? Is there no significance in the fact that amid the five thousand stanzas that have vainly attempted to exalt the unities of the past into a nation's anthem—a song of war kindling the uncontrollable ardors of the soul—one alone, proscribed like the "Marseillaise," has been adopted at the camp fire—

> "John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,
> His soul is marching on."

Six hundred thousand soldiers summoned to the field, and for what? The nation asks of the President, for what? Is it that the government may wring a submission from the possible exhaustion on the part of the seceding States, that shall be a postponement, not a settlement, of this great crisis, and that shall be unrelated to the causes that have produced it or the progression on our part that has put on the armor of revolution? If so, the government will find when perhaps it is too late that in addition to the rebellion it will have to confront a public opinion that has no sympathies

with reaction and that will withdraw, as unitedly as it has hitherto given all its trust, from those in power. Or is it that grounding this great struggle upon its true basis, upholding the national honor whilst battling for the national thought, our armies are to be marshalled under the flag of freedom, and the peace achieved is to be one that shall assure personal and political liberty to every dweller in the land? If that be so let the fact be proclaimed, not hidden from the people, and there will need no call from President, no conscription from Congress, to recruit the ranks of the soldiers of the republic.

The two great revolutions of modern time which mark the most signal advance in political freedom, that of England during the Commonwealth and that of France in 1789, have this among many other striking features of similarity—that in each case a large part of the empire resisting the advent of free principles took up arms again the government to contest the issue. In the *Vendée*, as in Ireland, it became necessary to establish by force the supremacy of the new order. It was antagonism by the population of whole sections, and in both instances, courses of conciliation having proved worthless, a stern and vigorous policy of subjugation was required. That even the success which crowned such measures was only partial and transient, demanding a supplemental work of assimilation, is also well worthy of attention. But in subduing the resistance now presented this nation has that to contend with, not less than that to assist it, which was not present in either of the parallels cited. I allude to slavery, the strength and the weakness of the South.

Look steadily at the prospect. Nine millions of people in all—five millions and a half of whites addressing themselves exclusively to warfare, sustained by three millions and

a half of blacks drilled as slaves to the work of agriculture. Such are the official statistics of the seceding States.

With the whites the conscription for military purposes reaches to every man capable of bearing arms; with the blacks the conscription for labor recognizes neither weakness, nor age, nor sex. Solitary drivers ply the lash over the whole manual force to transform plantations into granaries. This allotment necessarily gives to war the largest possible number of soldiers and extracts from labor the greatest possible production of food. Combined, protected, undisturbed, the relation so developed presents a front that may well shake our faith in any speedy subjugation.

Of these five and a half millions white population, the ratio over the age of twenty-one which, according to statistical averages, is one in six, will give a fraction over 900,000 men, from which deduct as exempts or incapables twenty per cent, leaving 720,000, and add on the score of minor enlistments one half of those between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, or 55,000, and there existed 775,000, as the total possible Confederate force in the outset. If from this number 100,000 be stricken off as the aggregate of the killed, disabled, imprisoned, and paroled since the outbreak of the war, and 70,000 be added as the probable number of recruits from Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, there will result 745,000 as the effective force. From these are to be taken the men needed for the civil service, for provost and police duties, and for regulating the transmission or exchange of productions—certainly not less than 90,000, and there remains an aggregate of 655,000 as the fruit of thorough conscription.

Perhaps, however, it is right to make from such rigid possible military array a deduction in favor of the population which abandoned the seceding States since the war began and

that which, intrinsically loyal, has evaded enrollment. In default of any certain information this may be placed at 55,000 men, thus leaving 600,000 soldiers fit for service and ready to be concentrated and marched as the skill of their commanders may determine.

Such is the strength of the array that now contests and resists the cause of advancing freedom in the nation. That the strength is not overestimated; that the conscription has been remorseless is proven by every critical battle-field where our armies have been outnumbered, and is to-day doubly attested by our beleaguered capital and widely menaced frontiers. There then is the rebellion stripped to the skin. Look at it squarely. Those 600,000 soldiers stand between us and any future of honor, liberty, or peace. How are they to be disposed of, defeated, suppressed?

It is an imposing column of attack, but it has also its element of weakness and dispersion. Remember that in making such an estimate it has been predicted upon the fact that the whole available white population was devoted to the formation of armies. No part was assigned to the labor of the field or workshop, to production or manufacture; but all this vast organization reposes for sustenance—not to speak of efficiency, on the hard-wrung toil of slaves.

Reflect, furthermore, that this whole foundation is mined, eruptive, ready to shift the burden now resting on it so heavily. The three and a half millions of black population engaged in supplying the very necessaries of life and movement to the Confederate armies are all loyal in their hearts to our cause and require only the electric shock of proclaimed freedom to disrupt the relation that gives such erectness and impulsion to our adversaries and such peril to ourselves. Years of bondage have only sharpened their sensibilities

toward liberty, and the word spoken that causes such a hope will penetrate every quarter of the South most speedily and most surely.

Emancipate the industry that upholds the war power of the South; destroy the repose of that system which has made possible a levy "*en masse*" of every white male able to bear arms; recall to the tillage of the field; to the care of the plantation; to the home supports of the community a corresponding number of the five and a half millions whites, and there will be put another face to this war.

Compel the rebels to do their own work, hand for hand, planting, harvesting, victualling, transporting—to the full substitution of the three and a half millions blacks, now held for that purpose, and where now they advance with armies they will fall back with detachments; where abundance now reigns in their camps, hunger will hurry them to other avocations. It needs only that the word be spoken.

A national declaration of freedom can no more be hidden from the remotest sections of the slave States than the uprisen sun in a cloudless sky. The falsehoods, the doubts, the repulsions that have heretofore driven them from us will give place to the kindling, mesmeric realization of protection and deliverance. In the very outset their forces, which now march to the attack, will be compelled to fall back upon the interior to maintain authority and prevent escapades "*en masse.*" Insurrection will not so much be apprehended, for where armies are marshalled and surveillance withdrawn, the slave is wise enough to know that a plot with a centre—an uprising would be sure to meet with annihilation, whilst desertion from the plantations is only checked by the repressive rules of our own lines.

The right to do these things needs not to be argued; it is

of the muniments of freedom, of the resorts of self-preservation, of the investure that charges the government with the defence of the national life. And in this hour can be effected that which hereafter may not be practicable. Occupancy of the entire coast with many lodgments made by our navy, a penetration of the valley of the lower Mississippi, giving access to all its tributary streams, and the exposed front of Virginia, Tennessee, and Arkansas, give ample basis for extending such a proclamation. Resuming the advance ourselves, with augmented forces, we shall find the 600,000 Confederates compelled to detach one half their force for garrisoning the cotton States, whilst of the remaining 300,000, large numbers will necessarily fall out to replace the industrial support of their families along the border. State by State, as it is occupied and liberated, will recall for substitution those spared to offensive war in reliance upon slave production. The 300,000 will speedily become 100,000, and instead of concentrating back upon their reserves, massed in imposing column, as has heretofore been their policy when temporarily checked, the very condition of the South will require a wide dispersion of their forces Conquest and suppression will thus be rendered matters of absolute certainty. The double result of immensely diminished numbers in the Confederate armies and of its separation into broken columns for local surveillance over all threatened slave territory is thus seen to flow from emancipation as a war measure.

In the grave contest on which we have entered for life and for death no appreciative judgment can be formed of the absolute necessity of writing freedom on the flag that leaves out of view the organization of the labor and the valor for military purposes of the population thereby liberated. The substitution of freed blacks, whenever they can relieve for other

duties the enlisted soldier, has already so far commended itself in defiance of slave codes and equality fears as to have been adopted in some divisions of our armies. The wisdom that should have foreseen in such a policy extended as far as practicable the addition to-day of 50,000 soldiers to the effective fighting force of the government, perhaps changing the fate of critical campaigns, has been unfortunately wanting. And yet the army regulations as applied to the muster-rolls of our forces will show that nearly twice that number of disciplined troops could have been relieved of ditching, teaming, serving or other occupation, and sent to the front. Moreover, any policy which looks distinctly to the subjugating and occupying, militarily, until the national authority shall be sufficiently respected to work through civil processes the States now in rebellion, must embrace within its scope the employment of acclimated troops for garrison and other duties during those seasons fatal to the health of our present levies.

The diseases of a warm climate have already been far more destructive to the lives of our soldiers, as shown by aggregated hospital reports at Washington, than all other battle-fields, and hereafter in the prevalence of those epidemics so common in the Gulf States our battalions, if subjected to Southern service, would melt away disastrously. It is not possible, therefore, to separate the holding of the rebel States from the employ of acclimated troops. And for that purpose but one resource exists—the liberated blacks, whose veins course with the blood of the tropics. Arm them, drill them, discipline them, and of one fact we may be sure—they will not surrender.

I take it that a race liberated by the operation of hostilities is entitled by every usage of warfare to be armed in defence of those who liberated them, and furthermore I take it that a

people made free in accordance with the humanities of this century is entitled by every right, human and divine, to be armed as an assurance of its own recovered freedom.

This step will be at once the guarantee against future attempt at re-enslavement and the bond that no further revolt on the part of the States occupied shall be meditated. Above all else it will be assurance unmistakable that no disgraceful peace, no dismembered country, no foresworn liberties, will end this war. What, shall we stand halting before a sentimentality, blinking at shades of color, tracing genealogies up to sons of Noah, when our brothers in arms are being weighed in the scales of life and death! Go, ye men of little faith; resign your high charges, if it be you cannot face a coward clamor in the throes of a nation's great deliverance.

Go and look yonder upon the pale mother in the far northland, weary with watching by her lonely hearth for the bright-faced boy's return. Her hope had nerved itself to trust his life to the chances of the battlefield; but the trundling wheels bear back to her door a stricken form, in coarse pine box, with the dear name chalked straggling across, indorsed "fever." Listen then to the wail of crushing woe sobbed out by a broken heart, and say to her if you can, general, statesman or president, that you refused the aid that would have saved that double life of mother and son. Verily the graves of the northmen have their equities equally with those of the rebellion.

There are those strange to say who, in addition to the war now waged by us against five and a half millions of whites, would add to the task of reduction thus imposed upon our government the further work of taking possession of and deporting to other lands the three millions and a half of blacks. Disregarding the assistance that might be derived from the

co-operation and enfranchisement of the slave labor of the seceding States, they would not only strip the slaves of the present uncertain hope of personal freedom which may be found within our lines, but, still viewing them as "chattels," to be dealt with as fancy may dictate, would serve a notice on the world that the best usage they can hope for from risking life to render us aid will be transportation to climes and countries beyond the reach of their knowledge, and that only inspire ignorance with terror. According to such, the practical solution of the present crisis consists:

First. In conquering the rebellion by making its cause a common cause, as against us, by both master and slave.

Second. In holding the conquered territory and superinducing a state of peace, plenty, and obedience by the deportation of all who are loyal and of all who labor.

With such the magnitude, not to say impracticability, of migrations that would require—even if all were favoring—transport fleets larger and costlier than those employed for the war, is not less scouted at as an obstacle, than the resistance to be foreseen from the unwilling and the depopulation that may be objected by the interested is treated as a fanaticism. Without challenging the sincerity of those who advocate such views, it will be sufficient to say that I differ from them altogether. I do not believe the government has "chattel rights" in the slave emancipated by act of war any more than the rebellion had; and I do believe that the doctrine of personal liberty, if it be worth anything — if it be not a sham and a delusion — if it is to have any application in this conflict — must be applied to them.

It is not in behalf of the noble and the refined, the generous and the cultivated, that the evangels of freedom have been heretofore borne by enthused armies in the deliverances

history so much loves to delineate and extoll, but to the down-trodden — to the ignorant from servitude — to the enfeebled in spirit from long years of oppression. Why, then, shall those liberated in this country be bereft of the rights of domicile and employ? Because they are black, forsooth!

That answer will scarcely stand scrutiny by the God who made us all. It would moreover justify slavery as fully as extradition. Deportation, if forcible, is in principle but a change of masters, and in practice will never solve the problem of the negro question as growing out of this war. If voluntary, it needs not to be discussed in advance of emancipation. The lot of the freed race will be to labor — in the future as in the past — but to labor for the wage and not for the lash. That there must be colonization as a resultant of the complete triumph of the national arms, and the complete restoration of the national authority, no one can reasonably doubt.

But it will be a colonization of loyal men into and not out of the rebel States. The great forces of immigration, fostered and directed, will work out the new destiny that awaits the seceded States — the assimilation that must precede a perfect union. What it has done for the Lake shore, for the Pacific coast, for the Centre and the West, that will it do for the South also, when no blight of slavery lingers there to repel its coming or divert its industrial armies. And if in the development caused by its vast agencies, those natural affinities, so much insisted on by many, shall lead the African race toward the tropics, to plant there a new Carthage, it will be one of these dispensations of Providence that will meet with support and co-operation, not hindrance and antagonism from the friends of freedom on this continent.

The half-way house where halt the timid, the doubtful, the

reactionary in this conflict, hangs out a sign: "The Union as it was." Within its inclosure will be found jostling side by side the good man who is afraid to think, the politician who has a record to preserve, the spy who needs a cloak to conceal him, and behind all these the fluctuating camp followers of the army of freedom. Not that there are no wise and brave men who phrase their speech by the attachments of the past; but that such have another and purer significance in their language than the received meaning on "the Union as it was." All who look at events which have come upon us see that "the Union as it was" contained the seeds of death — elements of aggression against liberty and reaction through civil war. Its very life-scenes, as time progressed, were ever and anon startled by the bodeful note of coming catastrophe, to be lulled again into false security by pæan songs to its excellence — like some old Greek tragedy with its inexorable fate and its recurring chorus. And tragic enough it would seem has been its outcome to dissipate any illusion.

Is it believed that the same causes would not produce the same results to the very ending of time? Is it wished to repeat the miserable years of truckling and subserviency on the part of the natural guardians of free institutions to the exaction, arrogance and dominion of the slave power through fear of breaking the thin ice of a hollow tranquillity? Is it longed to undergo new experiences of Sumner assaults, Kansas outrages, Pierce administrations, Buchanan profligacies, knaveries and treasons, with spirited interludes of negro-catching at the North, and abolition hanging at the South? Is it desired to recall the time when the man of Massachusetts dared not name his residence to the people of Carolina; when free speech was a half-forgotten legend in

the slave States, when the breeding of human beings to sell into distant bondage was the occupation of many of the élite of the borderland; and when demoralization, that came from sacrificing so much self-respect to mere dread of any crisis or mere hope of political advancement, had dwarfed our statesmen, corrupted our journalism, and made office-holding disreputable as a vocation?

For one, I take witness here before you all, that I want no such Union, and do not want it, because it contained that which made those things not only possible, but probable. I trust that I value as much as another the purities of a Union, the excellencies of a constitution, the veracities and accomplishments of a former generation, but who would be the blind worshipper of form rather than substance — of a name, rather than a reality — of a bond that did not bind, and a federation that has resulted only in disjunction? There are those I know who regard "the Union as it was" as a sentiment significant of material prosperity — unrelated to rights or wrongs, and as such they worship it, just as they would a State bank corporation with large dividends, or any named machine that would enable them to buy cotton, sell goods, or trade negroes. But such should be content to pass their ignoble lives on the accumulation of other days, and not dare to dictate to others a return to such debasing thraldom.

Of one thing they may be sure — that the great Democracy of this nation will insist that the Union of the future shall be predicated upon a principle uniting the social, moral, and political life of a progressive people — and purged of the poison of the past. When asked, therefore, as the charlatans of the hour often do ask, would you not wish the "Union as it was" restored, even if slavery were to remain intact and protected — say, emphatically, No! say No! for

such an admission would be a self-contradiction — a yielding of all the longings of the spirit to an empty husk whose only possible outcome we see to-day in the shape of civil war.

It is, perhaps, the fate of all revolutions involving social changes, to be officered at the outset by the inherited reputations, great and small, of the foregoing time, and so far as this fate has fallen on our nation it is less to be wondered at than deplored. But soon there comes the time for change, when the Fairfaxes, the Dumouriers, the Arnolds, must give place to soldiers of the faith. And hopeful to say, it has ever happened that conjointly with the public assumption of the principle of the Revolution, mediocrity, routine, half-heartedness have passed from command, and victory has replaced disaster. So much is historic. We may take comfort then; for the uses of adversity are ours.

Pro-slavery generals at the heard of our armies are the result of pro-slavery influence in our national councils, and the hesitancy of the government to proclaim officially any distinct policy of freedom has kept them there. By no possibility, however, can such, even if the chance victors of to-day, remain possessed of the future.

I do not underrate the prestige of military success — but military prestige is as naught before the march of revolution; and it is only when revolutions are accomplished, that the reputations of great captains become great dangers. Pro-slavery generals, therefore, are only dangerous now from the disasters that accompany their administration. Their appreciation of the present being at fault, their methods, their reliances, their results will be inconsequent, and without force. Witness the miserable months of projected conciliations, of harmless captures, of violated oath taking, of border State imbecilities, of Order No. Threes, of paroling guer-

rillas, of halting advances and wasted opportunities. Could these things have been possible to commanders comprehending either the magnitude, the characteristics, or the consequences of the war that slavery has inaugurated, and that must end in slavery extinction or the abandonment of our development as a free people? Or can it be possible that the same series of incompetencies and sham energies shall be prolonged indefinitely? No! It needs not that I should insist how surely all such must give way before the force of a public sentiment which, when once on the march, speedily refuses to trust any with responsibility who are not born of the age.

It was just such a common thought of the Long Parliament that gave a "new model" to their army and a "self-denying ordinance" to themselves, extirpating insincerity from the former and imposing stoicism and self-sacrifice on each other. It was a similar growth of public opinion in France that set the guillotine at work to keep account of lost battles with unsympathizing generals. The pregnant question then, of this crisis, is, how long, my countrymen, shall we wait for the "new model" and the "self-denying ordinance" and the swift punishment in this day of calamitous command and disgraceful surrenders.

No one has ever read of a more touching spectacle in the life of nations, than that now presented by this people. Beyond any parallel it has made sacrifice of those things dear to its affection — I might almost say traditionally sacred from violation. All its rights of person and of property have been placed unmurmuringly at the disposal of the government, asking only in return a speedy, vigorous, uncompromising conduct of the war upon a true principle to an honorable ending. The habeas corpus has been suspended, not only in the revolted territory, but likewise in many of the loyal

States. A passport system, limiting and embarrassing both travel and traffic, has been enforced with rigor. The censorship of the press not only controls the transmission of news, but curtails even the expression of opinion within restrictions heretofore unimaginable.

Arbitrary imprisonment by premiers of the cabinet, banishments summarily notified, exactions levied at discretion, fines assessed by military commissions, trials postponed indefinitely — in short, all the panoply of the most rigid European absolutism has been imported into our midst. It is not to complain that these things are recited; for, so far as necessary, they will be, as they have been, cheerfully borne with; but to show how tragic is the attitude of this nation and yet how brave.

The President of the United States, to-day, holds a civil and military power more untrammelled than ever did Cromwell; and, in addition thereto, has enrolled by the volunteer agencies of the people themselves, a million of armed men, obedient to his command. Nay, did I say the President was absolute as Cromwell? In truth I might add that of his officials intrusted with administering military instead of civil law — every deputy provost marshal seems to be feeling his face to see if he too has not the warts of the Great Protector.

If this were the occasion for stale flatteries of the constitution and the Union, it might well be asked just here, where in that much lauded parchment and league is the warrant for these things specifically? But I carp not at such technicalities. Give him rather more power if necessary — give him any trust and every appliance, only let it be not without avail.

And yet with all this sacrifice, with all this effort, with quick response to every demand for men and money, what

do we see? A beleaguered capital, only saved by abandoning a year of conquest and long lines of occupation; the confidence of the whole nation shaken to its very foundations by accumulated disasters and halting policies; and the grave inquiry, mooted in no whispered voice by men who have never known fear in any peril, can this country survive its rulers? I do not say the doubt is justified; but I do say that it exists in many minds that have been prone heretofore to confidence. We have seen fifty thousand soldiers, the élite of the nation, sacrificed, and six hundred millions of treasure, the coin wealth of the people, expended. We have reached the stage of assignats and conscriptions, and are now summoning the militia of the loyal States to repel invasion. And can any one cognizant of our actual condition, and not misled by false bulletins, or varnished glories, stand forth and say with truth and honor, we are any nearer a solution in this hour of the great crisis in which we are involved than we were a year ago? I challenge a response. Or will any delude you long with the belief that a great victory will accomplish the ending? I do not believe it.

In the presence, therefore, of such thick coming danger, and having borne itself so continently and so well, has not this nation now the right to demand of President and of cabinet, and generals, that there shall be an end of policies that have only multiplied disasters and disrupted armies, and a substitution of civil policies that shall recognize liberty as the corner-stone of our Republic, and write "Freedom" on the flag.

In conclusion let me say, that the time has passed when such a demand could be denounced, even by the most servile follower of administrations, as a fanaticism, for the chief of the Republic has himself recognized his right to do so, if the

occasion shall require, in virtue of being charged with the preservation of the government. He has furthermore become so far impressed with the urgency that manifests itself, that he has ordered immediate execution to be given to the act of the last Congress, prescribing a measure of confiscation and emancipation.

This day, too, is the anniversary of its enforcement, as it is the anniversary of the adoption of the original constitution of the United States. Let us, then, in parting, take hope from the cheering coincidence. The act of Congress, it is true, is but an initial measure, embarrassed by many clauses, and may be much limited by hostile interpretation. Still it can be made an avatar of liberty to thousands who shall invoke its protection, and the instrument of condign punishment to those who have sought the destruction of all free government. And more than all else, its rigid enforcement and true interpretation will give earnest to the nation of that which must speedily ensue — direct and immediate emancipation by the military arm, as a measure of safety, a measure of justice, and a measure of peace.

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